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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1894. NUMBER 7.

Poetry.

THE LADY HOUSEMAID.

The house and all about it, within and without it.
Its manners and its residents, we know;
Lines of houses, miles and miles—from the ground floor to the tiles;
How they live and how they carry on their show.
But the mysteries begin—deep and dark and black as sin,
When you ask about the Cap and Apron ranks;
How they spend their days, what they think of fashion's way—
"Let me clear this mystery up!" said Miss Banks.

So an apron white she made, and a cap, for which she paid,
And she humbly entered down the area stair;
And beheld a Transformation! A Fairy tale in variation!
A housemaid meek and mild, once a lady fair!
With her broom and brush and pail—'tis wondrous, wondrous tale!—
She housemaided it with zeal and also pranks;
For she had a little book, and observations took—
"I must clear the mystery up," said Miss Banks.

She made the beds up-stair, and she dusted everywhere;
And she had it out with cook and parlor maid;
How they spent their busy days, what they thought of fashion's ways,
And how they lived and what they sung and said.
When she had no more to learn, she thought she might return,
To receive the world's approval and its thanks;
So she laid down brush and napkin, and took off the dainty capkin —
And "I'll tell you all about it," said Miss Banks.

—London Queen.

THREE LOVES IN ONE.

You asked if I have loved before.
Well, dear one, I confess
I'd learned a lassie to adore
When I was ten or less
We were at school together then,
O'er the same book we'd prate,
And many a time how proud I'd been
To draw her on my slate.

Then, when a youth of twenty, too,
I loved with a warmer glow
A maiden fair, with eyes of blue
And heart as pure as snow.
I worshipped her, the fairy elf,
All things of earth above,
But nursed my secret to myself
And never told my love.

The years passed on, and older grown,
I felt love's passion burn
For one I loved to call my own,
Who loved me in return.
Man who was not made to be alone
When love can sweeten life—
Oh, happy day that on me shone
Whereon I called you wife.

Come little wifey, dry your tears
And take a brighter view,
The loves I've loved through all these years
Have ever turned to you.
I still have faithful been and true,
And ne'er have done you wrong—
Both merry girl and maiden, too,
Were you, love, all along.

A LITTLE OLD CURL.

It fell from the folds of a letter
That came in a Maytime of old
From one—I shall never forget her —
A curl with glamour of gold;
And I thought of the bright brow that wore it—
It was only the brow of a girl,
But how gracefully once it fell o'er it—
This witching and wonderful curl!

Her eyes, like the heavens above her
Beamed bright as an April and blue;
All the winds of the May seemed to love her,
And tousled her curls as they blew;
And once when with tenderest caresses,
They kissed the bright wonders apart
And made a sweet song of her tresses,
They tossed this wild curl to my heart!

And now after years that have perished,
It shines through the mist and the gloom;
Neglected and lonely, yet cherished,
It smiles like a lily in bloom!
And though the dear forehead that wore it
Lies low 'neath the maples that moan,
Still, still in the dark, I adore it,
And kiss it, and love it alone!

—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellany.

THEN IT WAS DIFFERENT.

A Chicago Study in Real Life—The Way of the World.

"My dearest Laura! O, I'm so glad to see you," gushed a North Side society girl to a South Side friend, whom she met as she was getting on to a cable car south-bound, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Thank you, Maud. You're very kind to say so. Were you going to see me?"

"Yes, you dear thing," squeezing Maud's hand in an enthusiastic grasp. "I was coming to see you and two or three of the other girls—you first, of course—to talk over a cotillon club for this winter. I declare I expect every day to turn green. I'm in such a stage of stagnation. So's Fan. So's everybody. Papa does nothing but talk hard times until I begin to loathe the words, and he actually made me do without a new sealskin this year. Isn't it too horrid?" and Maud cast a regretful glance at what to a casual observer looked to be a beautiful and apparently new seal cape.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, Maud," said Laura in a sympathetic tone. Then, "I'm sure, dear, you can't have heard. You know I can't join any clubs. Haven't you heard the news?"

"No. Is somebody dead?" asked Maud in a flippant way.

"No—but—"

"Lord! but you gave me a shock. I thought you looked glum. What is the matter? Cook left? Had a fire? Relatives eat you out of house and home during the fair? Or is your engagement to Harry off?"

"No—none of those. Papa has failed, and we have to give up our house," and Laura choked down a little sob.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Maud. Then as she withdrew her hand, "I'm very sorry. Can I do anything for you? What are you going to do?"

"O! I have a lovely position offered me," said Laura bravely.

"Yes?" said Maud, raising her eyes inquiringly. Then she motioned to the conductor—"Good-bye——"

"This is Sixteenth street only," said Laura in surprise. "I thought you were going to our house," and a flush rose to her face.

"I—well, you see, my time is so taken up, and I must see the other girls, and I have so much to do. Come and see me any time, won't you? Do, dear," with a feeble attempt at her former warmth. Then as the car came to a standstill she nodded to her friend and got off hurriedly, no doubt to repeat the astonishing news to the "other girls."

A Youthful Pessimist.

Any boy or girl who doesn't know what a pessimist is should be sure to read the following:

Jeremiah, who is twelve years old, is already a confirmed pessimist. Among the things he continually grumbles about are his lead pencils, which never have points, and to sharpen which he always has to borrow a knife of some schoolmate.

"Why don't you have a knife of your own, Jerry?" one of the boys asked.

"Got no pocket to put it in," Jerry answered, mournfully.

"Then why don't you have a pocket," persisted his schoolmate.

"If I had one it would have a hole in it."

"Well, even then you wouldn't be any worse off than you are now."

"H'm! Yes, I should. If I had a pocket and a hole in it, I'd never have anything to lose through it!"

Jerry sighed deeply and went on whittling his pencil with the dull blade of the other boy's knife.

A Fine Team.

Penelope—Don't you see the advantage?

Richley—No, I do not.

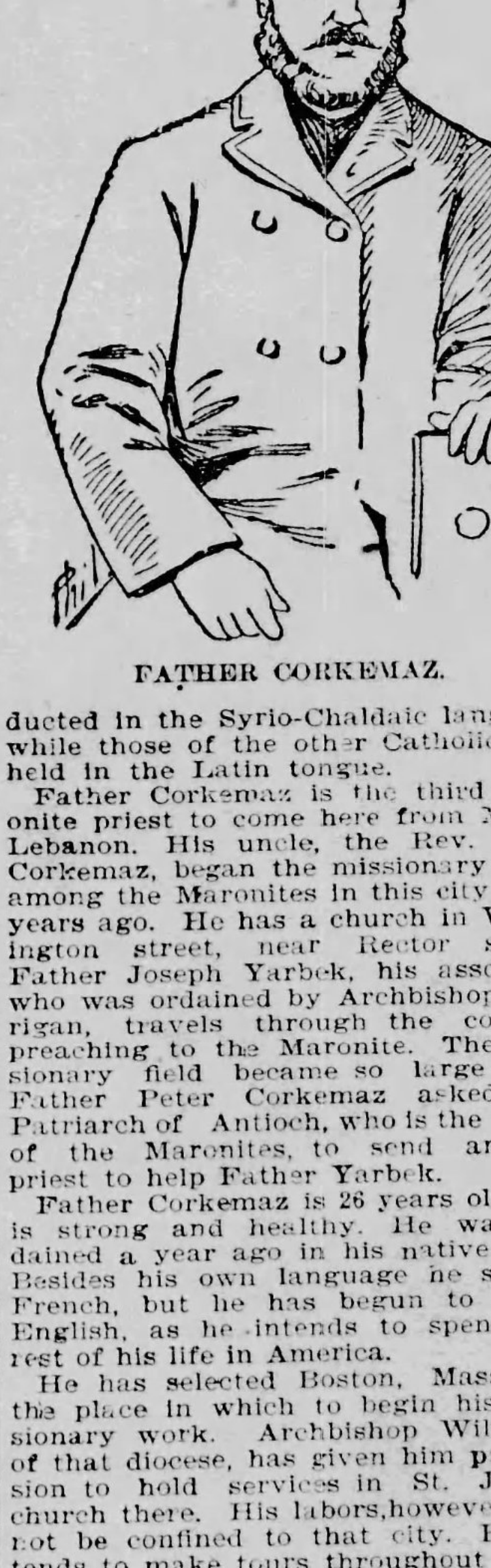
Penelope—Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make!—Life.

COMES FROM MT. LEBANON

To Preach in America—A Young Maronite Priest.

A young priest from the East, who wears a natty black mustache and a closely cropped beard, has come to the United States to labor among his countrymen, and Archbishop Corrigan has given him permission to officiate in the archdiocese of New York, and has also recommended him to the other archbishops and bishops of America. He is the Rev. Gabriel Corkemaz, a Maronite priest of Mount Lebanon, Syria.

He is to be a missionary among the Arabic speaking Catholics of the United States who worship according to the Maronite rite, says the New York Herald. Their services are conducted in the Syrio-Chaldaic language while those of the other Catholics are held in the Latin tongue.



FATHER CORKEMAZ.

Father Corkemaz is the third Maronite priest to come here from Mount Lebanon. His uncle, the Rev. Peter Corkemaz, began the missionary work among the Maronites in this city three years ago. He has a church in Washington street, near Rector street. Father Joseph Yarbek, his associate, who was ordained by Archbishop Corrigan, travels through the country preaching to the Maronite. The missionary field became so large that Father Peter Corkemaz asked the Patriarch of Antioch, who is the head of the Maronites, to send another priest to help Father Yarbek.

Father Corkemaz is 26 years old and is strong and healthy. He was ordained a year ago in his native land. Besides his own language he speaks French, but he has begun to study English, as he intends to spend the rest of his life in America.

He has selected Boston, Mass., as the place in which to begin his missionary work. Archbishop Williams, of that diocese, has given him permission to hold services in St. James' church there. His labors, however, will not be confined to that city. He intends to make tours throughout all of New England, and occasionally he will come to New York to help his uncle.

The Maronites are the Catholics of Mount Lebanon. Until the fifth century they were called Syrian Catholics because of their descent from the Syrians, their dwelling in Syria and their use of the Syrian language. They were the first to be converted to the Catholic church by the preaching of St. Peter at Antioch.

They lived in Antioch and its neighborhood, the plains of Syria, until the seventh century, when the Mahommedans began to massacre them on account of their religion. Then they fled to Mount Lebanon, where they have lived, surrounded by their enemies until the present day.

They are called Maronites from St. Maron, an abbot who at the end of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth, was, with his monks, keeping the Syrians in union with the Catholic church, preserving them from the influence of the Jacobites and Nestorians, who broke the unions with Rome. In the seventh century a second abbot, John, kept them from the monotheistic heresies and was surnamed John Maron.

In Mount Lebanon the Maronites are ruled by a Patriarch, entitled the Patriarch of Antioch, and by diocesan bishops under him. Agriculture and the raising of silk worms are their main pursuits. During the last ten years they began to emigrate to this country.

Here their chief occupation is peddling Catholic articles, but some of them have gone into trade. Some conduct fruit and grocery stores, while others are trying to establish dry goods stores. There are about 10,000 of them in the United States, and in the East they number about 400,000.

A Grand Tour of Mexico.

A select party will leave Toledo by special train train via C., H. & D. Railway Saturday, February 3, for a thirty days' tour of Mexico.

The train will consist of baggage car, dining car, Pullman sleeping cars with observation parlor, and travel on a special schedule arranged for the trip. The entire train from baggage car to observation car will be vestibuled.

The itinerary provides for two days' stop at New Orleans to witness the Mardi Gras carnival, a week in the City of Mexico, two days in Guadalajara, one day in Guanajuato, and two days in Pueblo. Zacaticas, Aguas Calientes, Leon, Queretaro, The Falls of Juanacathan, and other points of interest will also be visited. A feature of the trip will be a tour of the tropical country south of Mexico City, visiting enroute the Pyramid of Cholula and the ancient Aztec city, Tlaxcala.

While in the City of Mexico the party will have the option of living on the train or at hotel. All meals will be served in the Pullman dining car.

The tour has been arranged to travel by easy stages, and see everything of interest enroute. Chas. H. Gates, who has charge of the party, announces that but 60 passengers will be taken, and nearly that number of representative Toledo people have already been booked.

Will Accuse Adam Next.

Ancient critics said Homer was a plagiarist. Naucrates charged that Homer stole all his work from a preceding poem; Aelian mentions one Syagrus who preceded Homer, and wrote a poem on the siege of Troy, and Suidas says Homer got his best passages from a poem by Corrinnus on the same subject.

Gold From Ores.

In the process of extracting gold from its ores, molten lead is used instead of mercury. The lead is melted on a shallow hearth and the powdered ore is fed in at one end and carried forward as a film over the surface of the lead by means of an agitator moving over it. It is thus brought to the other end, where it escapes through a hopper. In order to prevent oxidation of the lead, the chamber is kept filled with carbonic oxide from a gas producer.

Hard to Pronounce.

The rivers emptying themselves into Chesapeake Bay from Maryland and Virginia commonly have Indian names with a peculiarly sharp, metallic ring to their syllables, as Choptank, Pocomoke, Rappahannock, Plankatank, Nanticoke.

A Widow.

"So your son John is courting a woman at last! I'm afraid, however, that he'll be too bashful to propose to her."

"He won't need to propose to her; she's a widow."—New York Press.

LINCOLN'S ONE WORD.

A Secret of the Famous Hampton Roads Conference.

Atlanta Special in New York World.

No man in Atlanta has a greater fund of incident than Judge Samuel B. Herit, who is now seriously ill at Suwanee Springs, Fla. The judge was born in Blount county in 1828, and, coming to Atlanta before the woods were cleared away for the coming city, grew up with it, and carries in his memory the full details of a most remarkable era of city building.

While reclining upon his sick bed to-day Judge Herit spoke of a conversation he had with the late Jefferson Davis.

In that conversation Mr. Davis lamented the fate which deprived the Confederate States of recognition by European powers.

"'To the last moment,' said Mr. Davis, 'I was confident that this recognition would come to us. The landing of the French in Mexico was then our interest. If we could have consolidated our forces down in Texas under Kirby Smith, the alliance could have become effective.'

"And yet," said Judge Herit, "this was all dreaming. It was like following a rainbow. How different all might have been if the less brilliant but more practical mind of Alexander H. Stephens had dominated the councils of the nation. Almost with tears in his eyes Mr. Stephens once told me of the inner history of the Hampton Roads conference.

"'When the intimation came to us,' said Mr. Stephens, 'that the Federals desired a conference, it was well known that Mr. Davis was opposed to it. The majority of the Confederate Senate took its cue from the President, and therefore the subject could not be directly broached then. As a consequence, we were forced to strategy. It was proposed that Gen. Lee should appear before the Senate in executive session, and, under the cloak of secrecy, to be removed only for the personal information of the President, give an exact statement of the real position of the two armies.

With great reluctance Gen. Lee consented to answer questions, the result being to show that the Confederate army had been reduced to a mere shell, with neither defenses, refuge nor supplies to fall back upon. With this plain statement the Senate consented to the appointment of peace commissioners. But when a resolution was offered and passed that these commissioners should act under instructions passed by Mr. Davis, all hope in my heart failed. Only the conviction that I should lose no chance to bring about peace induced me to withhold my resignation.

"After describing the meeting with President Lincoln and associates," continued Judge Herit, "Mr. Stephens went on to say: 'Finally, all preliminaries over, President Lincoln said: 'So anxious am I for peace that I will offer terms which I am sure will surprise you all. On this sheet of paper I will write but one word, while I will leave to your own judgment every other condition and requirement.' Writing, Mr. Lincoln passed the sheet over to me, and I found written upon it the one word 'Union.' 'All other terms,' concluded Mr. Lincoln, 'may be of your own dictation.'

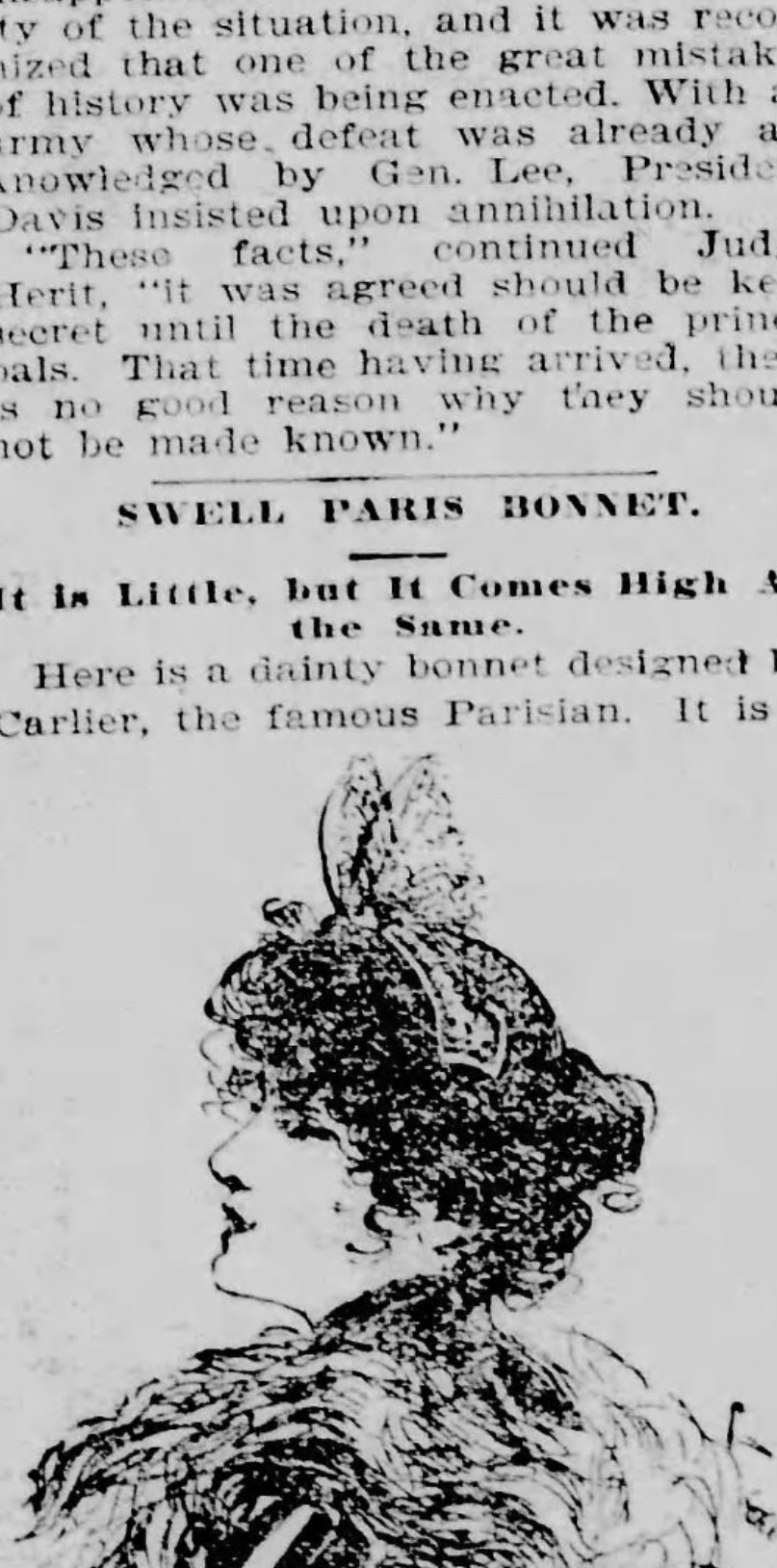
"My heart sank within me," said Mr. Stephens. "Here, on simply accepting the Union, we could dictate our own terms of peace, preserve our state autonomies, maintain our fortunes, gain recompense for our slave property, and all the consequences following defeat could be averted. But our instructions from Mr. Davis, the cornerstone of which was the recognition of the Confederate states, forbade the acceptance of this most magnanimous and generous offer. When I so informed Mr. Lincoln he sank back in his chair with a look of utter disappointment. We all felt the gravity of the situation, and it was recognized that one of the great mistakes of history was being enacted. With an army whose defeat was already acknowledged by Gen. Lee, President Davis insisted upon annihilation.

"These facts," continued Judge Herit, "it was agreed should be kept secret until the death of the principals. That time having arrived, there is no good reason why they should not be made known."

SWELL PARIS BONNET.

It is Little, but It Comes High All the Same.

Here is a dainty bonnet designed by Carlier, the famous Parisian. It is a capote of gold cloth. The edge is outlined with sable. In front two wings of Valenciennes lace stand upright, with a small aigrette between them. It is a fetching little affair—both in style and price.



A BONNET BY CARLIER.

Considerate Dressmakers.

The great Parisian dressmakers have a custom of charging a married woman more for her gowns than an unmarried woman is asked. An American lady in Paris recently commented upon this difference, which she had observed to the extent of $50 in two dresses identically alike. "Ah!" exclaimed the great modiste, "why not? Madame has a husband to pay her bills, but mademoiselle's dot must be looked out for, so that she may get a husband."

Corsets for the Feet.

The latest atrocity in the interest of fashion is a corset for the foot. The new instrument of torture is made so as to enable a size smaller shoe to be worn than would be otherwise possible, and consists of a strong though thin band of web, which is fixed round the instep while the foot is off the ground. When it is in place it is comparatively easy to put on a shoe which is altogether too small, and the pressure being on the corset instead of the shoe, the latter does not stretch.—Oleon Herald.

Put It in a Safe.

The famous gun, "Long Tom," of the armament of the brig Armstrong, which did such good service in the historic engagement in the Azores in the early days of the Republic, is to be taken to Washington for safe keeping at the navy yard.

The Whole Truth.

"Were you discharged from your last place?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"Good behavior."

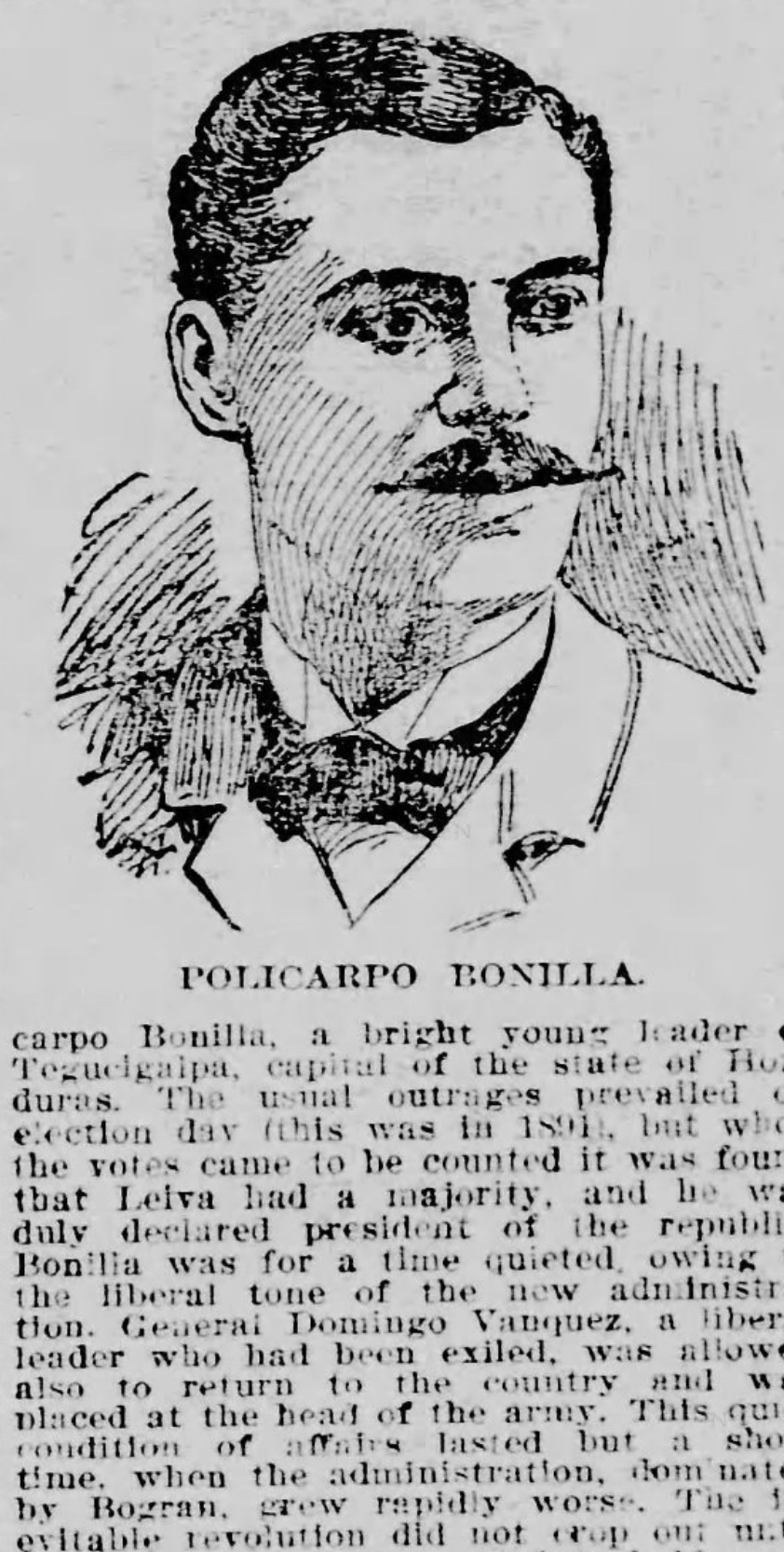
"How's that?"

"Well, sir, it took two years and six months off my term."—Hallo.

POLICARPO BONILLA.

Leader in the Attempt to Overthrow President Vasquez, of Honduras.

Policarpo Bonillo, the leader in the attempt to overthrow President Vasquez of Honduras, is a young man and a member of the liberal party. The origin of the present trouble dates back to President Bogran. Bogran, like most of his predecessors, found it necessary, in order to maintain his position against the schemes of other ambitious men, to exercise arbitrary powers. When his administration was drawing to a close he chose a leader to succeed him. He could not by the constitution of the country be his own successor. But the man of his selection—Don Ponciana Leiva—was an old and infirm man, and it was well recognized that to elect him was to continue Bogran in power. The liberal party was in opposition at the time, but its leader died. Its members chose to succeed him Policarpo Bonilla, a bright young leader of Tegucigalpa, capital of the state of Honduras. The usual outrages prevailed on election day (this was in 1891), but when the votes came to be counted it was found that Leiva had a majority, and he was duly declared president of the republic. Bonilla was for a time quieted, owing to the liberal tone of the new administration. General Domingo Vasquez, a liberal leader who had been exiled, was allowed also to return to the country and was placed at the head of the army. This quiet condition of affairs lasted but a short time, when the administration, dominated by Bogran, grew rapidly worse. The inevitable revolution did not crop out until the administration, growing bolder as days went on, finally drove Bonilla from the country as a conspirator. When Vasquez sanctioned the exile of Bonilla the latter went to Guatemala and finally found his way among the other exiles from his country in Nicaragua. He organized the exiled Hondurans and with the open aid and sympathy of President Zelaya is now trying to discipline Vasquez. As a consequence of this aid on the part of Zelaya, Vasquez threatens to march into Nicaragua. Now Nicaragua is collecting more troops to aid in the counter invasion of Honduranian soil. The combined forces of Bonilla and Zelaya have already taken several important towns including Choluteca, which surrendered to them on Jan. 3, and Yuscaren. According to the latest advices they were holding Vasquez in check near the latter place and preparing to march at once on his capital, Tegucigalpa.



POLICARPO BONILLA.

NEW YORK CITY'S AREA.

It is Less Than That of Most of the Large Cities of the Country.

How many people have ever stopped to enquire how many dwelling houses were there in New York city? asked the Sun. There are 81,828, with an average of 3.82 families to a house and 5 persons to a family, or 19 persons to a house. Twenty years ago the average was 14. Ten years ago it was 16.5. Ten years hence, from present appearances, and at the present rate of increase of flats and apartment houses and the abandonment of small brick dwellings, it will be 22. New York does not stand very high on the list of American cities in respect to area, being, in fact, the smallest geographically of any of the big cities except Baltimore, Cincinnati and Brooklyn. New York covers about the same area as Fall River, Buffalo, Denver, Duluth, or Sioux City. Chicago is four times as large, Philadelphia is three times as large, and New Orleans, St. Louis and Washington cover territory 50 per cent greater. Des Moines, St. Paul and Minneapolis are each of them larger than New York, San Francisco, with one-sixth of the population, is slightly larger.

Advocates of a "greater New York" find encouragement in the fact that the population of the two cities of New York and Brooklyn, exclusive of outlying towns and regions included in the scheme, would foot up 2,915,000, against 2,447,000, the population of Paris, and 4,230,000, the population of London. New York-Brooklyn would then be the second largest city in the world. New York is now the third, and Brooklyn tenth. Together they would have an area of 68 square miles. The area of London is 122, and of Paris 29. New York is one of the healthiest cities in the world, and is becoming more so each year, the death rate from consumption, for instance, now being 3.09 against 3.89 in 1880, 4.41 in 1872 and 4.65 in 1865.

A Woman's Last Word.

They had been engaged, says Life, but were now suffering from one of those quarrels which sometimes ruffle the course of true love.

They had not spoken for three days, and neither wished to be the first to yield.

But with the hankering which afflicts murderers and lovers with reference to the scene of the late unpleasantness, he called at the house on a trumped up business mission to her father.

By chance (?) she answered his ring at the door.

Gathering himself, he, with a cold, slow voice, begins the following dialogue:

He—Does Mr. Dudley reside here?

She—He does.

He—Is he in?

She—He is not.

He—Will he be in soon?

She—He will.

He—Thank you; I will call again. (Turns to go.)

She—Excuse me, who shall I say called?

Good Advice.

"She has discarded me," wailed the young man. "I have half a notion to shoot myself."

"When you entertain such an idea as that," replied the sage, "you are underestimating your affection."

"Don't you mean overestimating?"

"Well, you may be overestimating its intensity, but not its quantity. Just you wait a while and you will find you have love enough left for half a dozen girls."—Indianapolis Journal.

Force of Habit.

"How closely Bibb's new wife pays attention to every word he says."

"Yes, force of habit."

"Habit?"

"Certainly; she was his typewriter."—Exchange.

Et tu, Brute!

Let the President kick out the little band of sycophants and pharisees who toady to him that they may line their own purses. Let him tear down the veil which they have erected between him and his party.—Albany Argus.

But It is Flying.

The national emblem is not flying from the House of Representatives at Washington because the old flag is worn out and there is no appropriation to get another. It is the old story. Congress never could separate the old flags from an appropriation.—Chicago Herald.

His Place.

Attorney Sharpe—You deserve a higher place on the bench, Your Honor.

Squire Wood—Indeed, you flatter me!

Attorney Sharpe—Not at all, sir; not at all. You ought to be Chief Justice of the Court of Errors.—Truth.

The Wrong Door.

Poet—I wrote this poem, sir, to keep the wolf from the door.

Editor—My dear sir, you are at the wrong place. There is no wolf at this door.—Life.

A Hint to Husbands.

Moths deposit their eggs in the early pring, and carpets should be taken up and well aired and beaten every year at that time.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SPY.

The guard at the end of the Long Bridge sighed and shifted his gun as he glanced anxiously at the little knot seated on the opposite side of the roadway, where the sound of laughter rose and swelled at intervals, while pipes glowed fitfully as gusts of merriment were borne past him. In the guard's opinion they were fools for not going to bed. He was tired—guard duty was monotonous at best. There was nothing to enliven it. He would not begrudge a night watch if there was anything to relieve the dullness.

The sound of the "light-taps" was borne to him from the station on the other side of the river, where the tents gleamed one minute and were swallowed up in the darkness in the next.

The corporal's voice rose at that moment louder than his fellows in laughter; the guard heard sounds that tempted him to interrupt their merriment. It was aggravating to hear the tin cup sounding against the canteen when no one proffered him a share of the liquid comfort they were imbibing. The guard's thoughts returned to home, where there was no lack of creature comforts. He voted himself an ass. What was he, a young fellow with an income of five thousand a year masquerading there as a private soldier, with the ground for a bed, and his downy couch at home unpressed?

The little group separated; the corporal yawned as he approached the guard, commented upon the clear weather, selected a comfortable seat a little distance from the guard, and ere he was aware of it permitted himself to wander into the land that borders on sleep.

The corporal was reminded of his duty by the guard. In a moment he was wide awake, and on his feet, looking anxiously at a horseman who loomed out of the darkness like a phantom, so suddenly did he come upon the guard, who was thinking of the enjoyments he had surrendered in the single-minded spirit that swelled the ranks of the grand army at the call of the President.

The corporal extended a hand: the horseman (he was an officer—the corporal could see that much without calling for a light), handed a paper to the corporal in silence. The corporal also was silent; he examined the paper carefully, then demanded the countersign. "Correct," he said upon hearing it; but his hand meantime grasped the bridle firmly. The horseman, noting the action, made an impatient movement as he said:

"If the pass and countersign are regular, why am I delayed? Release the bridle."

"Not until the lieutenant orders me. Guard, call Lieut. Somers—we will not keep you long."

The guard walked to the tent near at hand. He was in the act of entering it, when the lieutenant emerged. The lieutenant shouted on the instant;

"Shoot him, guard!" then darted into his tent.

The guard turned in surprise in time to see the horseman wrenching the bridle rein out of the corporal's grasp; at the same instant the horse reared; one of his fore feet flung the corporal on the ground, and the horseman darted off as the guard fired.

The lieutenant rushed out of the tent again with a pistol, which he fired at random. The interval between the discharge of the musket and the revolver was so brief that they seemed simultaneous to the soldiers, who were aroused from their sleep, and the few who were preparing for rest.

"Mount! Follow me, men!" exclaimed the lieutenant, as he sprang upon his horse, which stood near by saddled. "He must not be permitted to escape." Without pausing to enforce his command, the lieutenant immediately galloped in pursuit of the fleeing horseman.

A score of men fumbled for their arms, found their horses (which stood ready for their riders), sprang into their saddles and followed the lieutenant in a straggling fashion for a time, then, what with spurring and urging their steeds with hand and voice, the pursuers closed up until they formed in a compact body.

Foremost among those who followed the lieutenant was the captain, who, roused from a dreamless sleep, thought he scented the smell of battle. The captain renewed his efforts to close the gap between himself and his lieutenant, distancing all the others. The sound of the horses' hoofs filled the air as the pursued and pursuers galloped madly along the road. Finally the captain closed with his lieutenant. The captain rode a magnificent gray, capable of great speed, combined with bottom that rendered him invaluable.

"What is it, Somers?"

"Spy!" said Somers.

"A spy—how do you know?"

"Why should a man dressed in a blue uniform ride over one of our men. He wears a Federal uniform."

"If you are right, this is as bad as allowing the woman to pass," the captain replied. The captain could not find words to express his chagrin. "You emptied your revolver; do you think you hit him?"

"That does not sound like it. He is well mounted." They could hear the sound made by the galloping steed that bore the spy away from them.

"Did you see his face—would you recognize him?" They were urging their horses to the utmost when the captain propounded the query.

"I would know him anywhere," Somers replied. "I had a fair look at him when the guard fired. My pistol helped a little, too."

"The shots seemed to be almost one. Hark! What do you make of that—he has left the road."

It was true. The fleeing horseman had turned off from the road, and was galloping on the soft turf. The captain checked his steed long enough to permit his men to come up, then commanded them to leave the road and keep the soft ground beside it without diminishing their speed.

Now the pursuers suddenly resolved themselves into shadows under the greenwood. They appeared and disappeared as they sped past trees like spectres or phantoms of the night. Occasionally a horse stumbled; his fellows took no note of it, but pressed on in silence. The jingling spurs and clanking sabers alone startled the birds as the spectres sped through the forest on either side of the road.

The fleeing horseman evidently knew the country better than his pursuers. With a firm hand he guided his steed on the soft turf. The night air was like wine to the fearless night rider, who seemed to ride straight at the object aimed at. In reality, the hand that directed the noble steed deflected, now to the right, now to the left in a manner that enabled horse and rider to avoid all obstacles as easily as if the flight were made in broad daylight.

It was well for horse and rider that the latter knew every foot of the ground between Centerville and Washington. The horseman was encouraging his steed with endearing terms, riding forward confidently, when a voice accosted him.

"Halt! Stop where you are, if you do not want a bullet in you."

"The horseman reined in his steed. Figures rose up, seemingly out of the earth, on either side of him. A hand grasped the rein. "Who are you?"

"A Southerner fleeing for my life—on my way to Jackson's camp. My pursuers are not far off."

There was a hurried consultation. Shadows flitted here and there; then a voice—the voice was that of one in command, evidently—issued a few brief orders, and the horseman presently heard sounds indicating a number of horsemen concentrating in the depth of the shadows.

Now the sounds the pursuers made as they returned at intervals to the road could be heard plainly. The clattering of horses' hoofs and the metallic ring of sabers were swept to the ears of the horsemen, who sat like statues in the shadow of the great trees. On the pursuers came, some on the soft turf, but more on the hard road, where the light was sufficient to distinguish the figures of brave cavalrymen who courted action.

Suddenly the wood was illuminated; sheets of fire flooded the forest as the commander of the Confererates shouted, "Forward, cut them down!" He himself spurred his horse on with the word. The shots were aimed point blank at the pursuers on the road, then there was a rush.

The Federals recoiled, but they were unable to retreat. There was but one alternative. It was man to man, and horse against horse for a brief season. Amid cries and oaths, scattering shot, the ringing of saber and the neighing of horses, the horseman that precipitated this conflict heard the voice of the Confederate officer directing his men. But the latter had miscalculated the force he encountered. The moment he made the discovery he ordered his men to give the enemy one parting shot, then commanded them to fall back.

The order served as a signal for a final discharge on both sides; then the combatants by common consent seemingly ceased firing. The fray was over. The men in ambush melted away in the darkness, leaving the field to the Federals.

When the truth was evident the captain of the Federals counseled with his lieutenant and summed up the result of the struggle, three empty saddles, one killed and two wounded. The sole compensation was a Confederate prisoner whose head was slashed in a horrible manner. He was alive to his condition and roundly cursed the luck that made him a captive.

"Strike a light, Somers," said the captain, "and let us see what shape our boys are in before we turn back."

The moment the light flared up, the prisoner made a dash. Half a dozen followed in pursuit. Just as a soldier was in the act of grasping him, a figure attired in the uniform of a Federal officer sprang out from the shadow of a rock.

The light was so bright that half a dozen men beheld the officer's features distinctly as he sped from the rock to the road. Crossing the road at a single bound he dashed into a thicket.

"Seize that man. Don't let him escape. Shoot him down!" the captain shouted.

"It's the spy," Somers added with an oath.

The captain on hearing this ordered six men to look after the horses, while the remainder of the command made a rigid search for the spy. At the end of twenty minutes, perhaps, a soldier near the captain uttered a cry and rushed into a thicket. There was a sound like that made by a person or animal breaking through the undergrowth. The captain made his way quickly to a point where he could command a view of an open space below the thicket.

There was light enough now to distinguish the features of a man thirty yards. Below the open space, which was twelve or fifteen yards in width, there was a large shelving stone, the base of which was lost in another thicket that was almost impenetrable. If the spy, who seemed to be familiar with the ground, could conceal himself in this lower thicket covering immense logs and rocks it would be useless to search for him.

While the captain was placing men at points designed to prevent this, a figure sprang out of the undergrowth within twenty feet of him. The man stood one fleeting instant facing the captain, then looked in the opposite direction. The light fell full upon his face; his features were impressed indelibly upon the captain's memory.

The soldier near the captain raised his revolver and fired. The figure in the open space bounded at one leap into the lower thicket. One instant—as he leaped on the shelving rock—he was in full view of a score, the next he disappeared in the fastnesses of the lower thicket.

There were shouts and cries; several were bent upon pursuing him, but the captain commanded silence, and stood listening intently. No sound was heard. The stillness of the grave reigned over the undergrowth and rocks which concealed the fugitive.

"You saw his face?" The captain looked at his lieutenant.

"As plainly as I see yours."

"I would pick it out of ten thousand."

"I don't wonder he has the devil's own luck—he belongs to him," said the prisoner sullenly. "Seems to me I'd stow my gun away if I couldn't shoot better than you fellows," he added scornfully.

"You know him?" said the captain quickly.

"Who is he?"

"Find out." The prisoner flashed a look of undisguised hatred at the captain. "Because I'm your prisoner, that is no reason I've got to tell all I know."

"Not at all. It is sufficient that I know you do know something. The fact that you know him may prove a serious business."

"Humph! Tain't more serious than this leg is. Thought it was my back—but it's the leg. I'm good for a two month's rest out of the saddle I reckon."

"You don't seem to care about your connection with the spy."

"I don't need to, seein' as how you found me with a gun and saber. Spies don't usually plash around with guns and sabers, do they?"

The captain laughed.

"Anyhow, you didn't catch what I said, or you wouldn't bark up the wrong tree so quick. 'f I had my way, yer spy'd be riddled with lead till he'd look like a seive."

The venom revealed in this speech, and the hate smoldering in the prisoner's eyes arrested the captain's attention.

"What's your name? What command do you belong to?"

"Bilger. General Jackson—he's my man. I look for him coming down soon and sendin' you scootin'."

There was a hearty laugh. That's right," said the captain. "You talk like a brave man, Bilger. We must be careful of you until the General finds time to take you off our hands."

The prisoner was mounted carefully, made as comfortable as the circumstances admitted of, and the command given to march back to the bridge.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

I have a friend who enjoys excellent health, who, in obedience to the rules universally recognized by the medical profession, should have been buried on the battle-field.

His intimate friends have seen him produce from his pocketbook a small piece of woolen cloth, scarcely large enough to cover a vest button. With the patch of dark cloth he produces an irregular piece of lead. The lead was almost flat, was once a bullet. The patch of cloth once formed a portion of the waist-band of his trousers. The bullet and patch of cloth passed clean through his body. He was given up for dead. He surprised the doctors by regaining perfect health.

Then it was necessary to explain how death was cheated in this case. The surgeons discovered that the soldier entered the battlefield at the end of a forced march with an empty haversack, and a craving stomach. In the 24 hours preceding his appearance on the battlefield, nothing but water had passed his lips. If he had had time to satisfy his hunger before he was wounded, all the skill in the world could not have prolonged his life.

I remember the case of a dear relative, who was reduced in weight from 175 pounds to less than 90 by a malady that baffled a score of physicians. He was so weak that he had to be lifted in and out of bed like a babe. One night he was awoke by the flames that were consuming over his head. He rose unaided, unseen, and afterwards was observed walking about an hundred yards, where he was found nursing his youngest child, an infant. His recovery from that hour was as rapid as the sickness that reduced him to a skeleton.

Marion Clayton's sympathies went out to the Federal soldier lying alone in the big spare room because he was dying far away from his home; because he was a stranger to all there; a victim of a conflict for which he was not more responsible than she was. The hope that inspired her when she assumed charge of the wounded soldier, faded away when she realized his condition. In all probability he had but a few hours to live. All her efforts were directed to the end that she might make his last moments peaceful. Perhaps he might rally sufficiently to leave a message for his friends. It was with this object in view that she charged a servant to note the patient's every movement in her absence, while she busied herself preparing for the worst.

When she returned to the spare room the soldier was sleeping peacefully. As she leaned over him listening to his regular breathing, a faint smile—it was the merest movement of his lips—flitted over his face; a faint sound like an endearment issued from the pale lips, so faint and indistinct that the listeners could not distinguish the name uttered in a caressing tone.

"He did that two or three times," said the servant in answer to Marion's look. She spoke in a whisper.

"Did he moan in his sleep?"

"No—just like that. He has not moved."

"Poor fellow," said Marion. "He is dreaming of some one. Hold up that curtain, Crissy—so." She bent down quickly, looked at the moisture on his forehead and temples, then made a sign to the servant, who lowered the curtain again.

"Is that the—death dew, Miss Clayton?"

"I think not," Marion answered, concealing the alarm the question excited. "It seems like a natural moisture. He is sleeping soundly. You can go, Crissy. If I need you I will call you."

When she was left alone with the wounded soldier, she folded her hands in her lap, and looked at him anxiously. As she noted his utter helplessness, watching apprehensively for the change which she anticipated yet dreaded, her mind reverted to the ranks of brave men who voluntarily surrendered all they loved and cherished in their resolve to serve the state.

How many thousands were mourning in desolate homes for husbands, sons and brothers who had yielded their lives upon the battlefield? How many dying men were cast, like this poor soldier, upon the hands of strangers. Ere the watcher was aware of it, tears fell upon her palms.

Still the soldier slept peacefully, making no movement. He lay just as they placed him, with his arms stretched down at his side. At the end of half an hour perhaps, Miss Clayton selected a favorite book, and returned to her seat near a window.

She asserted mentally again and again that Crissy must be wrong. The prespiration that shone on the soldiers' face and temples was not the forerunner of death; she reiterated, mentally, that it was rather an indication of a favorable change in the patient. As time passed, this view was confirmed. The patient breathed softly and regularly like one in a sound sleep.

The watcher near the bedside gathered more confidence, and as hope revived she returned to her favorite author, and yielded herself up to the charm he won for thousands of appreciative readers. Hours passed. The midday meal was announced, but the watcher declined to leave the room, pleading lack of appetite.

The day was well spent; the evening breeze stirred the trees on the slopes when Marion called Crissy to take her place in the spare room. She was employed half an hour in various ways, then she remembered that she had not broken her fast since morning. She was sipping her tea, complimenting the cook, whose gratification was manifest in many ways, when Crissy bounded into the dining-room.

"Miss Clayton, I can't do anything with that soldier. He's getting up." Crissy's eyes were rolling. Marion set her cup down suddenly and hastened to the spare room. Crissy followed her.

Marion experienced a shock upon entering the big spare room. The man who was as helpless as an infant when laid upon the bed was lying partly upon his side, with one elbow under him. His back was to her. He seemed to be in the act of rising. As Marion gazed upon him in wonder at the strength he displayed, silently, fearing to speak lest she might frighten him, the wounded man murmured something, passed a hand over his head, and looked around the room wonderingly. His gaze rested upon Marion and Crissy, who stood behind her trembling with fear. The eyes that met hers were lit with intelligence; Marion realized on the instant that reason reigned; there was nothing resembling the fitful gleams or piercing sharpness fever breeds.

As his eyes rested on hers questioningly, Marion crossed the room and faced him, saying quietly, "You have had a refreshing sleep, but you must not try to sit up."

The patient sank back upon the pillow; his eyes were riveted upon her face, however. Evidently he was waiting for her to speak. His manner was expectant. Possibly he thought she would explain the situation. His eyes seemed to say "Who are you? Why am I here—how was I brought here?"

But Marion advanced to the window, drew aside the curtain letting a flood of light in the spare room, then turned to Crissy and in a matter-of-fact way ordered her to prepare some toast for the patient. She impressed upon Crissy the importance of drawing fresh tea. When the servant withdrew, she had regained her self-control. This was not like the outbreak of a man subject to fancies bred by fever.

"You seem to be much stronger, sir," she said as she pretended to set things to rights that were not misplaced.

"I am strong enough to get up," said the soldier. Marion started.

"It is not to be thought of. That is," she added in a less postive tone, "I mean you will show more wisdom by keeping very quiet until you gain a little strength. No doubt you feel strong enough, but you have been very ill, and you must not attempt to move until the doctor permits you."

The patient knit his brows, stroked the coverlet impatiently with his hand, then said suddenly: "Where am I? How long have I been here?"

"You're in the house of one who sympathizes with you in your misfortune. You were brought here this morning."

The patient cast a swift glance around the room.

"I will order them to bring a clock here. It is very trying to lie on a bed where one cannot see the time. It is now near 5. Now—you must keep perfectly quiet, sir. "The patient had turned to one side and was pressing the pillow into shape. "I cannot permit you to do that."

The patient desisted on the instant, but the curious look he shot at her caused a blush. Had she spoken too sharply again?

"I—beg your pardon," said the patient in a low tone. "I will not give you cause to be apprehensive. But—really"—he lifted an arm and let it fall upon the coverlet—"I am not as weak as you think I am."

"It will be best, in any case, for you to be quiet. You are severely—very dangerously wounded. You must be very careful."

"Since you say so, I will."

"I have been looking for the doctor—he may come any time. It all depends upon him, sir. You must be guided by him."

"I assure you I have no other thought."

The rueful tone in which this was uttered appealed to Marion's sympathy afresh.

"We will do all that is possible to restore you to your friends at the earliest day."

"Thank you—I believe you," said the patient.

"And now I must go and look after the toast myself," said Marion, glad to escape from the reproachful eyes of the man cast upon her bounty. When she returned the patient greeted her with a curious smile. When the toast was placed to his hand, and the tea was pronounced "just right," the patient startled her anew:

"I am not as strong as I thought I was."

"Surely——"

"No I did not try to rise. I did manage to sit up in bed"—Marion was looking at him with dilating eyes—"but it was only for a second. I am as weak as a child."

The trembling cup emphasized the truthfulness of the confession. A servant announced the doctor at that moment. Marion swept out of the room to meet the man of medicine. Their conference was brief. Marion had little to communicate—absolutely nothing concerning the nature of the injuries.

The doctor entered the room in his brisk, business-like way. The patient submitted in silence to an examination that must have been painful. His set expression, above all the rigid lower jaw revealed the truth. The doctor was sparing of words; further than to ask questions, he seldom spoke.

When the patient was told to compose himself in the position that gave him most relief, the doctor looked down at him long and earnestly.

"You are quite sure the saber made that wound?"

The patient nodded.

"You retained your senses some time?"

"A little while—yes."

"Two minutes—five—ten? How long?"

"A few minutes, at least. I suppose I fainted then—I lost considerable blood, that would cause a faint."

"Well, you must keep perfectly quiet now. Don't attempt to sit up or turn. If you get tired in one position, somebody must help you to change. It won't do—it will be exceedingly dangerous for you to try to exert yourself in any manner. I forbid it. Such a thing as trying to raise yourself upon an elbow or sit up is suicidal. I will try to see you to-morrow again."

The doctor withdrew. Marion followed him to the veranda where they could speak unobserved by the servants, whose curiosity was unbounded.

"A strange case—a very remarkable case, indeed, Miss Clayton. I don't understand it. It baffles me. The man ought to die. That is," he added quickly, upon seeing the movement Marion made; she lifted her head and stared at him in amazement—"according to the books. I anticipated internal hemorrhage the moment I saw the wound in his shoulder. But you saw him lift his arm. The bullet wound is bad enough—it is the thrust of the sabre I dread most. You say he has not bled much. Strange. I dare say he bled freely before you saw him. He may die in a minute—without warning—and there is no telling whether a man that has pulled through this long with a wound like that may not recover. All I can say is, compel him to lie still. He has a fine constitution, a magnificent constitution. If he is a man of regular habits, so much the better. I wish I could give you some positive encouragement—I can't, Miss Clayton. You know the old saying—we can fall back on that. As long as there is life there is hope. Good evening, good evening."

He waved his hand in a way that discouraged her—the action was that of a man who despaired. He did not know it—it was involuntary, but the movement of his hand as he walked to his horse counteracted all the words of cheer he had summoned to his aid when he left the patient. As he rode away the doctor exclaimed, mentally, "Not one chance in ten thousand!"

Meantime Marion Clayton was bending over a flower with tear-filled eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Knew.

The small boy hadn't been to Sunday school since last Christmas, and the teacher didn't recognize him.

"Who was it," she inquired after a number of questions had been unanswered, "who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me?'"

"Santa Claus," he replied with a vehemence that quite unsettled the teacher.—Detroit Free Press.

Considerate Collegian.

First Yalesian—Did you break the news to poor Jack's father and mother gently?

Second Yalesian—Yes; sent 'em two telegrams, you know. First read, "Jack killed in game," and the second, "Princeton wins."—Life.

Within Female Capacity.

Young Lady—Oh! oh! oh! I never in the world could climb into that upper berth.

Porter—Just imagine it's a tally-ho coach, ma'am.—Life.

A Thorough Calamityite.

"Jenkinson is a terrible pessimist, isn't he?"

"He used to be, but the hard times have pleased him so much that he has taken rather a hopeful view of things lately."—Detroit Tribune.

Witness Was on Oath.

Chicago Tribune:—Lawyer — One more question: Is the defendant addicted to the use of tobacco?

Witness—I—I don't know, sir. He smokes cigarettes.

Over the Door.

The superstition concerning the finding of a horseshoe dates back to the thirteenth century.

STORIES OF WAR TIME

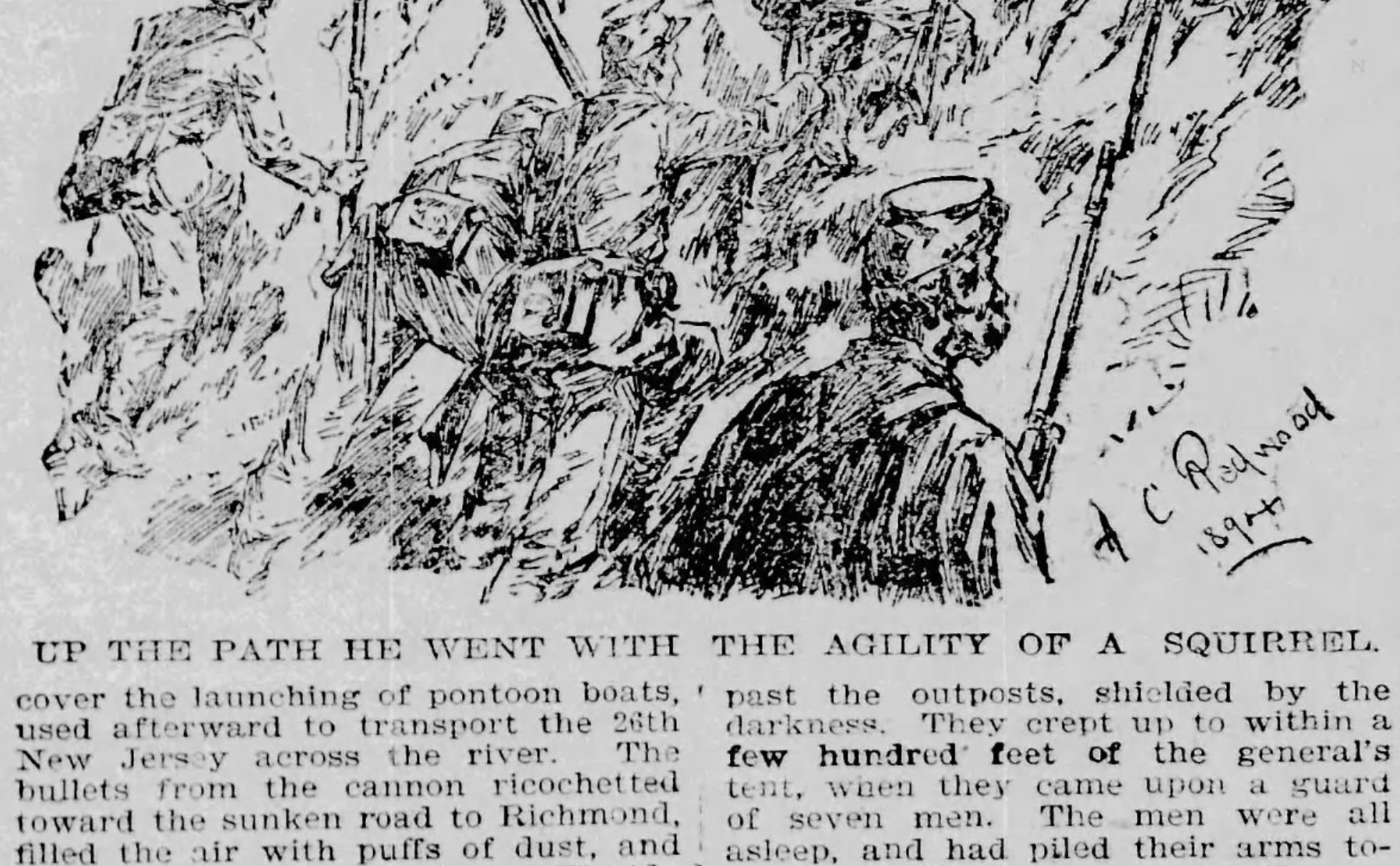
TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

Stirring Contributions From Amos J. Cummings, E. A. Morse, Gens. Fitz-John Porter and Felix Agnus, and Col. John L. Black—Third Number.

It is proposed in the series of papers, of which the following forms the third number, to give to the public for the first time and in authentic form, by a large number of distinguished contributors, the stories of the most signal deeds of individual heroism and self-sacrifice occurring under their personal observation while in the service, either by land or sea, during the war of 1861. The collection, when completed, will form a splendid monument to the prowess, patriotism and chivalrous magnanimity of the American soldier. Thus those heroes who, by their individual deeds of daring, added lustre and enthusiasm to the conflict—some in distinguished and others in humble roles—will find their true place in the loving and admiring hearts of a united nation.

Told by Congressman Amos J. Cummings.

On June 5, 1863, the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Sixth Army Corps was opposite Deep Run, two miles from Falmouth. It was a bright, sunny day. A Florida brigade was ensconced in the rifle pits on the opposite side of the river. A United States battery took a position on the bank of the river on a dead level with these pits. There was a furious cannonading, no guns from the Confederates making any reply. In fact, they had no guns.



UP THE PATH HE WENT WITH THE AGILITY OF A SQUIRREL.

The demonstration was made to cover the launching of pontoon boats, used afterward to transport the 26th New Jersey across the river. The bullets from the cannon ricochetted toward the sunken road to Richmond, filled the air with puffs of dust, and sent the wanderers of the Florida brigade to the pits for protection.

Down the steep bank of the river went the wagons carrying the pontoons. They were launched amid a shower of bullets and quickly filled with Jersey troops. The oars seemed to be from 15 to 20 feet long. The Jersey men themselves handled them. As they pushed from the shore some men in the boats refused to work the oars. Throwing themselves on the bottom of the boat, they remained there deaf to all entreaties to bear a hand.

In one boat there was a thin young fellow about eighteen years old. He had entered the army out of pure patriotism. He tugged at the long oar for all he was worth. Having some knowledge of a boat, he kept her from drifting sidewise on the current of the river. The shots came faster and faster from the Confederate rifle pits and several men were killed.

The young fellow cursed at every sweep of the oar. His lieutenant in the bow was officer of the day, and the red sash was drawing the fire of the enemy. His boat was the second to make the landing on the opposite side of the Rappahannock. The bank was quite high and the rifle pits some distance back. The high bank shut off the Confederate bullets.

As the men stepped ashore, the young Jerseyman found himself at the foot of a path leading up the steep bank of the river. There was neither time nor space for a formation. While others at their paths were disputing as to who was to take the lead, the Jersey boy did not hesitate. He could not have weighed 117 pounds. Shouting "Mohawks to the front!" he started up the path. The nervous effort required was so apparent in his face that he was as white as a sheet and fairly frothed about the mouth. Up the path he went with the agility of a squirrel, followed by Corporal Bill Brown, Jakey Drew and other members of Company A, of the 26th, known as the Mohawk Gang.

It requires superlative nerve to head the column taking the path. The Confederate pits were not fifty yards from the edge of the bank above. The first man to show himself on the plateau was almost sure to be riddled with bullets. The boy kept on. As he neared the top of the bank he made a spring, preparatory to landing on the level and making a rush on the the pits. He miscalculated the distance, faltered, and fell back in the arms of Corporal Brown.

"Shot dead," said Brown. "sure! Jakey, catch him!"

The cannons were roaring behind on the other bank of the river, and the spiteful sputter of musketry was in front.

"Not much," the boy responded; "let's go for the pits."

With an enthusiastic yell he led the rush. Not a bullet touched him. The Floridans saw that there was no escape and ceased firing. In less than a minute the Union troops were in the pits, while a few of the Confederates took their chances of escape by scattering over a wheat field. Several hundred Floridans were taken prisoners.

This was as brave an incident as I saw during the war. The boy simply nerved himself to do his duty, while many of those around him were flinching. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Told by Gen. Felix Agnus.

It was my fortune to command in several regiments of New York infantry in the last war and to witness many acts of fearless devotion to duty and unflinching heroism. Still, I think that the palm may be awarded to a colonel of one of the regiments that formed part of my brigade. Col. Abel Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., commander of the 165th New York regiment, is the brave man to whom I refer.

The deed was performed at the storming of Fort Hudson. A solid parapet surmounted by a blazing row of muskets confronted us, pouring out a deadly stream of bullets. That was not all, for in addition to this shower of small shot there was the repeated booming of cannon with the swish of the screaming grape-shot as it plowed vast furrows in the ranks of the attackers.

The situation was enough to make the boldest heart quake. To rush at that parapet amounted to an advance on certain death. Finally the turn of the 165th New York came round to attempt the effort that had proved fatal to so many comrades. The men were marched to a position within range of the parapet and then ordered to lie down for protection. With the sight of so many dead comrades before them it was necessary to instill a spirit of bold resolve into the men for the desperate work before them, and this was done by their commander.

Going to the front of his command, Col. Abel Smith stood erect in the midst of the storm of bullets and appealed to his men to follow him to carry the works.

When his immediate comrades urged him to lie down and not expose himself to certain death, he smilingly replied in the words that were used by Napoleon on a similar occasion: "The bullet that is to end my life has not yet been cast."

As he said those words he turned to his bugler to order the charge. The whole regiment had felt the contagion of his bravery, and rose as one man to follow him.

But at the moment when he turned to lead his men onward, the words he had uttered to encourage his comrades were belied, for he fell pierced through the heart by the bullet which he had disregarded. FELIX AGNUS.

Told by Col. John L. Black.

This affair happened in the fall of 1863 when my regiment (1st S. C. cavalry) was stationed at Culpepper Court-house. The incident formed the subject of a commendatory dispatch on the part of Gen. Lee, himself, and was the first occasion to my knowledge that a private was singled out by the commander-in-chief for this distinction.

Private William R. Bolick was the recipient of this honor, and the deed that brought him to Gen. Lee's notice was briefly narrated as follows:

It was indispensable that our commander should have exact information as to the whereabouts of Gen. Reade's quarters. Gen. Lee accordingly sent to Gen. Wade Hampton with the request to have the enemy's quarters located. Gen. Hampton, who was then my immediate commander, transferred the order to me. Having had occasion to commend Bolick for his bravery and daring in difficult undertakings previously, I selected him for the task. Bolick and a comrade of his, a Virginian named Curtis, who always accompanied him on dangerous missions, set out upon the expedition.

They successfully located the quarters of the Union general towards evening of that day, but Bolick was not satisfied with having run the danger they had already encountered. He was determined to ascertain everything about the interior of the camp. The two men crept stealthily past the outposts, shielded by the darkness. They crept up to within a few hundred feet of the general's tent, when they came upon a guard of seven men. The men were all asleep, and had piled their arms together. These were carefully removed to a distance. Then Bolick and Curtis drew their revolvers and awoke the sleepers. "If you move or say a word you are dead men," said Bolick, pointing his weapon. The soldiers looked for their arms in vain and saw that resistance meant death. They decided to give in, feeling sure that aid would be forthcoming.

Bolick calmly ordered the men to rise and march, telling them to be silent. He and Curtis guided the guard with pointed pistols. As they were passing a fence two of the prisoners suddenly jumped over it and made their escape. Bolick did not fire, neither did Curtis. They knew that it would bring the whole Federal camp about their ears if they did. So they quietly proceeded on their way with the five remaining prisoners and safely reached our quarters.

Gen. Lee personally wrote to me to thank Bolick for his bravery in executing the dangerous task entrusted to him. The information he had obtained proved of the greatest importance to the movements of our army at that time.

JOHN L. BLACK.

Told by Gen. Fitz-John Porter.

I am asked to relate one particular incident of the war, and I will select for that purpose the action of the two brigades under Gen. Butterfield's command at the second battle of Bull Run, in which the heroism of rank and file deserves all credit.

I had been ordered to send my command, of which the Morrell division formed part, to make an attack upon the enemy, who were said to be retreating. This supposition afterwards proved to be false. Jackson's men occupied a strong position behind a railroad embankment from which they had to be dislodged. This fell to the share principally of Gen. Butterfield's command, among them being the 13th, 17th and 44th New York, 18th and 22d Massachusetts, 83d Pennsylvania vol., and Stockton's Michigan regiment.

Amid a storm of bullets, which decimated their ranks the two brigades made the attack and drove Jackson's forces away; but they were met by others, and got into such a collision that neither the one nor the other had time to load their guns, and they had their fight with stones and the butts of their muskets. After a while Gen. Butterfield was able to withdraw his command, having lost over one-third of his force.

In that fight I had over 6,000 men altogether, and lost over 2,100.

Another circumstance in connection with that same battle was the repulse of Longstreet's forces. The credit for this is due to the regular troops under Gen. Sykes, who was close by. His resistance to Longstreet's advance is generally recognized as the saving of the army on that occasion.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

Told by Congressman E. A. Morse.

The bravest deed I ever saw in my two enlistments in the army, occurred at the battle of Camp Bisland, during Gen. Banks's advance upon Alexandria, on the Bayou Teche. It was in the spring of 1863. The Union troops were in line of battle in front of the enemy's works, and were hourly expecting to assault the same. The Confederates had their works mounted with some real cannon, and more wooden ones. This incident occurred about sundown. The Confederates emerged from the woods, with a tremendous yell, upon the left flank of the Union line, intending to turn to our flank and rout us before the assault could be made upon their fortification, mounted and manned as before stated. At this juncture Maj. Gen. Banks, with his flag and staff, rode to the front. Gen. Banks sat on his horse, looking at the assaulting party through his glass, when a solid shot from the enemy's works struck the ground in front of his horse and covered the horse and rider from head to foot with dirt. Gen. Banks sat unmoved and continued his observations, simply brushing the dirt out of his whiskers, and motioned his flag to the rear which made him so conspicuous a mark. I was but a few feet from the general when this occurred, standing in my company, in line of battle. We slept on our arms that night, expecting to make an assault in the morning, but the Confederates retreated from their works up the bayou and left us in peaceful possession. This was one of Gen. Benks's preliminary movements for the investment and capture of Port Hudson, which place surrendered to him in July, 1863.

ELIJAH A. MORSE.

Thousands of Dollars

I spent trying to find cure for **Salt Rheum** which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down, **could not walk without crutches,** and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon could see a change. The flesh became healthy, the **sores soon healed,** the scales fell off, I was able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I took

Mr. S. G. Derry.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

7 months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. Derry, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

—The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on The Blade's Book Table for Review.

The first volume of "Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis," edited by Charles Eliot Norton, has appeared from the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, New York City. These volumes are made up of the chief discourses of Mr. Curtis, delivered between 1856, when he was 32 years old, and 1892, the time of his death. They deal with the events of the times, the various questions as they came along, and while the interest in the subjects per se may have died away, his treatment of it was always so much with reference to general principles as to possess lasting worth.

A book of rare beauty and worth is Charles A. Platt's "Italian Gardens." Mr. Platt's book is the result of a careful study of some of the most perfect examples of landscape gardening in Southern Europe, and it is illustrated with numerous beautiful views of famous gardens in the neighborhood of Rome and Florence, including a colored frontispiece. The art of photography has been so perfected that from the gardens as they stand and from the ruins very clear ideas of their relations and harmony can be studied. It is an ornamented quarto, with uncut edges and gilt top. Harper & Brothers, New York city. possess lasting worth.

One of the most charming books of the season is "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," by Richard Harding Davis, which is also published by the Harpers. These lively papers, written with delightful and brisk informality, are new evidence of how entirely different from the familiar notion is Mr. Davis' point of view of the traveler's literary function. Gibraltar, Tangier, Malta, the Suez Canal, Cairo, Athens, Constantinople, and many other localities famous in the story of the Mediterranean, and its peoples, are sketched as they are and seem, with brilliant color and literary impressionism. It is profusely illustrated, and one who takes it up will not be likely to lay it down without finishing it.

"Love in Letters" is a volume containing a collection of the love letters of great men and women of all climes, adding a brief note on every writer by the collector, Herni Pene du Bois. He begins with Heloise, and quotes that letter that will be forever famous as an example of the selfishness of man and the self-sacrifice of woman. Letters are also given from Napoleon, Franklin, Lord Byron, Nelson, Lincoln, Mirabeau, and others, besides the answers of the women to whom they are addressed. People will read these letters with varying feelings, but they have in them something that shows that the whole world is kin, that genius does not exempt from the pain and the bliss of loving. The dainty volume is illustrated with portraits of Abelard and Heloise, the Countess Guiccioli, Lady Hamilton, the Empress Josephine, Abigail Adams and Sophie Monnier, etched from rare originals by Mr. Frank M. Gregory, Brentano's, New York city.

"Readings in Folk-Lore," by Herbert M. Skinner, A. M., is published by the American Book company, New York city. The volume is made up of short studies in the mythology of America, Great Britain, the Norse countries, Germany, India, Syria, Egypt and Persia, with selections from standard literature relating to the same. It is intended as a companion volume to the "Historical Readings," and will be a great pleasure to all students in this line of study.

The third volume of the magnificently illustrated edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People" has been received from the publishers, Harper and Brothers, New York city. It covers two periods, involving two great changes in English history, namely, that of Puritan England and of the Revolution, extending from the year 1603 to 1679. The volumes already issued cover the following periods: Volume I., from "The English Kingdoms" (607) to "The Hundred Years' War" (1377); Volume II., from "The Hundred Years' War" (1377) to "The Reformation" (1603). This Short History is a fascinating study of national life, and the present edition, with its splendid pictorial features, is unrivalled among works of the kind. The edition is edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. It is a royal octavo, illuminated cloth, with uncut edges and gilt tops.

"The Traffic in Girls and Florence Crittenton Missions," by Charlton Edholm, is a book written and published to arouse the public to a knowledge of the horrible business which is carried on in all of our large cities and doubtless in smaller ones. The plan of the Florence Crittenton Missions in behalf of young girls and social purity is known to many. Thirteen of these missions have been organized in our leading cities, eight of which are sustained by Mr. Crittenton, while five are under the direction of the W. C. T. U., viz: that of Chicago, Denver, Portland, Ore.; Fargo, S. D., and Norfolk, Va. What the volume before us lacks in the system and order and literary arrangement it makes up in earnestness and the weight of testimony it brings to bear upon the subject discussed. In the opening pages it gives large space to Mr. W. T. Stead and his noble fight for social purity in the Pall Mall Gazette. What Mr. Stead arraigned before the bar of public opinion in England is so similar in its status as to apply to the cities of our land as certainly as to that of England. The statements made in this book are undoubtedly true, and they are appalling. It makes the heart stand still at the knowledge of the danger of unprotected and innocent young girls, and men and women should not rest until the iniquities here shown to exist are swept away. The book ought to receive the support of all interested in the work for social purity. Address Charlton Edholm, Sup't. Press World's W. C. T. U. The Temple, Chicago.

"What Christmas Says to the New Year" is a poem by Virginia F. Townsend, which is published in neat form by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The poem is full of pure thought and love to humanity.

"Wordie Thorpe's Pilgrimage" is a volume of boys' stories, in which the author Mr. J. T. Trowbridge is at his best. They show a knowledge of boys' nature that is rare in books of this kind. There is an appeal to the better spirit which will not fail to touch boy readers and will make them grow mentally and morally. The book is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

A "SALTED" OIL WELL.

But It Proved One of the Best Investments Ever Made.

"One of the most productive oil wells in the well-known Titusville district was sold as a salted one," said B. E. Richmond of Meadville, Pa., to the corridor man at the Southern. "It was in the early days of the oil excitement, and capitalists were eagerly seeking lands where surface indications gave prospects of a find. Three brothers owned a small, sterile farm worth about $500, and they thought they saw a chance to sell out at a big price. They had no indications, but they had enough money to buy a few barrels of oil, and by judicious use of it they made the indications all right. Then they told about it as a great secret, they did not want to sell; what they wanted was to get enough money to sink a well. The bait took, and after a good deal of haggling a party of prospectors bought the farm for $10,000 in cash and 10 per cent of the oil the farm produced during the first two years, they binding themselves to sink two wells at once. When the brothers received the money they arranged that their 10 per cent should be placed in banks to their credit, and fearing exposure from their frauds they went West, and were never heard from. The wells were sunk, and both were gushers, the 10 per cent was placed in the bank, according to agreement, until the sum reached $100,000. Years passed by, and nothing was heard of the brothers, they fearing to write, as they thought they might be subject to criminal prosecution for swindling. Finally an uncle, learning the true state of affairs, concluded to look them up. If they were dead he would get the money, being the nearest living relative. After two years 'search he located one of them in a Colorado poor house; the other was dead. The pauper was brought home, and lived in wealth for a year, when he died, and the money is now being enjoyed by his relatives."—St. Louis Democrat.

The Sunday-School Lessons.

The International Sunday school Lesson committee has selected the following lessons for 1894 and 1895, namely: Six months, January to June, 1894, Old Testament History, Genesis 1, to Exodus xiv. One year, July, 1894, to June, 1895, the Life of Our Lord, from the Four Gospels. Six months, June to December, 1895, Old Testament History, Exodus to I Samuel.

About Lead Colic.

Lead colic has been treated most successfully in Paris by administering large doses of olive oil. In chronic cases sixty grammes of oil a day were given with excellent results.

MUSIC For the Farmer's Home.

Every farmer's home, as well as every other home, should have its Organ or Piano. There's nothing that brings such good cheer after the day's toil as sweet music. We are the Largest Manufacturers of Organs and Pianos in the world, and the only ones who sell direct from the factory to the family at the maker's lowest price. We have studied the farmer's condition, and know just what he wants; we make SPECIAL TERMS and PRICES on our famous

ORGANS AND PIANOS

to suit the convenience of farmers. You can save from $50.00 to $200.00 by buying direct from the CORNISH factory, besides having the benefit of liberal credit. Notes accepted in payment.

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This is your chance. Don't neglect it. Highest testimonials and references furnished to any one. Address

CORNISH & CO., Washington, New Jersey.

Established nearly 30 Years.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

WERE YOU AT ANTIETAM?

The Blade has been requested to call the attention of its readers to the fact that the War department, which is preparing a great map of the battle of Antietam, wants every one who took part in that great struggle to send to the "Antietam Board, Washington, D. C.," answers to the following questions:

What regiments were on your right, left, front and rear during the night of September 16, 1862?

Where was your command on the morning of September 17, 1862, when the battle was begun?

How far did you advance in direction of the enemy during the battle?

Where did you bivouac during the night of September 17, 1862?

The department is endeavoring to secure all the evidence possible from every intelligent officer or enlisted man who was at Antietam.

Gen. Grant at Shiloh.

It will not be news to intelligent readers to say that the enemies of Gen. Grant have charged him with being intoxicated during the great battle of Shiloh and for some days before that terrific event. Fortunately for his memory, it is possible to refute the evil allegation by incontestable evidence. When the battle began, he was at the little village of Savannah, Tenn., which lies on the west bank of the Tennessee river, five or six miles distant from Pittsburg Landing. His headquarters were and had been for some days in the residence of Mr. Wm. H. Cherry, a wealthy and highly esteemed citizen of the community. Mr. Cherry himself has now been dead for many years, but his widow, Mrs. Anna L. Cherry, is still alive. In a recent letter addressed to a friend she says:

"Your letter of inquiry concerning Gen. Grant's physical condition the morning on which the battle of Shiloh began is received. You will please accept my assurance, gladly given, that on the date mentioned I believe Gen. Grant was thoroughly sober. He was at my breakfast table when he heard the report of a cannon. Holding untasted a cup of coffee, he paused in conversation to listen to the report of another cannon, and then hastily arose, saying to his staff officers: 'Gentleman, the ball is in motion; let's be off.' His flagship, as he called his special steamboat, was lying at the wharf; and in fifteen minutes he, his staff officers, orderlies, clerks and horses had embarked. During the weeks of his occupancy of my house he always demeaned himself as a gentleman, and never appeared in my presence in a state of intoxication."

In the same communication Mrs. Cherry adds some other statements that reflect great honor on the private character of Gen. Grant. I do not envy the man that can read the following lines without a touch of generous sensibility:

"As a proof of Gen. Grant's thoughtful kindness I mention that during the battle on Sunday (about noon) he wrote and sent my mother, Mrs. Irwin, a safeguard to prevent her home being used for a hospital. Yielding, however, to the appeals of humanity she did not open her house to the wounded and sick for three months in succession, often administering in person to their wants and necessities. In such high esteem did Gen. Grant hold her magnanimity—manifested under the most provoking circumstances—that he thanked her most cordially, assuring her that,considering her great losses and the gross indignities she had received from the soldiers, her nobility of soul was more to be admired than the fame of a general leading an army of victorious soldiers."

This Mrs. Irwin was in every way a notable woman. She was the daughter of an eminent lawyer, John Sevier, esq., and sister of the late United States senator, Andrew H. Sevier, of Arkansas. In all her convictions and feelings she was a stanch Southerner, and made no effort to conceal the fact, having sent her sons with her maternal blessing in the Confederate army. She was a devout Christian and an ardent Methodist, living in constant communion with God, and adorning her religious profession in a singularly beautiful life. The recollection of her high and pure character still lingers in the minds of her children and friends like the perfume that floated from the broken alabaster box in Bethany. Honor to the memory of the stern soldier who had the knightliness to pause on the ragged edge of the battle and issue an order for her protection! And honor to her that in the presence of wounds and groans and death she forgot everything except the claims of mercy.

I quote a further paragraph from Mrs. Cherry's letter that also shows Gen. Grant at his best. There must have been fine fiber in the man who could forget his own eminence, lay aside his unlimited power, and be so considerate of the feelings of other people as the following lines prove that he could:

"On one occasion he asked to be introduced to my mother and family, saying: 'If you have no objections to presenting me I shall be much pleased.' I replied: 'Not because you are a great general, but because I believe you to be a gentleman, I will unhesitatingly comply with your request.' In deference to the fact that I was a Southern lady with Southern proclivities he attired himself in a full suit of citizens' clothes, and touching his shoulders said (alluding to the absence of epaulets): 'I thought you would like this better,' thus evincing a delicate courtesy of which the honors of war and merited promotion had not deprived him."

Things like these are not written down in the big books of history. The authors of those portly volumes have no space and little inclination for such details. But, all the same, the folks who believe that a kind and gentle heart is the noblest thing in the world will find satisfaction in the contemplation of every noble deed that illuminates the darkness of a fratricidal war. Chivalry did not die out with the crusades; and among the men and officers who faced each other on a thousand fields from Manassas to Appomattox, there were as true and lofty knights as ever took a vow or drew a lance.—Rev. E. E. Hoss, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

At Bull Run.

Editor Camp Fire:—In reply to Comrade Joseph Jones, of Company D, Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, I would say welcome brother from whatever regiment he may belong. I must beg your pardon for my long silence, for the reason that I have not been able to write. Go back in mind with me if you please to Bull Run battle ground, while I call to mind what I saw while under guard on our way to Gaines' Station. After I had surrendered and given up everything I had, excepting my life, then the soldiers who took me wanted that, swearing they would blow my d—d Yankee brains out. But their gentler disposition said: "No, starve him."

Passing through a piece of woods, where the battle had raged the day before, there my eyes beheld a scene that I shall never forget. The dead were lying all around; some had crawled to a protecting tree, and, in a sitting posture, holding a picture of some loved one in a cold, lifeless hand, had bid farewell to life. Others I saw who were yet alive, and as I passed them, begged me to give them a drink of water, but my captors would not let me! I see your question in reference to Colonel Broadhead is answered by the kindness of S. H. Barnett, of Company B, First West Virginia Cavalry, in The Blade of January 11. You have read the colonel's last letter? I will give you the last words that ever passed his lips: "Through the imbecility of Pope and the treachery of McDowell I have lost my life." A truer and nobler man than Colonel Broadhead never drew saber in defense of home and country. Well do I remember the last time I saw our beloved colonel on that fatal Saturday afternoon, and his last word of command that I heard him give which I obeyed. He was as clam as though sitting in his own parlor.

Yes, Comrade Barnett, I agree with you that we were "outnumbered" by ten regiments to one, so it was stated by those who ought to know. But why were we outnumbered? The why will show treachery on the part of McDowell and General Porter, if I mistake not. If they had brought their commands into action as did Colonel Broadhead the Bull Runs would have been the other way. Where was McDowell during the first battle of Bull Run? Let us have the truth if anybody knows. Where was McDowell about noon on that dark Saturday that the lamented Broadhead lost his life? Do you remember that McDowell had command of our cavalry forces that afternoon? And how they were sent to see if a certain railroad had been molested? At the same time the rebel cavalry were getting their position, awaiting the return of the Union cavalry from that senseless expedition that had for its object death and capture—defeat—that was planned by McDowell on that Saturday noon at a conference with the Confederate generals. I admit that we were outnumbered, but not for the lack of men, except as above stated. Does any one call for further evidence of McDowell's treachery? I think this may perhaps stir up the First Michigan Cavalry, loaded with hemlock rails, to keep the fire hot for McDowell's benefit.—W. W. Rice, Company F, First Michigan Cavalry.

On the Price Raid.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been an interested reader of the Camp Fire for many years, but this is the first time I have attempted to say anything concerning my experience. I was a soldier in the 1st M. S. M. Vol. Cav., and had some experience in the war in Missouri. I have been interested in the discussion going on in the Camp Fire between Comrades Shockley and Underwood about the Price raid in Missouri. I, too, had the honor of being one of Pleasonton's soldiers on that memorable raid. We met Price's advance some miles from Jefferson City, contested his crossing the Osage river, and fell back before him to Jefferson City.

After he passed that place, we composed his rear guard from that time till after the battle of Mine Creek.

I was in the charge that captured Marmaduke, Cabell, all their artillery and a large number of prisoners. Comrade Underwood says that the 15th Mo. Cav. made the charge at Independence. I can't say who all were there, but I know that I was there, with the whole or a part of my regiment. We charged them through the streets of Independence. I was in the battle of the Little Blue and at Westport. I remember Comrade Underwood's battery went back to Warrensburg with prisoners.

I am of the opinion that Price would have been driven out of Missouri if I had stayed at home with my mother; but I was there, and I never tore the ball off the powder, as one comrade in the Camp Fire said he did, and have nothing to regret or to take back. I expect that the humble part I took in making the Declaration of Independence a fact will be a star of glory for me in the silent beyond.—H. E. Gibson, Co. K, 1st M. S. M. Vol. Cav.

Splinters.

We desire the address of Comrade Joseph Jones, Co. D., 84th Pa. Vols., who had an article in the Camp Fire of Dec. 21.

John L. Maxwell, who is the son of a veteran, was only six years old when the war broke out. His father was in the 31st Indiana, discharged in 1865, and died in 1886.

What comrade can give tidings of Noah Stoller, of Franklin Co., O., who was in the 18th regulars, and wounded at Chickamauga? Send what you know of him, whether living or dead, to the Camp Fire.

Comrade Underwood writes that two mistakes were in his letter in Blade of Jan. 18. First, where it says that Price was between two fires at Little Blue it should read Big Blue. Second, it reads that the charge at Independence was made by the 15th Mo. Cav. It should read the 13th Mo. Vet. Cav.

Dillie Chambers, a Pennsylvania 15-year-old girl, would like to hear from daughters of her father's comrades of Co. C, 12th W. Va. Inf. He was wounded at the battle of Piedmont, W. Va. He enlisted Aug. 14, 1862, and served until June 16, 1865. Miss Chambers lives at Cameron, W. Va.

Comrade Walt. M. Sawin, Co. D, 130th O. V. I., writes: "We did not have the oldest nor the youngest man in our company. I was the youngest, being but 17 years of age; but I believe we had the tallest man. His name was Baren, and he stood 6 feet 7 inches in his stockings. Who can beat him?"

Comrade J. W. Redin was a soldier, one of the Clearfield county, Pa., boys, and hopes that "every old soldier in the Union will take the good old Blade in 1894, and thus be better posted for 1896. We can't get along without The Blade, and we all wish it success."

Comrade Wiley Broughton, Co. F, 2d O. V. H. A., Box 125, Prairie Grove, Ark., says: "I have been a reader of The Blade for a number of years, and have watched the Camp Fire for something from my regiment, but have so far been disappointed. Boys, wake up, and come to the front. I request every comrade of the 2d O. V. H. A. who reads this to drop me a card, that I may make a list of one regiment that reads the good old Blade, the best paper in the world."

Comrade O. W. Harris, Co. F, 8th Iowa Cav., wants to know whether all the remainder of that regiment has answered the last roll-call, as they never show up in the Camp Fire. He says: "Come, boys, wake up! If you can write as well as you fought, you need not be afraid to see your letters in print, for I don't think any of you fired a blank while shooting at the enemy, from Louisville, Ky., to Macon, Ga., including the raid around Atlanta. As this is my first, I won't tell you about the battle we were in where every man was killed." We want the story of that battle for the Camp Fire. Who will write it?

The Modern Invalid

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectional quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Warts on Cow's Udder.

S. O. V. H., Michigan: Take of castor oil one-half pint, stir into it a full tablespoonful of salt. Wash the udder and dry it well. Apply the above twice a day for two weeks. This will usually remove warts, as it restores the skin to a healthy condition. Sometimes warts are very tenacious. Then it becomes necessary to try more heroic treatment. Grease the skin for three inches around the wart with tallow. Make a strong solution of potash—one and one-half pounds to a pint of water. Touch the end of the wart with this, always applying the tallow before doing so. Apply the potash every other day, always scraping off the dead matter before doing so. Be careful not to let the potash touch anything but the wart. When warts stand out prominently take a silk thread and wax it. Then tie it tightly around the wart and it will kill it. Small warts that stand out from the skin may be snipped of with scissors and the part touched with nitrate of silver. Some recommend burning warts off with a hot iron, but the editor cannot recommend this, as injury may be done, especially to the udder of a cow. Mild treatment should always be tried first. The castor oil and salt if continued for some time usually proves effective.

Irritation of the Skin.

J. E. W., Nebraska: As the editor understands, your mare is not troubled with itching of the tail and mane in winter time; that there is no scruffiness, scabs, or exudations from the skin in the winter; but during warm weather there is intense itching. It is, therefore, evident that she has a trouble known as pouritis. There may be pimples, abrasions or vesicles but there are not always characteristics of the disease. Feeding too liberally of grain or hay, or being kept in close stables, without proper exercise, will bring on the disease. Some horses are more subject to it than others. Sometimes itching about the roots of the tail indicates pin worms; but these may be detected in the feces. When the itching occurs, give the mare three-quarters of a pound Glauber's salts, reduce her feed, and see that her bowels do not become constipated. A run to grass or bran mashes will keep her regular. After the salts has operated, give for a week, every other day, one ounce of sulphur, and 20 grains of nux vomica. As a wash for the skin, use carbonate of potash, two drachms; and two grains of cyanide of potassium in a quart of water, or sugar of lead, one drachm to the pint of water may be used. Be sure that it is not mange. Mange does not disappear like the disease named above.

Retention of Urine.

J. N. C., Virginia: Retention of urine may be the result of spasm of the neck of the bladder, or stone in the bladder. In either of these the services of a veterinarian should be secured. A careful reading of your letter would indicate stone in the bladder; but of this the editor cannot speak positively. A practicioner should be called to make an examination. Stone in the bladder in a mare may be readily effected with the lithotomy forceps. In the horse the operation is difficult. To break up the cohesion of the stone, long continued use of carbonate of potassium or muriatic acid will reach the desired end. In the absence of the veterinarian, or if one cannot be had soon, use once a day for at least a week for an hour at a time hot fomentations across the loins. This may be done by dipping a blanket in hot water, wringing it out so the water will run on the mare, and applying it to the loins. The blanket should not be permitted to get cold. As soon as the fomentation is over, dry the mare well and fit a dry blanket over her loins. If the mare is in pain at any time, give her 1 oz. of laudanum. Give her 1 oz. of pulverized saltpetre in drinking water once a day for a week. Give plenty of cool water, and feed mashes of turnips, ensilage, or other easily digested food. Feed no corn for some time.

Lumpy-Jaw Steer.

J. B., Iowa: Your steer has actinomycosis, or lumpy jaw. Give 1 1-2 drachms iodide of potassium in a pint of water daily for a week. Then, if the manure be dry, give a dose of Glauber's salts in a pint of warm water. Stop the potassium until the salts have operated. In two days begin the potassium again. There may be a discharge of thick mucus from the nose, and flow of tears, but no ill effects will result. A common Rhine wine bottle is a good thing from which to pour the medicine. The potassium must be dissolved in distilled or rain water; otherwise a precipitate will form from the salts present in common water. It will be well to omit treatment for two days at the end of each week. Mix no more of the medicine than you will use each time. Place a leather halter on the animal, and throw the strap over a beam above his head. The animal will fatten on the treatment.

Udders Did Not Fill—Cake Bag.

W. B. C., Wisconsin: To bring on the milk, take of black antimony, 2 ozs.; powdered fennel seed and common salt, of each 4 ozs. One quarter of this to be mixed with food every day. For two cows double the quantity named should be purchased. For the caked bag, use iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; glycerine, 4 ozs.; alcohol, 4 ozs. Rub this well in every two days with gentle hand friction. After attacks of gorged or caked bags, at times the teats are obstructed or narrowed. To overcome this use a milking tube, or the passage may be enlarged by inserting an oiled quill with a circular leather collar about an inch in diameter. It may be kept in place by a piece of sticking plaster, and removed while milking. It may be worn for a week. The cake in the ducts may be dissipated by injecting into the teats carbonate of soda, or saleratus, a teaspoonful in a half pint of warm water. Before any other steps are taken give each cow 3-4 lb. of Epsom salts in a quart of warm water in which here has been stirred a teacupful of molasses and 1 1-2 ozs. pulverized saltpetre.

Thrush in Mare—Scratch on Leg.

A. R. B., Kansas: Your mare has thrush of the frog. Have your horse shoer open up the heels of the mare, trim the hoof down properly, cut away all the dead horn or excessive growth from the frog, and clean the cleft out with a little mop dipped in strong warm water and soap. Everything must be cleaned up thoroughly. The stall must be kept clean. Fresh bedding free from urine is necessary. Take of calomel, 1-2 oz.; sweet oil, 2 ozs.; mix well, and spread it on a piece of lint or oakum, and insert in the cleft of the frog, and place a little on all diseased parts. For the swelling in the legs, wrap them from knee to fetlock with muslin cut in strips about 4 inches wide. Give the animal every day for a week, 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in drinking water. For the sore on the leg—a scratch—wash the part well with warm water and soap, and apply acetate of lead, 1-4 oz.; oxide of zinc, 1-4 oz.; lard, 3 ozs. This should not be done until after the saltpetre is given. The treatment of the frog should be done without delay. The above treatment will likely bring the hoof back to its natural condition. Of this you will be able to judge in a few weeks.

Symptoms of Hog Cholera.

S. H. McK., California:—Symptoms of hog cholera are described by the Iowa state board of health as follows: The presence of the disease is indicated by a cold shivering, lasting from a few seconds to several hours; frequent sneezing, followed by a loss of appetite; rough appearance of the hair, drooping of the ears, stupidness, attempts to vomit, tendency to root the bedding, to lie down in dark and quiet places, dullness of the eyes, often dim; sometimes swelling of the head, eruption of the ear and other part of the body; dizziness, laborious breathing, vitiated appetite for dung, dirty and salty substances, accumulation of mucus in inner corner of the eye, discharge from the nose, fetid, offensive odor of the discharge from the bowels, offensive exhalations; diarrheal discharges are semi-fluid, of grayish green color and often mixed with blood. In many cases the skin on the body between the hind legs, behind the ears and even on the nose has numerous red spots which toward the fatal termination turn purple. As the disease progresses the animal becomes sluggish, the head droops with the nose near the ground but usually will be found lying down with the nose hid in the bedding. If there has been costiveness, about two days before death there will be offensive fetid discharges; the voice becomes faint and hoarse; the animal is stupid, emaciation increases rapidly; the skin becomes dry, hard and very unclean; there is a cold clammy sweat, and death soon follows, with convulsions, or gradually by exhaustion without a struggle. In chronic cases, or those of long duration, the animal becomes weak, lies down most of the time, eats but little, and has the diarrhea. These cases may linger for weeks, scattering the poison of the disease in the discharge wherever they go.

Seek Long Life.

Life insurance companies all testify that "the expectation of life" is constantly increasing, *i. e.*, that men can now reasonably expect to live considerably longer than the previous generation.

One undoubted reason for this is the great increase in out-door exercise. Men who never thought of exercise ten years ago are now in the daily practice of it, in the gymnasium, on the athletic ground, or with the bicycle.

Allcock's Porous Plasters have contributed not a little to this. They are a remedy for the stiffness that comes from overstrain of the muscles, and enable one who uses them to be far more regular than he would be if he had to wait for the muscles to recover their own tone.

Allcock's Porous Plasters

on the back, or cut into strips and placed on the muscles of the limbs, are worth many times their cost.

Vick's Floral Guide, 1894,

The Pioneer Catalogue of Vegetables and Flowers.

Contains 112 pages 8 x 10 1-2 inches, with descriptions that describe, not mislead; illustrations that instruct, not exaggerate.

The cover is charming in harmonious blending of water color prints in green and white, with a gold background,—a dream of beauty. 32 pages of Novelties printed in 8 different colors. All the leading novelties and the best of the old varieties. These hard times you cannot afford to run any risk. Buy HONEST GOODS where you will receive FULL MEASURE. It is not necessary to advertise that Vicks' seeds grow, this is known the world over, and also that the harvest pays. A very little spent for proper seed will save grocer's and doctor's bills. Many concede Vick's Floral Guide the handsomest catalogue for 1894. If you love a fine garden send address now, with 10 cents, which may be deducted from first order.

NOVELTIES.
Branching Aster, (Often sold for Chrysanthemum.)
Hibiscus, Sunset,
Dahlia, Ethel Vick,
Large Morning Glories,
Double Anemone,
Charmer Pea,
Maggie Murphy and other Potatoes.

Maggie Murphy's Potatoes. $360.00 Cash Prizes, see Vick's Floral Guide

ROCHESTER, N. Y. JAMES VICK'S SONS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cracking and Loosing of the Bark.

Editor Blade Farmstead: The trouble with J. A. C.'s apple orchard, in Illinois, is, I think, what we call cracking, or loosening of the bark, and is caused by freezing in the winter. I have seen whole rows of nursery trees, of some varieties, killed in Southern Pennsylvania, and further South, and the further we go North and West the fewer varieties there are that will stand the winter. If there are any trees left of the varieties that have been dying, the sooner he digs them up the better, as they will all go in a few years. Find out what are iron-clads in that section, and plant nothing else.—W. Fulmer, Tacoma. (Your communication, like that of Mr. Gordon, is a valuable one.—Ed.)

Says the Blade is About Right.

Editor Blade Farmstead: I don't claim to be much of a journalist, but I think the Blade Farmstead is about right when it attributes the cause of the condition of the young apple orchard of which J. A. C. speaks to the apple tree borer. I know of only one plan to get rid of the borer after he once gets in your trees, and that is to gouge in and kill him, and do it in time or he will kill your tree. I discovered them in a nice little tree of mine just below the surface of the ground. I removed the dirt, cut away the bark, and killed about a dozen, to the great astonishment of a neighbor who happened to be with me; he had never seen one before. They had girdled my tree with the exception of about a half inch. I scraped the wound clean and smooth, and covered it with grafting wax, wrapped a rag around it, threw a bucket of fresh wood ashes around the tree, and now it is as nice and healthy as anybody's tree. You couldn't tell that it ever had anything wrong with it. But I didn't start out to give a plan to get away with the borer after he got into the tree. I think a preventative is better than a cure, and if we can keep the borer out our trees will not be damaged by him. My preventative is soft soap, something every farmer has right at hand. It is good for all kinds of young trees. Take it in your hand and rub it on the body of the tree from the limbs to the ground. Do this about the first of June and again about the first of July, and at any other time you want to, but especially on those dates, and I don't think you will be bothered much with the borer, and your tree will have a nice-colored, thrifty, smooth bark.—Leander Settles, Illinois. (The editor came to the conclusion he gave on account of the spot which indicates the borer. The girdling of the trees, it seemed to us, was like the borer's work. The editor is glad to give other views, which are not only interesting but valuable, as they give information that will enable fruit growers in various sections to understand that it is necessary to plant trees adapted to different sections.—Ed.)

To Raise Sweet Potatoes.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Will some of your readers please tell me how to raise sweet potatoes? If to throw out two furrows in opposite directions, then put in well rotted barn yard manure, mix well with with soil, then ridge up, and set the plants? If it would do, also, for the best method of keeping until spring? I would be thankful for any information, as I have had no experience with them, and wish to grow some next season.—I. C. E., Iowa.

Trees Dying.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In answer to J. A. C., Ill., will say I have made a careful investigation of trees dying, as you speak of, and I have come to this conclusion: Trees grafted on short piece roots do not, as a general thing, take on deep tap roots. During hot, dry weather, the roots being close to the surface, the extreme dry and heat causes the sap to ferment, causing acid, which is poison to the tree, and spreads very fast. Those brown spots are generally on the southwest side of the tree. People in this country are condemning piece root trees, as they blow over and die as you have stated.—T. J. Gordon, Missouri. (Your communication is a good one.—Ed.)

Scaly Legs in Fowls.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In a recent issue of The Blade you gave directions for making a preparation for the cure of "scaly leg" in fowls. It is not necessary to mix up any preparation. Any kind of grease, as well a scoal oil (kerosene) seems to be death to the parasite that is the cause of scaly leg. I like coal oil best, as it is so easily applied. Two or three applications, repeated once a week, or once in two weeks, may be necessary.

M.

ALL ABOUT BEES.

(Conducted by Dr. A. B. Mason.)

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I have received a letter from J. W. L., of Erie, Kans., asking if it "is as good to divide colonies of bees as it is to let them swarm." He also wants to know "how to raise queens."

Bee-keepers, as a rule, prefer to let their colonies swarm, believing that they get bette results by this method than they would by artificial swarming. Yet there are those who would like to keep bees, but are too busy to watch for natural swarms. Artificial swarming, or some other method of preventing swarms going off, then becomes a necessity. As a rule, a bee-keeper has to be pretty well posted to make a success of artificial swarming. He may succeed splendidly the first season and make a failure of it each succeeding one. Much depends on the condition of the colonies when divided, and also upon the season. Many new beginners resort to artificial swarming, but they soon give it up.

The correspondent says he "bought three colonies last spring and increased them to six by dividing, and three of them made 30 pounds each of honey in sections." If properly divided, why did not each of the six produce 30 pounds?

With a sufficient amount of care, artificial colonies may be formed that will produce as good results as natural swarms, but one has to be pretty well posted to give that amount of intelligent care.

If the object in dividing is to prevent swarms going off, that can be accomplished by clipping one of the wings of the queen.

Several well-known bee-keepers have been experimenting on what are called "self-hivers;" that is, hives so fixed that when a swarm issues it will hive itself, and can then be placed where it is desired to remain.

I will tell how to raise queens before the time arrives for raising them.

Bee Questions Answered.

He is a close observer who understands the habits of the busy little bee to such an extent as to be able to manage him in harmony with his nature and the laws which he must obey. Bees often perish when they might be saved by a little knowledge and skill in caring for them. A well-known writer on bees replies to some questions in Gleanings as follows:

"What is the best course to pursue with brood-combs that are buckled or bent, so that some of the cells are not deep enough for breeding? Is there any way of bringing them straight? The foundation became bent before the bees built up the comb."

There was neglect on the part of some one in having the foundation bent when it was given to the bees, or in giving it at such times that the bees did not commence work on it at once, before it had a chance to warp or twist about in the hive. It is best to give brood foundations to bees only at such times as they are wanting more combs, for unless they do so want, they will not be touched by the bees, unless, perchance, to mutilate them, because they have nothing to do except mischief. But, having combs as described, there are two ways of fixing them fit for use by the bees. The first is by melting them up and working over into foundation again—a plan recommended by some of our most advanced bee-keepers, but a wasteful plan, as I consider it, unless the combs are too crooked; and, secondly, straightening them in the spring of the year when pretty much free from brood or honey. Take them from the hive to a warm room—one whose temperature is up to 90 or 100 degrees, and, when thus warm and pliable, lay on a flat surface and press them in conformity to that surface, cutting out a little strip of comb, if necessary, where the worst bulged, so that the combs will come straight without spoiling too many cells by pressing them out of shape.

"Is there any way to get bees to build comb when they are disinclined to do so? I fed some colonies until all the vacant comb was filled, but they would not build out the foundation. This has reference to the brood-combs exclusively." I do not see why you failed here, unless your foundation was adulterated; for, in all my experience in feeding, the bees would work foundations as soon they began to secrete wax to lengthen out the cells or cap over the feed; but had the bees been perisistent in using the combs in the hive rather than work out the foundation, you could have made them work it by taking their comb away from them and giving nothing but foundation. In this case they would have to work the foundation in order to find a place to store the feed, after they had their honey-sacs well filled.

"What is your remedy where bees ball a queen? Why do bees ball a queen of their own raising, after all queen-cells have been destroyed, and they have no hope of any other queen?" The last part of this is a mystery that I never could really solve. It is easy to say that, in opening hives, the bees fear that their queen is to be injured, so ball her for safe keeping; but I have known scores of instances where a virgin queen has been balled in coming home after meeting the drone, and at other times till they were killed, or neary spoiled for future use, being led to the discovery that the queen was being balled by the general appearance of the colony at the entrance, such as an unusual commotion denoting queenlessness, or doubled-up bees having the appearance of being stung. Who can tell us why such balling occurs? The remedy is the same as introducing queens — that of caging them till the bees behave themselves and are peacefully inclined toward them. Smoke the bees till they release the queen, then cage her and leave her till the bees pay no more attention to the cage than they do to any other part of the hive. When you find this to be case it is always safe to let any queen out.

A Tarantula Tragedy.

I had a girl in Mexico,
Insect bit her on the toe,
Now she's where the lilies grow,
Name of insect you may know—
Ta-ra-rantula, etc.
—Macon News.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE'S BRILLIANT WORD PAINTING.

The Lord is the Banqueter and the Angels Are the Cup-Bearers—A Grand Entertainment.

Dr. Talmage's subject on Sunday was "Festivity." The text selected was Luke xiv: 17: "Come, for all things are now ready."

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted at the gate with floating islands, and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining hall, the luxuries of which astonished the world; four hundred servants waited upon the guests; the entertainment cost five thousand dollars each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassador at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the king's park so that their appetites might be keen; and then, in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables a-glitter with imperial plate, and laden with the rarest of meats, and a-blush with the costliest of wines; and when the second course of the feast came, it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds, and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords, and princes, and ambassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health, first of the king of England, and next of the king of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared the great supper in Hampton Court.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels are the cup-bearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of heaven are the plate; and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere; and oh that for yourselves you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come now, for all things are ready."

There have been grand entertainments where was a taking off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light failed; but I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that "All things are now ready."

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course; he came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast; aye, he has been waiting eighteen hundred and ninety-four years for his guests. He has been standing on his mangled feet; he has had his sore hand on his punctured side; or he has been pressing his lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that he has not been impatient, and that he has not said, "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out;" but he has been waiting. No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. I gather all the tears that rolled down his cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channeled his brow, and his back, and his hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that he uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonizing, overwhelming. I gather all the pains that shot from spear, and spike, and cross, jolting in to one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on his brow, and under the gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated, and gashed, and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart-break and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think he trifles!

Ahasuerus prepared a feast for one hundred and eighty days; but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that; you and I, and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion; so, my Lord Jesus has wrapped himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair he is! His eye, his brow, his cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam, and the morning no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, his hand having the omnipotent surgery with which he opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in Heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of Heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus! Come, men, and saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, and archangel—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll him through the heaven in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory, world without end!"

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung with supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: "J-E-S-U-S." It is this one, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you; waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest, the meat smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoof at the gateway. Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! O! give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven, and deep as hell, and long as eternity. Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison, I will say: "He is waiting as only the all-sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come, and welcome, sinner; come.

Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christian songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "holloa?" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that Spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon, and lift the prayer, and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That Spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life; or ready to come with the same power with which he unhorsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted the three thousand from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the Spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant instrumentality the Spirit of God employs for man's conversion? There was a man on a Hudson River boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coatsleeve; and he saw on it the word "eternity;" and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving day, I read for my text: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the Holy Spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phoenician woman's cry to Christ: "Even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the Master's table."

Do you know that the Holy Spirit almost always uses insignificant means? Eloquent sermons never save anybody; metaphysical sermons never save anybody; philosophical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes every Sabbath to his pulpit, worn out with engagements and the jangling of the frenzied door bell; he has only a text and two or three ideas, but he says: "O Lord help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak thou through my poor lips;" and before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a great solemnity like the judgment. The great French orator, when the dead king lay before him, looked up and cried: "God only is great;" and the triumph of his eloquence has been told by the historians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the oratorical flourish. Worldly critics may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpiece. But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until he came out of the sick room, white and emaciated, and told men the simple story of Jesus. In the great day of eternity, it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ, not by the Bossuets, and Massillons, and Bournaloues, but by humble men who, in the strength of God, and believing in the eternal spirit, invited men to Jesus. There were wise salves—there were excellent ointments, I suppose in the time of Christ, for blind or inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned his back upon them, and put the tip of his finger to his tongue, and then, with the spittle that adhered to the finger, he anointed the eyes of the blind man and daylight poured into his blinded soul. So it is now that the Spirit of God takes that humble prayer meeting talk, which seems to be the very saliva of Christian influence, and anoints the eyes of the blind, and pours the sunlight of pardon and peace upon the soul. Oh, my friend, I wish we could feel it more and more, that of any good is done it is by the power of God's omnipotent Spirit. I do not know what hymn may bring you to Jesus. I do not know what words of the Scripture lesson I read may save your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God may hurl the very text into your heart: "Come, for all things are now ready."

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NO-TO-BAC,

Not because it makes tobacco TASTE BAD, but by acting directly on nerve centres, destroys the NERVE-CRAVING effects and prepares the way for a discontinuance without inconvenience. NO-TO-BAC stimulates, builds up and improves the entire nervous system. It is the only guaranteed cure, and you will find

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WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Book called "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed for the asking. Buy No-To-Bac from druggist, or mailed for price. Address The STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago office, 45 Randolph St.; New York office, 10 Spruce St.; Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. (4)

Man's Inhumanity to Himself.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throught the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

ROYALTY IN GRACIOUS ASPECT.

Accomplishments of the Princess of Wales and Her Goodness.

The Princess of Wales must have more accomplishments of the traditional feminine order than other women in the United Kingdom if all the pretty incidents are true that one reads of her. Perhaps the latest is that of a call the gentle daughter of the Danes made on an old protege of hers living in one of the cottages at Sandringham. The good dame was knitting a stocking, and the Princess took it out of her hand, saying, "You can't do the heel as fast as I can." And as she sat and chatted this Queen to be knitted the nattiest heel possible. It is needless to say that sacred stocking has since remained in status quo and treasured in a drawer with the needles just as the Princess left them.

Particularly since her son's death the Princess has seemed to enjoy herself best when quietly occupied in some of the womanly arts she learned to turn her hand to in her girlhood days when she fashioned her own gowns and trimmed her own bonnets, to say nothing of "doing" her own fine laces. She is very fond of piano playing, and holds an honorary degree as doctor of music. When her sister, the Empress of Russia, is with her, they spend many happy mornings playing eight-handed duets together with the Princesses Victoria and Maude. All kinds of fine needlework the gentle lady rejoices in, and spends happy hours like other grandmothers, not royal, stitching on the little frocks for her grandbaby. Besides her many other accomplishments the Princess can cut a gown to perfection and even give hints to her Paris designer which result in her being accounted the best-dressed women in England.

"That's What!

"What is Congress going to do?"
Country asks, afraid.
Send The Record down do you —
Postage all prepaid!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Wild Crab Apples.

The parent of all the varieties of apples is a sort o fwild crab and its home is in the Himalayas.

A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from *natural food* source.

Scott's Emulsion

is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and *almost as palatable as milk*.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Our Tariff History.

"M. A. P.," Hull, Neb.: The United States never had free trade, such as Great Britain has; but we have had low tariffs, which had the same effect; for, if it takes a fence five feet high to keep your neighbor's cattle out of your wheat, if you lower the fence to three feet they will get in just as easily as though there was no fence at all.

The first tariff passed by the United States became a law July 4, 1789, and was to continue, by the terms of that act, until June, 1796—a period of seven years. Between the tariff of 1789 and that of 1816 there were passed seventeen acts affecting the rates of duties, and the tendency was ever toward higher rates. The tariff law which passed Congress April 27, 1816, was favored by Calhoun and opposed by Webster. The House voted for it, 88 to 54, and the Senate went the same way, 25 to 7. Webster referred to the tariff of 1816 as a South Carolina measure. New England then invested its capital largely in manufacturing, and came out decidedly for protection. The next tariff passed was in 1828, and was called the "tariff of abominations."

Immediately prior to that time there was a good deal of agitation of the subject. New England wanted high duties on woollens and cottons, and low duties on wool, iron, hemp, salt and molasses. Southerners wanted low taxes on everything. The tariff of 1828, followed by that of 1832, constituted merely the pretext for the nullification movement, as President Jackson and Thomas H. Benton believed. In 1833 Henry Clay's famous compromise measure, which guaranteed that after 1842 the highest duty levied should not exceed 20 per cent, except in case of war, superseded the previous schedule. But the tariff of 1842, which was a protective instrument, prevented the reduction of duties to 20 per cent and raised them to an average of about 33 per cent.

Secretary Walker's free trade tariff, as it was called, saw the light in 1846. It reduced duties to an average of 25 per cent ad valorem. The measure passed the House by a vote 114 to 95, and squeezed through the Senate by the President's casting vote. It was made still lower in 1857, and the terrible business depression which followed it compelled Congress to pass the Morrill tariff law—a protective measure—in 1861. Then the war broke out, and there were many tariff changes from then to 1866. The war duties were taken off in 1872 and 1874, and a revision of the law was made in 1883. The McKinley law was passed in 1890, and went into effect on October 3 of that year.

A Piece of Sharp Practice.

D. R., North Industry, O., says he subscribed for a certain paper for a year, paying in advance. The paper kept on coming after the subscription expired, and he sends us a card he received from the publishers, demanding payment up to the present, and declaring "we can not discontinue your paper until all arrearages are paid." This sort of petty fraud is practiced by a number of cheap newspapers. If a subscriber don't want a paper after his subscription expires, he must not take it from the office, but tell the postmaster that he refuses it. It is then the duty of the postmaster to notify the publisher. If the paper continues coming, refuse steadily to take it out of the office. The card referred to has the following also printed on it:

"1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed for it or not—is responsible for the payment.

"2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

"3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, and removing and leaving them uncalled for, is a prima facie evidence of fraud."

The first is correct. We have never been able to find any legal authority for Nos. 2 and 3, and if any reader knows of any such decisions of courts, he will confer a favor by telling us in what reports they are to be found.

We may remark here that The Blade is always stopped when the subscription runs out. We don't send out a single paper unless it is paid for, and any one receiving a copy from this office may know it is paid for, or it would not be sent.

The New Navy.

J. W., Georgesville: The vessels of the new navy are: Protected cruisers—Atlanta, Baltimore, Charleston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Columbia, Minneapolis, Newark, Olympia, Philadelphia, Raleigh, San Francisco.

Armored cruisers—Brooklyn, Maine, New York.

Cruisers—Detroit, Marblehead, Montgomery.

Gunboats—Bennington, Castine, Concord, Machias, Petrel, Yorktown, and gunboats Nos. 7, 8 and 9.

Battleships—Oregon, Texas, Massachusetts, Iowa, Indiana.

Double-turret monitors—Amphitrite, Miantonomoh, Monadnock, Puritan, Terror.

Torpedo boats—Cushing, Ericsson, Stiletto (wooden), and one torpedo cruiser.

Harbor defence ram—Katahdin.

Dynamite cruiser—Vesuvius.

Coast defence—Monterey.

The above are all steel vessels (except the Stiletto). Of the old navy there are 27 steam vessels, besides 13 single turret monitors, 11 wooden sailing ships, several tugboats, etc.

Mrs. Surratt.

D. D., Paolia, N. C.: Mrs. Surratt was one of the conspirators in Booth's plan to murder President Lincoln; knew all the plans, and the meetings were held at her house. The conspirators were tried by a military court consisting of Gen. David Hunter, Gen. Lewis Wallace, Gen. August V. Kautz, Gen. A. P. Howe, Gen. R. S. Foster, Gen. J. A. Elkin, Gen. T. M. Harris, Col. C. M. Tompkins, and Col. D. R. Clendenin. Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold and Atzerodt were sentenced to death, and were hanged on July 7, 1865; Dr. Mudd, Arnold and O'Loughlin were sentenced to be imprisoned for six years. These four men were taken to the Dry Tortugas, a military post in Florida near Key West. There O'Loughlin died in a short time, and the others were released by President Johnson. Dr. Mudd is still living in Baltimore; the whereabouts of the others are not at present known. John Surratt escaped and spent two years in Europe. On his return he was captured and tried as an accomplice before an ordinary criminal court. The jury disagreed, the prosecution decided not to try him a second time and he was released.

Ballot Reform.

G. M. G., McCool Junction, Neb.: The following states and territories passed ballot reform laws based upon the Australian system:

1888—Massachusetts.

1889—Connecticut, Idaho, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Wisconsin.

1890—New Jersey, New York, Oklahoma, Vermont, Washington, Wyoming.

1891—Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Illinois, Kentucky, Maine, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Texas, West Virginia.

1893—Kansas.

In all, 32 states and territories have passed ballot reform laws, and all except Connecticut, New York and New Jersey have adopted the "blanket" ballot.

Resetting Old Files.

O. F. W., Pleasant Hill, Ill.: There are many receipts for converting old files into new ones by means of acids, but the following is probably the best: Cleanse the files thoroughly in warm water, containing a small quantity of potash. Then wash them in warm water and dry them by artificial heat. Next place one pint of warm water into a wooden vessel, and put into it as many files as the water will cover. Then add 2 oz. blue vitriol, finely pulverized, and 2 oz. borax, well mixed, taking care to turn the files over so that each may come in contact with the mixture. To the above mixture now add 7 oz. sulphuric acid and ¼ oz. cider vinegar, which will cause the files to assume a red appearance at first, but they will in a short time resume their natural color. Then they must be removed, washed in cold water and dried by artificial heat. When dry sponge them in olive oil, wrap them in porous paper and lay them away for use.

An Astronomical Query.

W. B., Warren, Pa., asks: "If the sun is no farther north in the morning and evening than it is at noon in June, why does it shine in the north door morning and evening, and not at noon?"

The sun is no further north at morning and evening than at noon. The reason it shines at morning and evening into north windows about June 21, when it is furtherest north, is because the earth is a globe. If the earth were flat, it would not do it. Take a school geography, and open at the map of the Western Hemisphere. The parallels crossing the map from side to side run due east and west. Take any one of the parallels on the east side of the map and it marks the sunrise point; on the west side it marks the sunset point. Imagine a house on that parallel midway between the two, and you can at once see how and why the sun shines on the north side when rising or setting.

Morning Stars.

A. B., Swan Quarter, N. C.: The terms "morning star" and "evening star" do not either refer to one particular star. When any one or more of the planets are in a position that they rise before the sun, thus being visible in the east before sunrise, they are called "morning stars." When they set after the sun, and are hence visible in the early evening in the west, they are called "evening stars." Venus is the evening star just now, and may be seen in the southwest just after dark. There is no star in the sky known as the "star of Bethlehem," as we have often stated very fully.

The Civil Service.

W. S. S., Mexico, O., writes: "Can you send me any information relative to the evils of the civil service—that is, should it be abolished?"

The civil service embraces all government employes except those in the military and naval service—all the employes in the departments at Washington, all the postmasters of the country, all postal clerks, all mail carriers, all weather bureau observers, all internal revenue and customs officials and clerks, etc. To abolish the civil service would be to stop all the operations of the government. Evidently you did not write what you intended. Try again.

The Golden Gate.

R. C. S., Forestville, Pa.: The Golden Gate is the strait connecting San Francisco bay with the Pacific ocean. The strait is about five miles long and one mile wide. The shores of the Golden Gate are bold and rocky, rising in the north in some places nearly 2,000 feet, while on the south the hills are 300 to 400 feet high, many being covered with shifting white sand. Alcatraz island is in the middle of the channel, about four miles from the city. There is a fort on this island, and another at Fort Point, on the south side of the Golden Gate.

Abolition of Capital Punishment.

C. K., Ada, O.: There is no increase in the number of murders in states which have abolished capital punishment, and adopted imprisonment for life instead. There are some drawbacks, though, as criminals will murder, in order to escape detection. An instance of this happened a few years ago in Michigan. A man outraged a 12-year-old girl, and then drowned her to conceal the crime. It is punishable in Michigan by life imprisonment, and the penalty would be no greater for murder; hence he killed the child, and avowed this as his reason.

Tobacco.

W. H. B., Chapin, Mich.: When Columbus discovered America, the natives smoked tobacco. Its use was previously unknown in Europe. It was introduced from Santo Domingo into Portugal in 1520, and from Portugal into France in 1560. Sir Walter Raleigh found the Indians in Virginia smoking tobacco, learned the habit from them, and introduced it into England.

Boiling Water.

L. S. H., Jollytown, Pa., wants to know if water can boil without being hot. It can boil at less than 212 degrees, on high mountains, where the air is not so great as at ordinary levels—even at a temperature which will not cook food. To boil is to turn into vapor, by bubbles rising through the water.

Liberal Arts.

K. B., Hannibal, Mo., says: "Will you please explain to a schoolboy the meaning of 'liberal arts and science,' as used in connection with the World's Fair?"

The liberal arts are all arts not belonging to the fine arts. The latter are music, sculpture and painting. The liberal arts are all other arts, including all kinds of manufacture. So the great building devoted to the liberal arts and the sciences, was often called the manufactures building.

Silver Dollars.

U. M. H., Over, Neb.: The standard silver dollar is a legal tender in any amount. See Bureau of Weekly Blade of Jan. 18, "Legal Tenders."

D. B. L., Salem Center, Ind.: See answer above. Silver was demonetized in 1878, and remains so.

The Children of Israel.

J. W. B., Roselius, O., asks: "For what cause or causes were the children of Israel enslaved?"

The only reason given in history is that in Exodus, chap. i, verses 7 to 10 inclusive.

Old Coins.

D. R., Summit Hill, O.: The silver half-dollar of 1805 is worth 85 cents. The copper cent of 1798 is worth 4 cents.

Miscellaneous.

C. N. M., Salipeter, O.: We don't know.

R., Fulton, Kan.: We believe in Vermont.

E. H., Sidney, Mo.: Sorry, but we can't publish it.

O. O. Z., Lee, O.: Southern Greenland is much colder than southern Alaska.

"W. D. H.," New York: There is no dynasty still ruling of Napoleon I's creation.

B. E. H., Moscow, Idaho: Any school text-book on rhetoric or composition gives a list of questions for debate.

I. M., Oberlin, Kan.: Nothing whatever is being done on the Panama canal. One question at a time, please. See rules.

Subscriber, Higby's, O.: To answer your question would be to give a free advertisement, which we can't do. See Rules.

Subscriber, St. Johns, Mich.: The sun shines for 24 hours on all points inside the Arctic Circle on June 21, and on all points inside the Antarctic Circle on December 21.

A. S. Gillette, Wis.: By a joint resolution of the Arkansas legislature, passed over a dozen years ago, the legal pronunciation of the name of the state is "Ark-an-saw," accent on the first.

E. J. H., Clarkston, Mich.: You certainly know the name of your Representative in Congress. A letter addressed to him, "House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.," will reach him.

C. A. R., Panora, Iowa: You are mistaken. Mrs. Southworth's character of "Ishmael" is fictitious. He was not intended for Henry Clay. The governor of Indiana you refer to was probably Gov. Hovey.

F. A. B., Cannon's Mill, O.: The objection to the admission of Utah as a state has always been the adherence of the Mormons to polygamy. If admitted as a state, this crime would be beyond the reach of the federal government.

G. E. P., Morristown, Minn.: In the Bureau of Weekly Blade of Dec. 28, we printed the "war a failure" plank of the Democratic National platform of 1864. We don't know where you can find the whole platform, unless you have access to a file of the Tribune Almanac, or of daily papers of 1864.

C. A. G., Troy, Pa.: The word "tyrant" in the quotation from Gray's Elegy, "the petty tyrant of his fields withstood," refers to the land-owner, and the resistance of the farmer tenant to his petty tyrannies. One question at a time, please, and that explicit. The other question you send is too general. Ask exactly what you want to know, and nothing else.

Luckey, Mortimer, O.: The use of "we" by a single person is limited to royal personages. When an editor says "we" he does not refer to himself but the paper. It is the utterance of the paper, not of himself, individually. When a speaker or writer uses "we," meaning himself, he is not complying with the best modern usage. He should avoid using the first person at all.

Old Soldier, Aurora, Ore.: The marked article concerning Senator Sherman in the paper you send is simply an abominable falsehood. We regret that there are any American citizens so ignorant as to acept any such statement as containing a particle of truth. As to the one sentence quoted from Harrison's speech, it means nothing when taken from the context. We do not recall the speech, but we know President Harrison too well to accept any insinuation that he is not for the welfare of the whole people. The Indianapolis News is an independent Democratic paper, and not friendly to Mr. Harrison.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A Nerve Food and Tonic.

The most effective yet discovered.

Care of the Face.

It is not well, these cold and frosty days, to bathe the face immediately before going into the open air. And yet this is a habit much indulged in by very young girls. Bathe the face well at night with warm water and pure soap—castile is good. Dry with a warm towel and rub in carefully, with the upward massage movements, a good cold cream. Avoid vaseline, which will bring a soft down upon the cheeks in time. Bathe with cold water in the morning, in which put a few drops of tincture of benzoine. Let nothing tempt you to bathe again before night, as too much water has a tendency to coarsen the skin. If your face looks dusty, a few drops of cologne water on a soft cambric handkerchief will right matters and bring the color into the cheeks.

And do not forget the benefits to be derived from a brisk walk, ride or drive. Fresh air is the king of cosmetics.

In a New York Boarding House.

Gus De Smith—Where is the knife with this pie?

Landlady (loftily)—We never furnish a knife with pie here.

Gus De Smith (unabashed)—Well, gimme the ax, then.—Texas Siftings.

How Much in Lacing Shoes.

Somebody has estimated that every man who lives to be 60 years old has spent seven months buttoning his shirt collar.

The Sunday School.

God's Covenant With Abram.

LESSON VI., FEB. 11, 1894.

Golden Text: He believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness.—Gen. 15:6.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 17:1-9.)

1. And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram and said unto to him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect.
2. And I will make my covenant between me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly.
3. And Abram fell on his face: and God talked with him, saying,
4. As for me, behold, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations.
5. Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham: for a father of many nations have I made thee.
6. And I will make thee exceedingly fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee.
7. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee.
8. And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God.
9. And God said unto Abraham, thou shalt keep my covenant therefore, thou, and thy seed after thee in their generations.

Illustrative Applications.

When Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram (v. 1). The Lord loves little children, and wants them to love him. But the Lord does not desert those who grow old in his service; and even if men have not served him in early life, he welcomes them to his service when they are old. He says to those whom he has loved from their earliest childhood, "Even to old age, I am he, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you." If a man is not more than a hundred years old, he may look confidently for the Lord's appearance to him in love.

I am God Almighty; walk before me, and be thou perfect. Inevitably we desire to conform our standards to one whom we truly love. If a boy has a lovely mother, or a noble father, and loves that parent as he ought to, he will want to bear himself worthily in view of his honored parentage. If a young man loves a true woman who presents before him a lofty ideal of womanhood, he is sure to aspire to a corresponding ideal of manhood in his life and character; for without such aspiration his love would not be real love. And when a person of any age realizes that he is loved of God, the almighty and the holy, he cannot be satisfied in any lower longings than a desire to walk worthily and perfectly before such a being—whose he is and whom he serves.

Abram fell on his face: and God talked with him (v. 3). Reverence is a factor in all true love. Love cannot go out freely and purely toward one who does not command reverence. Yet loving reverence does not forbid restful intercommunion of soul between the loved and the loving. God honored Abram and called him his friend. Abram reverenced God and trusted him utterly. God and Abram talked with each other in freedom of love and confidence. God is always the same, and he will be in delightful communion with any soul evidencing the reverent and loving confidence which gave Abram favor in his sight.

Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham (v. 5). A name is more than a label. It stands for personality. And as we come into new relations and closer intimacy with a person, we are moved to give a new name, with added meaning in it, to that person. There are names by which we express our fullest love for, and our utmost sense of union with, a soul dearer to us than life itself. Rarely is this sacred covenant of being between two souls without an interchange of special-names, as in some way expressive of that relationship. "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine," saith the Lord. And his promise is: "To him that overcometh, to him will I give a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it."

I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee throughout their generations for an everlasting covenant (v. 7). God's love for us shows itself in his love for our children. As he loves us, so he loves those whom we love. As his promises are to us, so his promises are to these whom he gives to us. We have as good a right to trust God for the salvation of ours, as for the salvation of ourselves. We have no more right, nor reason, to doubt his fidelity to them, than to doubt his fidelity to us. What a sad thing it would be if we could not be just as sure that God loves and saves our children as that he loves and saves us! What a comfort it is to feel and to know that in all confidence and restful trust we can include those whom God has given us, as we give ourselves and them to him!

And as for thee, thou shalt keep my covenant, thou, and thy seed after thee throughout their generations (v. 9). A covenant is between two parties, and each party is bound by it. As God holds himself bound by the provisions of the covenant between himself and men, so must men hold themselves bound by those provisions. Whoever is within the scope of that covenant, has duties and responsibilities under it. As the covenant in this case includes the children as well as the parents, the children also must conform to its requirements, and so on throughout all generations.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

LIFE IS MISERY

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's Pills cures all liver ills.

PICKED BEFORE HE WAS RIPE.

Rise and Decadence of Chicago's Prematurely Lionized Sculptor.

John Donoghue, whose big statue, "The Spirit," is slumbering piecemeal in boxes on the Brooklyn docks, was quite a figure in Chicago several years ago. He was then a student at the Art Institute, and as he was a handsome young fellow, and displayed more than ordinary talent, it wasn't long before John Donoghue found friends. Somebody in society took him up, and pretty soon he was the pet and pride of "the North Side set," than which, in a social way, nothing greater could be found in the Windy City. Time went on, and John Donoghue flourished. He modelled busts of several of his wealthy friends, and was more than ever the fad, when along came Oscor Wilde in sunflower and knickerbockers. Oscar inspected the young sculptor, and found him pleasing, and accordingly took him up with even greater zeal than the Chicago aristocracy had shown.

That turned John Donoghue's head. He took to wearing dark green Roman togas lined with shrimp pink and girt about with wide, soft sashes, also of pink. And John Donoghue's hats were wonderful to behold. They were almost too much for the hordes of street gamins, who nevertheless managed to follow the queer figure along the streets, and hoot vigorously at a safe distance. These eccentricities, however, were not so readily pardoned in young Donoghue as they were in the mighty Oscar, and the sculptor gradually lost the position of pampered protege which he had enjoyed. He managed to get off to Rome somehow, and there he led a wild sort of student life. One by one the friends who had stuck to him through the toga and sash periods fell away, and John Donoghue, the petted and spoiled became friendless and deserted. Then it was that he set to work. If he has the genius which his fashionable friends once thought he had, and if he has learned the lessons life seems to have given him a chance at, the last has not been heard of John Donoghue.

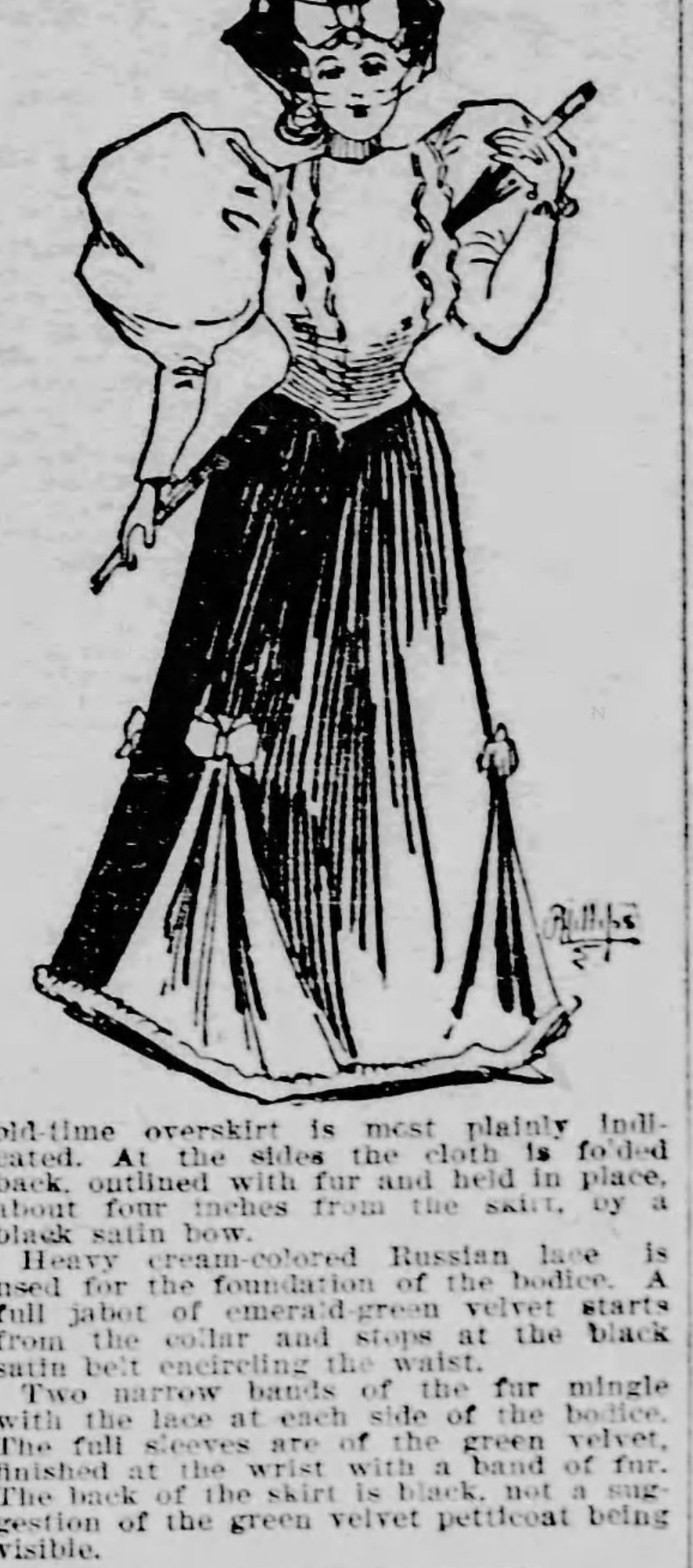
What It Stands For.

The initial D in the name of John D. Rockefeller was not there originally, having been adopted in later life by the millionaire because he thought he needed it to round out his name and make it look better on a check.

HER STREET GOWN.

Green Velvet, Black Cloth and Mink Artistically Combined.

Here is one of the swell walking gowns of the season. It is made of many materials so exquisitely combined that the effect could not be better. The petticoat is emerald-green velvet edged with a narrow band of mink. Over this is a drapery of fine black cloth, so arranged that the old-time overskirt is most plainly indicated. At the sides the cloth is folded back, outlined with fur and held in place, about four inches from the skirt, by a black satin bow.



Heavy cream-colored Russian lace is used for the foundation of the bodice. A full jabot of emerald-green velvet starts from the collar and stops at the black satin belt encircling the waist.

Two narrow bands of the fur mingle with the lace at each side of the bodice. The full sleeves are of the green velvet, finished at the wrist with a band of fur. The back of the skirt is black, not a suggestion of the green velvet petticoat being visible.

For Coughs and Throat Troubles use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. They relieve all Throat irritations caused by Cold or use of the voice.

SOCIETY IN THE STATES.

An English Young Woman Tells Her Countrymen All About It.

A woman writer in The Queen treats the subject of "Society in the United States" in a manner which will be as surprising and interesting to Americans as to the English readers, for whom it is intended.

"Five great divisions," we learn, "comprise the American people. At the head is the intellectual class and following are the fashionable, religious, domestic and servant classes, each being sub-divided into numerous circles or cliques, who cling together clannishly, resent the intrusion of other 'sets,' and refuse to tolerate unrecommended outsiders. The intellectual class has its fountain head at Boston, Mass., and the Puritan people, now disciples of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and versed in all the arts and sciences, endeavor to rise above the sordid standards of wealth and fashion to the plane of true philosopher."

Cheered by this thought, the author takes a deeper plunge into her subject, and brings to the surface "the studious New Englander."

"Just imagine young girls paying their college tuition with wages earned during vacation as waitresses at large hotels among mountain and seaside resorts!" she exclaims. "Hundreds of them do this without losing a jot of their dignity, or lowering themselves in the eyes of their friends. Many young men utilize old dress suits in the capacities of waiters while founding their future career. They are the most faithful and conscientious people in performing their duties, and many hotel proprietors advertise as an attraction that student waiters will see that guests are well served,' and exclude the servant classes from their dining rooms."

After this good things are numerous. The following gems are selected at random:

"The money-maker must black his own boots or have them done in the street, lest he belittle the dignity of his servants."

"Among the fashionable circles one will find many wealthy and refined people."

"The domestic classes comprise those who prefer work in factories and shops, and live in simple and often uncomfortable homes, rather than go into regular service and live out."

"Those who struggle on from daylight to dusk, or from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., if they are faithful to their tasks, generally rise to paying positions; but the system which governs this class of people differs from that in England. Such a thing as paying a premium for learning a trade in a business place is unheard of in the United States. Apprentices to a trade sometimes give their labor for periods varying from one to three months, but after that time has elapsed they are 'improvers,' and must be paid improvers' wages—a sliding scale that increases as their assistance becomes more valuable. Possibly this accounts for the fact that skilled workmen are scarce in all parts of the country."

"Many of the Southerners who have retained their wealth imagine they form an American aristocracy, and rely on a traditional ancestry and a coincidence of names as evidences of a tie of relationship, dating back to the early Colonial days between themselves and certain noble families in England. These claims of lineage, in reality, are very absurd and vague."

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

THE TROTTER OF THE FUTURE.

Horses That Can Trot in 2:10 Will be Common.

"The horse breeder of the future," said Mr. Bonner one day last week, "in order to make money must have nothing but the very best material to begin with. There never was a time when good trotters—I mean first-class trotters—were worth more money than they are to-day, and there never was a time when ordinary ones were so low in price. In my judgment the situation will not change to any appreciable extent. The stars will bring as much money next year and the year after, but poor ones will sell lower and lower.

"There will always be strong competition for the cream of the market between men of wealth who have a fondness for the trotter and the money to gratify it. In years gone by, say when Flora Temple was at her best, trotters were largely accidents, but to-day, with breeding farms at every crossroads, the business is becoming so systematic that in a short time 2:10 trotters will be as common as 2:20 performers are to-day. Dexter was an accident. He was not bred to break records, and sold when four years old for $450. People knew little or nothing at that time about popular strains and about the blood that produced the best results. All that is systematized now and the breed is bound to keep on improving, which improvement will be manifestly aided by the newer and better courses, and the improved vehicles to which horses are driven. Horses that can trot in 2:30 or 2:40 will be cheap, because they will be common. I think the outlook is good for those who breed nothing but the best."

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

A Liverpool clergyman has been lately preaching about "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." In the preacher's opinion the painful portrayal of the heroine is true to life, and he holds that if she had been converted into a noble woman "the whole moral force of the piece would be lost." It is a tragedy true to life, and in such life such a woman is evil, not noble.

Now Funny.

Parson Brown (tenderly)—"Will you marry me?"

She—"How funny! Charley was going to ask you that very question to-morrow."—New York Sun.

BAD BLOOD

Is a source of much suffering. The system should be thoroughly cleansed of all impurities, and the Blood kept in a healthy condition. S. S. S. removes all taint of whatsoever origin, and builds up the general health.

For three years I was so troubled with malarial poison that life lost all its charms; I tried mercurial and Potash remedies, but could get no relief; A few bottles of S.S.S. made a complete and permanent cure.

J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan.

MADE PURE

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GIRLS WHO SIGH FOR CITY LIFE.

Let This Letter Persuade You to Stay at Home.

We all know the girl who writes, "I want to come to the city and earn my living; what chance have I?" She writes us from Timbuctoo and from the country town where we used to live ourselves. She can do "most anything, you know," to earn money, from painting a plaque to writing editorials on the eccentricities of the tariff; and the town she was born and brought up in, where everybody calls her by her first name and likes her, where she has a sunny little room all to herself and a new gown whenever she cries for it, won't hold her any longer. Now here is an answer to that girl that a woman wrote who knew what she was talking about. There should be a special act of Congress passed providing that this letter should be printed, framed, and hung in every country schoolhouse, every village seminary, every small city high school, says the New York Sun. The woman's name is Martha Everts Holden, and the ambitious girl of whom she writes had written to her:

"I felt like posting an immediate answer and saying, 'Stay where you are.' I didn't do it though, for I knew it would be useless. The girl is bound to come, and come she will. And she will drift into a third-rate boarding house, than which if there is anything meaner—let us pray. And if she is pretty she will have to carry herself like snow on high hills to avoid contamination. If she is confiding and innocent, the fate of that highly persecuted heroine of old-fashioned romance, Clarissa Harlowe, is before her. If she is homely, the doors of opportunity are firmly closed against her. If she is smart, she will perhaps succeed in earning enough money to pay her board bill and have sufficient left over to indulge in the maddening extravagance of an occasional paper of pins or a ball of tape. What if, after hard labor and repeated failure, she does secure something like success? No sooner will she do so than up will step some dapper youth who will beckon her over the border into the land where troubles just begin. She won't know how to sew or bake or make good coffee, for such arts are liable to be overlooked when a girl makes a career for herself; and so love will gallop away over the hills like a riderless steed, and happiness will flare like a light in a windy night.

"Oh, no, my little country maid, stay where you are if you have a home and friends. Be content with fishing for trout in the brook rather than cruising a stormy sea for whales. A great city is a cruel place for young lives. It takes them as the cider press takes juicy apples, sun-kissed and flavored with the breath of the hills, and crushes them into pulp. There is a spoonful of juice in each apple, but cider is cheap. The girl of whose success you read is in nine cases out of ten the girl with a friend at court who gives her the opportunity to show what she can do. Without such a friend the path of the lone girl in a great city is a briery uphill track."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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A Rochester man was confined to the house for three weeks because of the bite of a large spider. He held a policy in an accident insurance company, and put in a claim for $25 a week, the total being $75. The company refused to pay because the policy exempted it from liability for accidnts caused by contact with poisonous substances. The party insured will at once commence a test action. The case is likely to bring out some novel points as to insurance.

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Ouida describes the nineteenth century clothing of an Englishman as "the most frightful, grotesque and disgraceful male costume which the world has ever seen."—London Truth.

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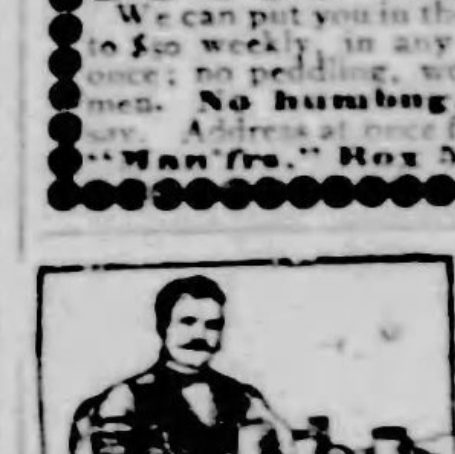

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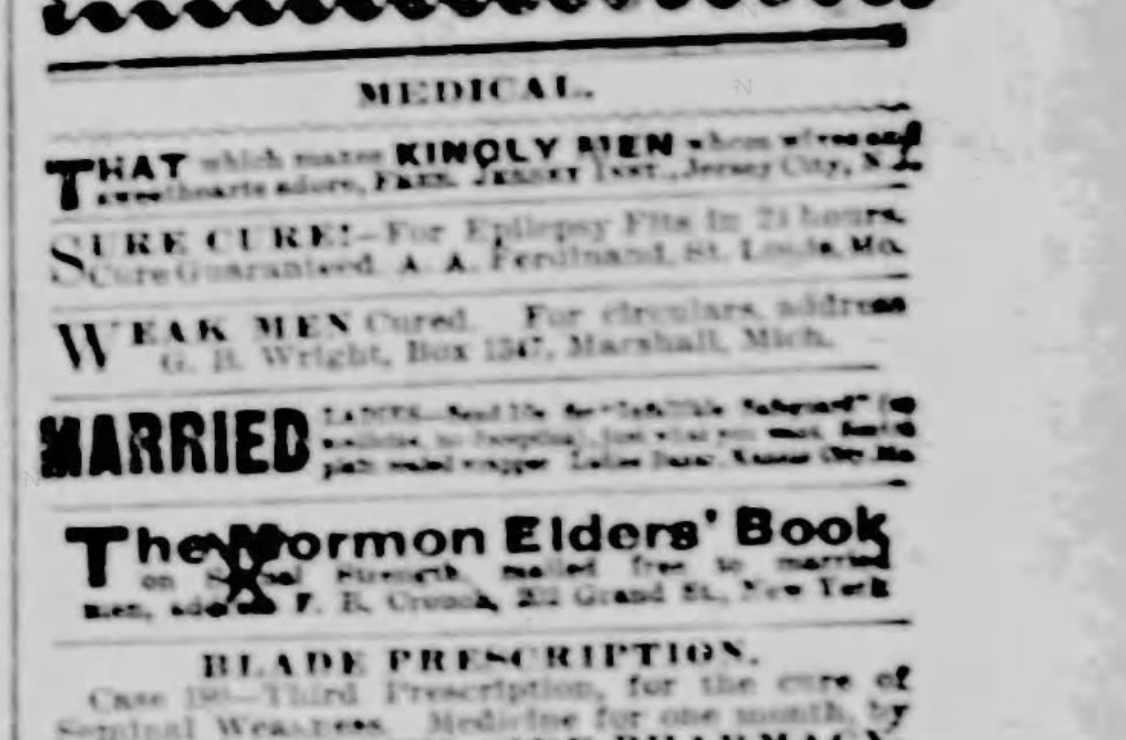

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1894.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The financial questions now before the nation, and others likely to arise in the near future, ought to be understood thoroughly by every voter, that his vote may be intelligently cast. How many of the readers of The Blade can answer at once and correctly this series of questions, for example:

Why did Secretary Carlisle prefer to sell bonds to the amount of $50,000,000, instead of asking Congress to authorize him to issue that amount of greenbacks?

Why does money loan at from 1 to 3 per cent. now in New York, yet a farmer in Kansas have to pay 10 or 12 per cent?

What is the real reason that national banks are preferred to state banks by the mass of intelligent people?

What is the valid objection to gold as the only standard of monetary value?

What are the only drawbacks to the greenback as paper money?

Why is it that all the leading nations of the world have made gold the sole basis of their monetary systems?

What is the distinction between wealth and money?

What is the distinction between real money and credit money?

Why, in times of dull business, does money accumulate in our cities, especially New York?

Remember, the use of money goes back into the twilight of history. Within the past five hundred years especially, the world has tried, in some form or other, almost every possible experiment in finance. Hence there has gradually been a number of primal facts which all well-educated and well-informed men of affairs, in every country, agree upon as being

The foundations of finance.

We propose beginning, in a few weeks, a series of articles in the Weekly Blade under this title—"The Foundations of Finance." We shall explain, in clear, concise language, the history of money, and give, in compact form, the basic principles on which all financial authorities are agreed. These will enable the reader to answer such questions as those given above, and detect the fallacies in any financial argument. The series will be really a text-book of correct knowledge on finance.

This series will be written only for the Weekly Blade, and will NOT be printed in any other paper, nor in book form. The series alone will be worth the price of the Weekly Blade a year, thrice over. Due notice will be given of the beginning of the series.

THE INCOME TAX BILL.

The salient provisions of the income tax bill may be summed up as follows. It is, if enacted, to go into effect January 1, 1895, the first collection to be July 1, 1895. All classes of incomes are included in the measure, and the uniform rate of 2 per cent tax on incomes of over $4,000 is fixed. It is made obligatory on all persons receiving individual incomes of over $3,500 to make a return to the local collector of internal revenue. No tax is levied on those making a return of under $4,000.

In case a person having an income of over $3,500 fails to make a return, it becomes the duty of the revenue assessor to investigate, and if this examination discloses that the income is above $4,000, it is subjected to twice the ordinary tax under the law, and the party failing to make his return is subject to fine and imprisonment. The internal revenue officials are to "preserve inviolate" the information he obtains regarding every man's affairs, and he is punishable by fine and imprisonment if he allows any such facts to become public.

Those who were on the stage of active life during the period the income tax law of the war period was in existence, will well remember the fact that such things did constantly become public property, to the detriment of many deserving persons, in spite of the legal injunctions as to secrecy. There is no way of keeping matters private which must come within the purview of clerks, inspectors, and a staff of officials in a large public office.

Furthermore, the bill, should it become a law, creates a shoal of petty officials, whose duties will be inquisitorial, making investigations as to the business and income of everybody. A fine field would be thus opened for petty spite-work. A man's enemies would set the spies of the internal revenue office at work, and subject him and his affairs to a searching inquisition. The writer spent a portion of his early life in an internal revenue office, while the old income tax was in operation, and writes from an actual knowledge of the evils inherent in this system, and inseparable from it; and though he supported that tax then as a war measure, as every loyal Republican did, he rejoiced when the improved finances of the government rendered it possible to abolish this most odious, most unequal, and hence most unjust, of the "war taxes."

When Republicans said that the Democratic party is a free trade party the charge has been indignantly denied. The vote in Congress proves the Republican assertion.

Other church congregations pay their own church debts, and why can't Mr. Talmage's?

Mr. Cleveland has not yet sent a bottle of old wine to Senator Hill.

The Khedive of Egypt is a sort of Governor Mitchell in a fez.

With a free trade law there will be few incomes to pay taxes.

ALCOHOL IN THE BODY.

In an article published in The Blade of January 18, on "Alcohol as a Food," we showed the infinitesimal amount of actual nutriment in beer and malt liquors, and explained clearly the fact that alcohol is in no sense a food. No one would drink beer, or wine, or whisky, if all the alcohol were removed. It is to the alcohol that the exhilarating and intoxicating properties are entirely due, and were it removed, the beer or ale would be a bitter slop, and whisky and wine nothing but dirty water, which no one would think of drinking. The former article showed conclusively that alcohol has no food value. We will now discuss its effect upon the organs and tissues of the body.

Not only is there no nutriment in alcohol, and only an infinitesimal part in the remainder of any kind of liquor, but it is harmful to the body instead of healthful. Sir William Gull, in a report on the alcoholic liquor traffic made to a select committee of the British House of Lords, in 1877, says that "all alcohol, and all things of an alcoholic nature, injure the nerve tissues pro tempore, if not altogether, and are certainly deleterious to the health. I think there is a great deal of injury being done by the use of alcohol in what is supposed by the consumer to be a most moderate quantity, to people who are not in the least intemperate, to people supposed to be fairly well. It leads to degeneration of tissues, it spoils the health, and it spoils the intellect. Short of drunkenness (that is, in those effects of it which stop short of drunkenness), I should say, from my experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent we are aware of in this country."

Sir Henry Thompson declares: "I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drinks, taken in quantity which is conversationally deemed moderate."

Dr. E. A. Parkes, of London, says: "In most persons, alcohol acts at once as an anaesthetic, and lessens also the rapidity of impressions, the power of thought, and the perfection of the senses. In other cases it seems to cause increased rapidity of thought, and excites imagination, but even here the power of control over a train of thought is lessened. In no case does it seem to increase accuracy of sight; nor is there any good evidence that it quickens hearing, taste, smell, or touch; indeed, Edward Smith's experiments show that it diminishes all the senses."

Dr. Howie states that it has been proved experimentally, that a message from the brain to the hand, which ordinarily took 0.1904 of a second for its transmission, required 0.2970 of a second, after the subject had taken two glasses of hock.

Dr. J. J. Ridge, too, has published most elaborate tables, showing that even small doses of alcohol (averaging one tablespoonful of spirits; not quite half a wineglassful of port or sherry; a small wineglassful of claret or champagne, and not quite a quarter-of-a-pint of ale) impaired vision, feeling, and sensibility to weight, without the subjects being conscious of any alteration. Dr. Scongal, of New York, repeated and confirmed these experiments, and also demonstrated that hearing was similarly effected.

Drs. Nicol and Mossop, of Edinburgh, conducted a series of experiments on each other, examining the eye by means of the ophthalmoscope, while the system was under the influence of various drugs. They found that the nerves controlling the delicate blood-vessels of the retina were paralyzed by a dose of about a tablespoonful of brandy.

Here we have the testimony of the highest medical and scientific authorities of the present day, all going to show that alcohol deranges and injures the nervous system and the delicate organs of the body. Besides the effects quoted above, every well-informed person knows that steady drinking produces an incurable disease—cirrhosis of the liver, otherwise known as "hob-nail liver" (from the appearance of that organ), "whisky liver" or "gin liver." And there is abundant testimony to show that it produces severe derangement of the kidneys, which often results in incurable disease of those important organs.

In brief, alcohol is a poison in the body, and its harmful effects are in direct ratio to the amount taken, and the frequency with which it is introduced into the system. These facts should be taught to every man, woman and child in the country, until they are accepted as undisputed and undisputable facts. When this lesson is well learned, there will be no difficulty whatever in obtaining on overwhelming public sentiment in favor of the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

GROVER AS A PROPHET.

President Cleveland is not only a prophet, but he has himself fulfilled his own prophecy. In his letter accepting the Presidential nomination in 1884, he penned these words: "They, the voters of the land, have learned that mystery and concealment in the management of their affairs cover tricks and betrayal." This was a statement referring to events in our past political history, but it is a truism, good for all time; and Mr. Cleveland realizes its truth to-day in his conduct of the Hawaiian matter.

His "mystery and concealment" concerning his efforts to replace a vile and discreditable queen upon the Hawaiian throne most certainly covered "tricks and betrayal." He tricked the American people, hoodwinked Congress, and attempted the betrayal of principles dear to the heart of every true American. And "the voters of the land" are indignant at him, and angry at his un-American course. Let them ever get a chance at the polls to indicate their feelings concerning himself, and he will get such a "bounce" at their hands as shall make his eyeballs jingle!

The growth of our cities is entirely out of proportion to the growth of the country in population, and the tendency of people to urban residence is increasing as time goes on. In 1790, only 3.35 in each 100 of our population lived in cities. Each census showed an increase, until in 1880 the ratio was 22.57 in every hundred. For the next ten years the rush cityward was tremendous, and in 1890 the ratio was 29.2 in every 100. The drift continues, and now fully one-third of our people are dwellers in municipalities. Hence the problem of municipal government becomes an increasingly important one.

WHAT BECAME OF THE SURPLUS?

The Democrats are endeavoring to obscure their own lack of ability to properly conduct national finances by revamping the old lie that the Republicans "squandered the surplus" during the Harrison administration. The all-sufficient answer to this is that the surplus was used in the purchase and retirement of bonds, which action resulted in a large saving in interest charges to the people, besides the advantage of putting millions of money into circulation that had been locked up in the Treasury. The times were good then, and money was in active demand—quite a contrast to the situation at present, when over a hundred millions of idle money, waiting investment, is lying in the banks of New York alone.

Here are the official figures of the bond purchases of the Harrison administration:

Principal	$259,093,050 00
Cost	296,316,931 20
Cost at maturity	351,669,424 71
Saving	55,352,493 51

The following statements embrace the cold facts of the case: In September, 1891, the 4 1-2 per cent bonds were due to the amount of $250,000,000. The Republican party believes in paying debts, and it prepared to pay this great sum when it matured. No other government ever made an attempt to pay such a sum as $250,000,000 at one time. As the money accumulated in the treasury it was found that the money market demanded its disbursement, and bonds were bought for several years before they were due in the open market on such terms that the government always made a profit. It was necessary in order to accomplish this delicate task to purchase 4 per cents as well as 4 1-2 per cents, as in any other case the speculators would have bid up the price of the 4 1-2 per cents to a point higher than the government could afford to pay.

Hence when any Democrat gabbles of "squandering the surplus," he either displays his dense ignorance, or is maliciously lying for partisan advantage. And it is further to be remembered that it was Republican financial legislation that made this rapid debt-paying possible. But now, with Democratic tariff-smashing under way, business is depressed, the national treasury is depleted, and the government is forced to adopt debt-incurring instead of debt-paying measures. It is about to borrow money in time of peace to meet ordinary running expenses. This is one of the effects of the "change" for which the befooled people voted in 1891 which they did not expect.

THE "NATURAL LEVEL" OF WAGES

The discussions of the Wilson bill in the House has brought out a number of admissions from its free trade supporters which the people should remember. In the course of a speech in favor of that labor-grinding measure, Gen. John C. Black, of Illinois, who was Cleveland's former Commissioner of Pensions, made this declaration: "If I were certain that wages were higher here, I would seek to repeal those laws which make them higher, and let wages have their natural place all over the world." And this utterance was received with applause from the Democratic side of the hall.

This atrocious sentiment aroused Tom Reed, of Maine, who demanded of Black whether he is "in favor of an equality of wages between this and other countries?" General Black's answer should be studied in all its bearings by every wage-worker in the United States. It was this:

"I am in favor of removing all artificial inequalities that create a fictitious value of wages, and of letting wages have their natural level."

This can mean but one thing. Every workingman who it not grossly ignorant knows that the wage-rate in the United States is higher than in any other civilized country. The one factor that has enabled the average rate of wages to steadily increase for 30 years has been the protective tariff. This is the "artificial inequality" which has given wages here what Black calls "a fictitious value." He desires free trade in order to reduce wages to "the natural level."

Mr. Black must therefore mean that the European wage-scale is the "natural level." He wishes to level wages down, not to level them up. He desires American workingmen to be forced to a lower and cheaper scale of living, by cutting their wages down. He would cut off all possibility of their obtaining any of the comforts and luxuries of life, and confine them to the bare necessaries of existence.

This is exactly what the protectionists have always declared the Democratic policy to mean. Now that party is in power, and its leaders are admitting the truth of the accusation. Mr. Black is only more frank in stating than are the majority of his fellow free traders.

General Slocum, of New York, is a Democratic wheel-horse, but he possesses the faculty of common sense—one which is sadly lacking in many of his fellow Democrats. His opinion of the Wilson bill is one that is shared by every Republican. A Washington special says:

> General Slocum cam over from Brooklyn the other day and left last night for home. He saw Speaker Crisp, and said: "If the Wilson bill goes through, our six Democratic Congressmen from Long Island will be six Republicans in the next Congress."
>
> The speaker replied: "General, you exaggerate the condition. The workmen are for this bill."
>
> "My God, Crisp!" said Slocum. "Are you so ignorant of the condition of our starving people as that? The situation is incapable of exaggeration." And he angrily stumped out of the room, refusing to answer to a call to wait a moment.

During the discussion of the Civil Service law in the Senate the other day, Senator Berry expressed the opinion that the law, so far from being non-partisan, was a regular party machine, which had been used to keep the Republicans in office. This is a mere partisan plea to cover an attempt to destroy the law. The proposition is untrue, in the first place; and if it were, it is no argument, for the avowed purpose of civil service reform is to select men for clerkships, etc., on the sole ground of their ability and fitness, ignoring their politics entirely.

Congressman Sibley was foolish to resign because a political committee wanted him to. He ought to know more than the committee what is best for him to do. He represents a great manufacturing and agricultural district, and he knows that the Wilson bill is destined to crush out industry, committee or no committee.

In Hawaii, President Dole and his supporters are called "the American party." Of course, Lil, Cleveland, Gresham, Willis et al compose the anti-American faction.

THE WILSON BILL WILL PASS.

Toledo Daily Blade, Jan. 29.

This week will witness the passage of the Wilson bill by the House of Representatives. The revenue bill, with its income tax proviso, will be added to it as an amendment to-day, and will be adopted, after some heavy fighting. The vote in Committee of the Whole on adding this amendment will probably come on Tuesday. Wednesday will be a day of general debate on the measure, and on Thursday the final vote on the Wilson bill, as amended, will be taken. There will be three hours of debate, divided equally among Prof. Wilson, Speaker Crisp and Tom Reed, of Maine—whose speech will doubtless be one to arouse national interest. And after these speeches, the bill will pass.

So much is certain. There are very many people who prefess to think the bill will be defeated in the Senate. A careful study of the matter, day by day, does not impel us to the same conclusion. We believe the bill will pass the Senate and become a law. Whether the income tax provision will be stricken out, is doubtful. Many close observers think it will, but we do not. Nor do we look for any radical change in tariff schedules at the Senate's hands. We believe the bill will become a law substantially in the form in which it leaves the House of Representatives.

BISMARCK AND THE KAISER.

The reconciliation between the Emperor William and Bismarck is one of the most picturesque events of European diplomacy. It is as sensational in its way as was the original quarrel and the fall of the old Chancellor from power. When the young Kaiser succeeded to the throne, he naturally was somewhat elated by the sudden elevation, and evinced a desire to run affairs with a high hand. Here he came into direct conflict with the imperious will of grim old Bismarck. The true story of the break between the two has never become public. The young emperor was doubtless uneasy at the renown of Bismarck, whose glory paled that of his recent crown. And the old Chancellor was a captious and unmanageable servant, no doubt; for the old master of statecraft would naturally be impatient at the rash will and crude ideas of the young Kaiser.

Whatever the immediate cause of the break, certainly these causes lay behind it. Bismarck was given to understand that he was a "back number," and that the empire could get along without him. In anger he resigned the Chancellorship, and went into retirement. But his life was embittered, and he has been a captious fault-finder in opposing the Emperor's policy, suspicious of every movement, and angry at every step.

Nor does the world yet know the causes underlying the reconciliation. The advances thereto came from the Emperor. He has learned much since he ascended the throne, and has found that his own will can not always govern. The great hold Bismarck has on the affections of the German people has doubtless been one factor in the result. But whatever the causes, every friend of Germany must rejoice in the reconciliation, and congratulate the people of the empire on its accomplishment.

THE EGYPTIAN MATTER.

Great Britain's renewed activity in Egypt recalls the circumstances under which she first meddled in the internal affairs of the Khedive's realm. British investors had bought largely of Suez canal stock; the rebellion of Arabi Pasha was under way, and, under the pretext that British commercial interests were imperiled, the British government—Gladstone being then Prime Minister as he is to-day—sent an army which conquered and occupied Egypt.

Gladstone declared in Parliament at that time, and the statement was repeated time and again in diplomatic correspondence from the British Foreign office, that the garrisons should be withdrawn from Egypt as soon as order was restored. This promise was not kept, either by Gladstone nor by his successor, Lord Salisbury. While a part of the troops have been withdrawn at times, reinforcements have been promptly sent every time there was any fear of French intrigue, or whenever the Khedive grew restless under the firm hand of Lord Cromer, the British representative, who is in reality the ruler of Egypt.

Just now we have a fresh instance of this policy. The Khedive has been criticising the actions of the British officers of the Egyptian army, expressing a desire to have his troops controlled by his own officers; and he was restive because they obeyed Lord Cromer's suggestions rather than his own orders. He was sharply called to order, British troops were at once sent forward in force, and the Khedive may yet lose his crown, and his brother be elevated in his stead. That is, he has been given to understand that he must be a puppet, or be removed. Great Britain never relaxes her hold on a weaker nation, where she can retain the slightest advantage by holding on; and official pledges and promises are broken without stint to hold any position she desires.

Cleveland has made so many blunders in his nine months of power that it is a pleasure to give him credit for doing one wise thing. He has announced his purpose to retain Hon. William T. Harris as Commissioner of Education. This is gratifying news to all interested in the prosperity of this bureau of the government. Mr. Harris was appointed in 1889 by President Harrison, because of the great reputation made by him as superintendent of the city schools in St. Louis. The office is non-political, and Dr. Harris has been so signally successful that eminent teachers in all sections of the country have united in requesting his retention. We are glad to know that this request is to be complied with.

Senator Vest ventures to differ from the autocrat of the White House. In the Senate he criticised the President's veto of the New York bridge bill, showing that upon one of the grounds upon which the veto was based there had been a decision of the Supreme court of the United States contrary to the position assumed by the President. Mr. Cleveland vetoed the bill to spite David B. Hill, and then made up a series of objections to cover the real reason.

The workingmen of the United Statse are rapidly finding out the delusive nature of the free trade theories which befooled them in 1891.

Congressman Breckenridge, of Kentucky, ought to be defeated. There should be some remembrance of virtue left in the "chivalrous" South.

A NOVEL AND GENEROUS OFFER!

It has just occurred to us that we want 50,000 or more new subscribers; and on the fifth page of this issue we make a splendid offer to our old subscribers that will, without doubt, bring us in all the new subscribers we can take care of. The Weekly Blade has a constituency of a little more than 100,000 subscribers who have been with us for a number of years. They know what The Blade is, and never stop it. Now, we want 50,000 new subscribers to become acquainted with the best weekly paper printed in the United States.

It is to be remembered that the matter in The Blade is prepared expressly for its columns. It is not, as so many weekly papers are, a mere mass of stuff which was prepared primarily for a daily newspaper, and afterward dumped into the weekly forms. It is the only great national weekly newspaper whose contents are written and set up expressly for its columns; and this is one of the factors of its remarkable success.

We believe our announcement of a magnificent series of premiums offered for new subscribers is the most liberal proposition ever made by any newspaper. At any rate, we know that after fulfilling our obligations under this offer we shall have left but a very small sum for The Weekly Blade one year to the new subscribers. However, we believe we shall be able to sustain the loss, and add 50,000 to 75,000 names to our books. We pledge our reputation on this offer, and guarantee that every present subscriber to The Weekly Blade who sends us one new name during February will receive the finest set of 64 engravings, with description of each, that ever came into his hands. We insist that this statement is literally true; and the only person who will be disappointed at the outcome of this offer is the one who does not send us a new subscriber during February. If only 50,000 of our subscribers avail themselves of this munificent offer during February, the other 50,000 who do not will feel very much dissatisfied with themselves afterwards, should they see one of these portfolios. The time to take this matter in hand is NOW, during February. After we get into March, we shall have all we can do to supply the current parts, without furnishing back numbers. Remember, you are not compelled to obtain the additional parts, if you are not satisfied with the first four parts; but we promise you that when you have the first four, nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of your making the effort to obtain the succeeding parts. Bear in mind that the new subscriber gets The Weekly Blade one year and a copy of the "Nasby Letters;" and the old subscriber, who makes the remittance, gets the first four of these Portfolios for his trouble. This offer is made ONLY in connection with the sending of a NEW subscriber—and by "new subscriber" we mean one who does not now take The Blade.

TALMAGE'S RETIREMENT.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage announces that he will retire this spring from the pastorate of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. This announcement follows closely on the news that the Tabernacle is badly in debt, with gloomy prospects of getting out. This rises the question whether Talmage proposes to abandon it because it is in a hole financially, or whether he is merely bluffing, in order to make the congregation hustle around and meet the debt. He is capable of doing either.

It really matters little which is true. Talmage has been declining in popularity for several years, and the end can not be far off. His sensationalism, his eccentricities of manner and statement, his evident incapacity to adhere to the absolute truth, have disgusted the thinking portion of the American people. He is recognized as a man whose entire public career has been one of self-seeking; that he is willing to sacrifice almost anything to maintain a place in the public eye. Brilliant he undoubtedly is, but brilliancy without sincerity is no recommendation in a Christian minister.

It may be that the result of Carlisle's bond call will be, that the most of the gold to be paid for the bonds will be taken out of the Treasury, and thus the gold reserve not be restored. A Washington dispatch says that since January 17, the day on which the secretary issued his circular inviting proposals, the Treasury Department "has lost $1,300,000 in gold and $1,500,000 in legal-tenders. The gold, it is asserted, is being withdrawn to purchase bonds, and the legal-tenders are convertible in gold on presentation, making in round figures $2,800,000 in gold, or its equivalent, withdrawn."

The condition among the people of the United States to-day is just what it was in 1857, when James Buchanan said, in his message to Congress, that he found "our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want." That was the result of a low tariff, also.

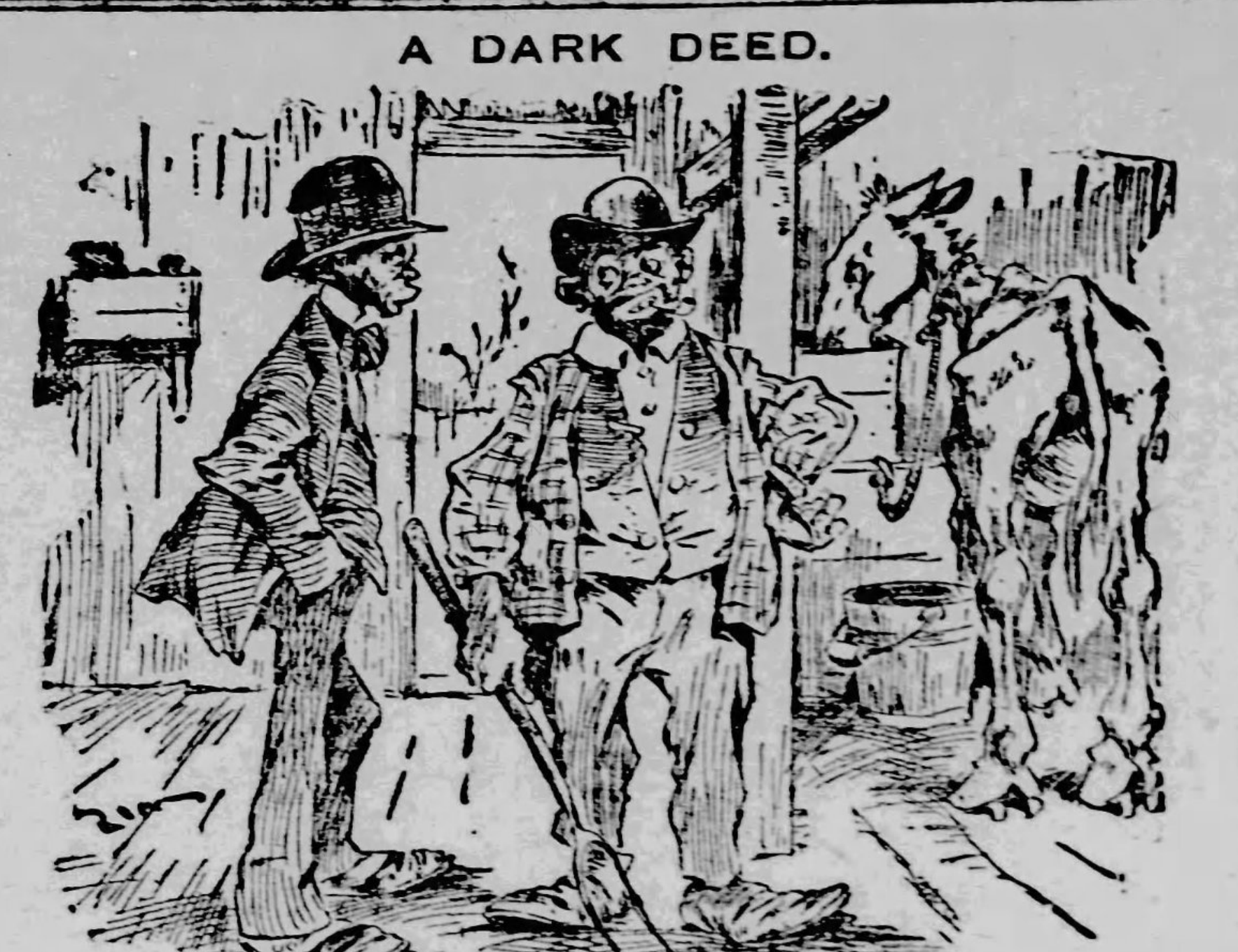
Atchison has a woman's club of seventeen members, fourteen of whom are officers of the organization. The other three are kicking for an extension of official positions so as to include themselves. This reminds one of Artemus Ward's project, in 1862, to raise a company to be composed entirely of brigadier generals.

Every one remembers the blue glass craze, started by General Pleasonton about fifteen years ago. Now comes the theory that red light is beneficial in cases of small-pox, and consequently that patients should have red glass windows to their sick rooms.

Mr. Cockran should take his medicine. He favored the deficiency tariff bill of Prof. Wilson, and he ought not to object to any method for making up the deficiency.

Twenty-one Republicans should go to Congress from Ohio this fall.

A DARK DEED.



"Say Lige, I fought you had sol' d e hoss to de Pahson?"
Lige—So I has; but Ise jus' waiti n' foh night to teck him ovah."

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

It will be recalled that, early in the Fifty-second Congress, Mr. Sherman introduced a bill in the Senate to give governmental backing and financial aid to the Nicaragua canal project. The measure did not get through Congress, though the idea seems to be popular. It will not be forgotten that both the Republican and Democratic national conventions of 1892 adopted a plank favoring the canal. The Republican declaration was that the canal

> Is of the highest importance to the American people, both as a measure of national defense and to build up and maintain American commerce, and it should be controlled by the United States government.

The resolution of the Democratic platform read as follows:

> For purposes of national defense and the promotion of commerce between the states we recognize the early construction of the Nicaragua canal and its protection against foreign control as of great importance to the United States.

Mr. Harrison, in his letter of acceptance, devoted a paragraph to an endorsement of the Republican position, and Mr. Cleveland did the same thing in his acceptance. President Harrison, in his last message, strongly urged Congress to take action regarding the cnaal, and so did President Cleveland in his message of last December. So there is no division between the parties on the general proposition that the Nicaragua canal should receive attention at the hands of the United States. The manner of doing this, however, is a subject needing careful consideration.

It is again brought into public attention through the introduction in the Senate of a bill by Mr. Morgan, Democrat, which differs but little from that introduced two years ago by Senator Sherman. It is a bill for government aid to the present company. It fixes the capital stock of the Maritime Canal company of Nicaragua at $100,0000,000, in one million shares at $100 a share; permits the company to issue bonds to the amount of $70,000,000; provides that the payment of interest and principal of these bonds shall be guaranteed by the United States; requires that $70,000,000 of the capital stock shall be deposited in the Treasury to protect the government, and authorizes the President to appoint ten of the fifteen directors of the company. In addition to the $70,000,000 of stock deposited in our Treasury, $6,000,000 shall be issued to Nicaragua, $1,500,000 to Costa Rica, and $6,500,000 to the creditors of the present company, a total of $84,000,000. It is assumed that the remainder of $16,000,000 and the $70,000,00 of bonds—which, with the government guarantee, could be sold at par—the canal could be completed by the Maritime company.

The Blade, at the time the Sherman bill was introduced, pointed out that it would be altogether better, in every respect, if the government should acquire the franchises and rights of the present company, and complete the canal itself. The experience of guaranteeing bonds for the Pacific railroads was not of a nature to lead the people to favor any further experiments in that direction. It would be better, we believe, to have the canal constructed by private enterprise, if possible; but as it seems to be too great a task, requiring larger sums than can be obtained as a loan by a private company, the transcendent importance of the canal to the United States justifies the government in entering upon its construction on its own account. But we do not believe in the government acting simply as security for the company. Let it build the canal itself, and have no partnership about it.

PECKHAM IS CHOSEN.

President Cleveland has sent to the Senate the name of Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York, to be associate justice of the Supreme Court, in place of the rejected Hornblower. The query of course is "Who is Peckham?" He is a lawyer of New York city, president of the state Bar Association, a strong anti-snapper, and hence a good Cleveland man. All his reputation is bounded by state lines, and he is in no sense a national character.

For ourselves, we regret that Cleveland did not get out of the New York rut. It is time that the great empire west of the Allegheníes should have a larger proportional representation in the highest court. Grant did splendidly when he came to Toledo and selected Morrison R. Waite as Chief Justice. Cleveland did well when he went to Chicago and selected Melville W. Fuller as Waite's successor. Why did he not abandon the internal broils of New York Democratic politics, and come to the West to select a successor to Blatchford?

The Democratic party is now divided in Congress into

Free traders.
Prof. Wilson's followers.
Free traders in everything that does not hit the particular Congressional district.
Tariff for revenue only.
Free traders and income taxers.
Revenue tariff and no income tax.
Just-a-little-protectionists.
Cuckoos.

Mr. Joseph Manley, the new chairman of the Republican national executive committee, is a Maine man, and makes no concealment of the fact that his candidate for President in 1896 is the man from Maine, Thomas B. Reed. The big three are now Reed, McKinley and—Harrison.

Congressman Sibley, Democrat, says the Wilson bill supporters would take the lid off hell, and looking down, say it was "pretty bright down there." It is, Mr. Sibley, and hot, too, red hot.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

AS TO WHEAT.

Referring to the fact that Indian, Russian and Argentine wheat is selling in Europe at prices three to ten cents a bushel below the American product of the same grades, and that our wheat exports are consequently extremely small, King & Co.'s Special Market Report of Saturday says:

> Our Boy Solomon says he wishes the United States could knock out the other wheat-exporting countries as easily as Corbett knocked out Mitchell. This country made an "undercut" last summer during the panic, but the other countries have been on the aggressive ever since. Our farmers have the advantage of improved machinery, but can not live on wind and rice as they do in India and elsewhere.

The price of our wheat is down to bed-rock. It is down to cost and freight; that is, it actually costs the farmer as much as he gets for it, and leaves him no margin of profit. It does not cost so much to raise it in the countries mentioned. Hence our farmers will be wise to devote a part of their acreage to other products. Live stock pays better than wheat, and every farmer should raise a diversity of crops, so as to make something, instead of risking all on one crop—wheat—which the world has been overproducing for years.

HON. J. C. SIBLEY RESIGNS.

Congressman J. C. Sibley, of the Erie-Crawford district, has tendered his resignation. Mr. Sibley was elected in 1892 in a strong Republican district by a fusion of Democrats, Populists, and Prohibitionists. He is a Democrat with Populist ideas on the financial question, but it was supposed that he would act with the Democrats. His speech denouncing the Wilson bill, in the House, a few days ago, was one of the most masterly arraignments of his party, for treachery to the people and its assault on the nation's industries, of this most sensational tariff discussion.

The congressional committee, Democratic, of his district at once called on him to resign, and the news comes that Mr. Sibley has tendered his resignation.

In view of the stand Mr. Sibley has taken the Republicans of the Erie-Crawford district ought to see that Mr. Sibley is returned to serve out his term and rebuke the free-trade element which appears to preponderate among the Democratic leaders.

A tailor's window on Fifth avenue, Chicago, displays a placard which is an object lesson on the relation of a protective tariff to wages. It reads thus:

> This is What Our Democratic Friends Wanted—a $35 Suit for $17.50. The Difference Comes Out of Our Clerks and Workmen. In Free Trade Times, Free Trade Prices.

The central truth is here illustrated that if any product is made cheaper by free trade or by the anticipation of it, that cheapness comes from the lowering of the wages of the men engaged in its production. No glittering theorizing can change the solid fact in such a case.

The New York Tribune Almanac for 1894 is on hand. Accurate, fair and complete, it is one of the best reference books published, and has been a vade mecum on every editorial desk in the land for at least two generations.

The Rochester Post Express proposes this new reading of the old proverb: "Uneasy lies the head that tries, in the face of popular opinion, to restore the crown." We move the amendment carry unanimously.

Rumors come from Washington that Prof. Wilson is sick. He ought to be. His bill is enough to sicken anybody.

WELL KNOWN WOMEN.

The German Imperial family will remain at the Royal Schloss, Berlin, until the end of April, when the Empress and her children will, in all probability, go to Schloss Urville, in Alsace, for a few weeks' change, and thence will return to Potsdam.

Farnborough will continue to be the summer home of the ex-Empress Eugenie. It is generally believed that she means to leave her residence at the latter to Prince Victor Napoleon, while Princess Letitia, Duchess d'Aosta, is to have the luxurious villa at Mentone.

Froeken Elsa Eschelsen, candidate of philosophy and law, has obtained permission from the King of Sweden to plead at the University of Upsala for the degree of doctor of laws, although she has not complied with the regulations, inasmuch as she has not officiated as a judge. Froeken Eschelsen will be the first lady doctor of laws in Sweden.

Deepdene, the house which has been leased by the Duchess of Marlborough, is a mansion replete with historic and literary interest. Disraeli's "Coningsby" is said to have been written here, and Henry Hope, in whose family the place has been for many generations, evolved here his well-known work, "Anastasius." The Duchess will doubtless do much to render the venerable pile yet more beautiful.

Princess Elizabeth, of Bavaria, and her husband, Baron Seefried, are staying at the Grand Hotel de Milan, in the latter city. A busy correspondence is maintained with Munich, and the newly-married pair are doubtless kept well informed of the state of public opinion concerning their romance. The Princess is said to vastly enjoy the novelty of concealing her identity, and being able to behave "like every one else."

The Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maude will probably go to Italy about the end of next month in order to recruit their health after the influenza, from which they have all been suffering at Sandringham, and they will afterward proceed to Athens on a visit to the King and Queen of the Hellenes. The Princess and her daughters are most likely going to San Remo when they leave England.

Queen Victoria will reside in the Isle of Wight until about February 15, when she returns to Windsor for a few weeks before taking her trip to the Continent, and during that time her majesty will pay two brief visits to Buckingham Palace. The Queen's principal yacht, the Victoria and Albert, is undergoing an unusually extensive overhaul and refit at Portsmouth, in preparation for the Continental trip to the Villa Fabbricotta, situated near Fiesole.

No one seems to have suspected a latent talent for literature in Mme. Octave Feuillet, the wife and now the widow of the celebrated novelist and dramatist, and the announcement that she is about to publish two volumes of "Souvenirs" takes all by surprise. These volumes are now in the press, and the few who have been permitted to peruse them, before publication, are unanimous in praising the graceful way in which the book is written, the simplicity of its style and the frank, pleasant humor which here and there pervades its pages. They even go so far as to see therein the manifestation of a possible and unacknowledged partnership in the works of Feuillet, the truth of which his widow will doubtless contest most strenuously.

In the three hundred members of the famous "Pioneers"—a ladies' club, in London—are included four doctors, one dentist and members of nearly every profession now open to women, besides such well-known ladies as Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Fanny Brough, Mrs. Wynford Phillips, Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Mrs. Jopling Rowe, Mme. Sarah Grand, Miss Olive Schreiner and Mrs. Eva McLaren. All, probably, are ardent suffragists. Nevertheless, enthusiasm is tempered with tolerance, for a member of the club, showing a tendency one day to sign a suffrage petition without reading it, was sternly rebuked by the small "buttons" who kept guard over it with the admonition, "Don't sign, miss, unless you feel quite sure!"

PURELY PERSONAL.

Frank Miller, a coal dealer of Bridgeport, Conn., claims to own the pet armchair of John Hancock, of revolutionary renown.

Lucinda Bedford, an ex-slave, died recently in Nashville, Tenn., at the age of 94. She left a fortune of over $100,000, which will be divided among colored relatives.

Mrs. R. C. Lincoln, of Boston, has given to the Museum of Fine Arts a piece of filigree work in silver from Algeria in the form of a coffee pot with a spout and handle of coral.

Wallace Garfield, a first cousin of President Garfield, is now living at West Dennis, Mass. He drove a mule on the same canal with his illustrious relative, and until recently has followed the sea.

Ariel Sebree Hall, Missouri's young Congressman, who gave up the practice of law for that of agriculture, is said to be the largest farmer in that state. He was very popular with the alliance till it started its "heresies," which he fought with all his power.

Rev. J. Bell Cox, of Liverpool, has set on foot a novel mode of raising help for the poor. It is known as the "Pound Party." A sack is sent round to the houses, people being invited to deposit therein a pound packet of tea, coffee, sugar, raisins, meat or any other article.

Speaker Crisp smokes very bad cigars, the worst in the House, in fact, and the members have acquired the habit of presenting him with cigars themselves, so that they can get within nose range of him when they wish to hold sweet converse with the eminent Georgian.

The Princess of Wales has been studying art rather seriously at Copenhagen, having taken lessons from both an English and a Dutch painter. Her two daughters take great pride in decorating their own rooms and own a collection of bibelots from all parts of the world.

So far as is known, Queen Christina of Spain is the only sovereign who has been up in a balloon, a feat she performed on the impulse some years ago when she happened to drive near a field in which ballooning experiments were made. No crowned head has equaled her highness.

James Denton Hancock, the Democratic candidate for Congressman-at-large in Pennsylvania against Mr. Grow, has been practicing law in Franklin, Venango county, ever since 1865, and has never held any political office. He is about 56 years of age and a revenue reformer of advanced type.

Mme. Meens, who died some months ago in Antwerp, left her fortune (estimated then at hundreds of millions of marks, but really worth about three millions), to all the relatives of her first husband, both on his father's and mother's side. Altogether more than 15,500 claims have been filed, and the entire estate will be swallowed up in legal fees and costs.

An heirloom in the possession of two Washington girls, the Misses Reynolds, great-granddaughters of the first President Harrison, shows that the chief executive escapes some horrors now that he once had to endure. It is a chair presented to him by the ladies of Indiana. Black cloth, embroidered in raised and cut worsteds in a design of American eagles and stars, lilies and roses, is the material of which it is composed.

The Baroness of Morio de l'Isle has hit upon a novelty in the way of entertaining, and is about to inaugurate a series of receptions, at which her salon in the Rue de l'Universite, Paris, will be transformed into a cafe-concert. The guests will be seated at little tables and will be served by young people attired as garcons and soubrettes, while on an improvised stage amateurs of "big-lif" will execute the chefs-d'oeuvre of the music hall repertory.

IN FASHION'S REALM.

A new twilled cloth for spring costumes resembles the weave of French vicuna.

Light shaded glace velvets and moires will be used for trimmings on spring costumes.

Velvet capes, coats, costumes, combinations and trimmings will be worn for months to come, and in some guises during the entire summer.

Stylish black cloth costumes are made up with white satin corsage garnitures nearly covered with cut jet arabesque passementeries.

The fancy for separate house waists continues, and they are already being made of velvet to be worn in the early spring with gored woolen skirts requiring merely a light cape to transform the gown into a street costume.

Accordion-plaited skirts of black silk muslin, with bodices of colored silk, have the yoke, and sleeve puffs to the elbow covered with black guipure lace. These make very effective and becoming toilets. A rich corn color is greatly liked for the silk portions of the bodice.

Parisian tea gowns of flowered moire are trimmed with a deep Marie Antoinette cape ruffle of lace, ending in a zouave jacket effect of the same. Black and white striped satin tea jackets trimmed with black and white lace insertion have fronts of white accordion plaited chiffon, completed by a fitted girdle. These are worn with skirts of black crepon, trimmed with black satin folds.

Ribbed velvet makes a stylish and dressy waist with full surplice or draped front that is carried in soft folds from the right shoulder and side seam across the front and around the back, where an end from the right side hooks to it, forming a belt. Lace cravats and jabots are worn with these waists, some of which have satin or moire capes and sleeves.

By allowing foreign goods to come in free of duty, everybody is to get rich. Everything is to be cheap, and labor cheapest of all.

After the passage of the Wilson bill, free government soup-houses should be at once provided for.

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here Is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 1 1-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size. GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size. OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size. WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size. SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size. GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra. GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
N. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. "Diana or Christ?"
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

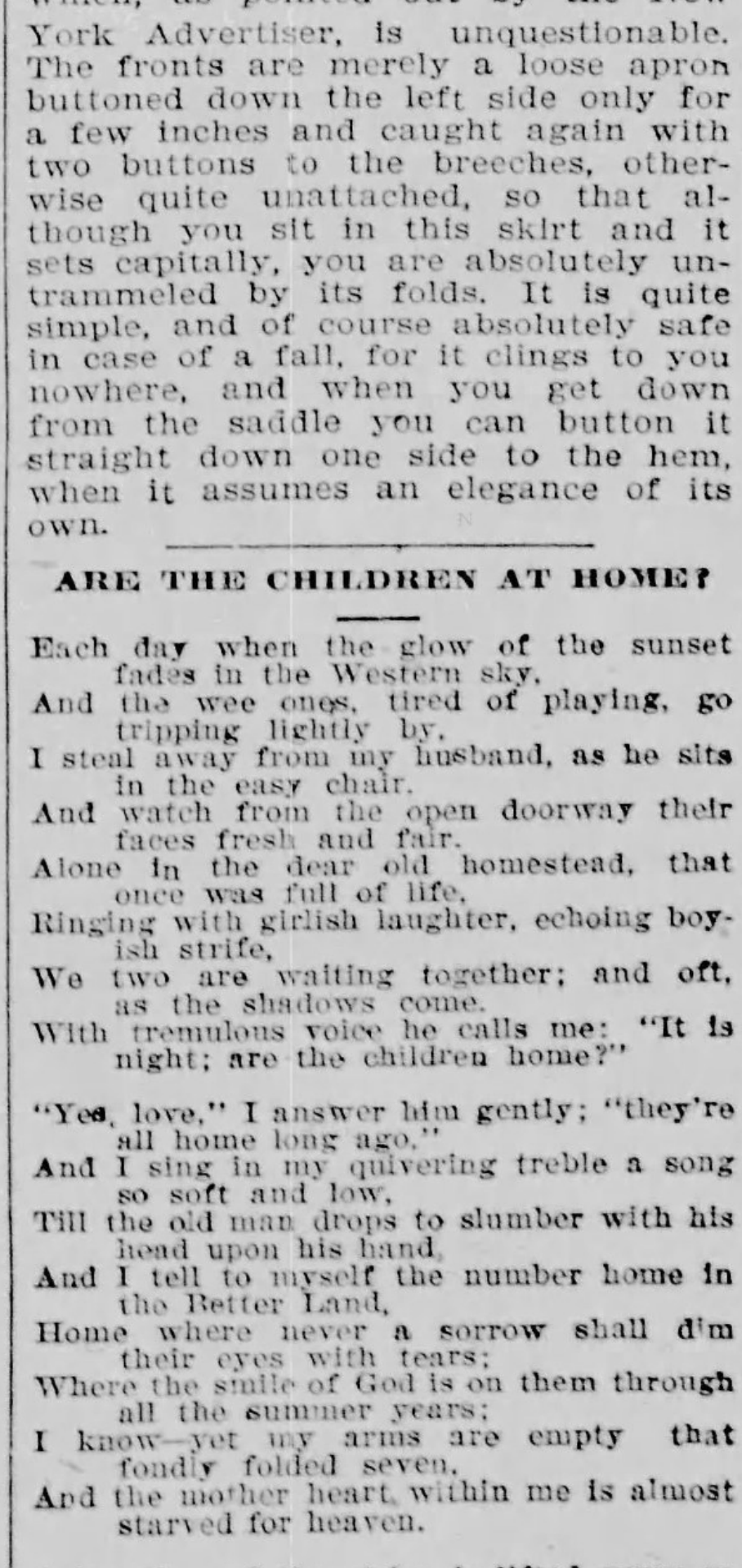
Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

FOR WEAR BY BICYCLISTS.

A Garment Invented in England and Now Worn in That Country.

An excellent safety habit has been invented by Mrs. Hayes, the author of "The Horsewoman," and it is used extensively in England. The skirt can be worn with grace for walking as well as for riding, an advantage which, as pointed out by the New York Advertiser, is unquestionable. The fronts are merely a loose apron buttoned down the left side only for a few inches and caught again with two buttons to the breeches, otherwise quite unattached, so that although you sit in this skirt and it sets capitally, you are absolutely untrammeled by its folds. It is quite simple, and of course absolutely safe in case of a fall, for it clings to you nowhere, and when you get down from the saddle you can button it straight down one side to the hem, when it assumes an elegance of its own.



ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of the sunset
  fades in the Western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go
  tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband, as he sits
  in the easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway their
  faces fresh and fair.
Alone in the dear old homestead, that
  once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter, echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together; and oft,
  as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me: "It is
  night; are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently; "they're
  all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering treble a song
  so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber with his
  head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number home in
  the Better Land,
Home where never a sorrow shall dim
  their eyes with tears;
Where the smile of God is on them through
  all the summer years;
I know—yet my arms are empty that
  fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me is almost
  starved for heaven.

A breath, and the vision is lifted away on
  the wings of light,
And again we two are together, all alone
  in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing; but I
  smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children, in the
  dear and peaceful years.
And still as the summer sunset fades away
  in the West,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go
  trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner: "Say,
  love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted: "Yes,
  dear, they are all at home."
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Mellifluous Hawaiian Tongue.

The banquet of the Yale Hawaiian club, a few evenings ago, closed with singing the following composed by a member:

Wahu laua mai nei,
O Grover Cleveland.
Anti-annexation.
No o a.
Olelo Cleveland i Mr. Willis,
E heliana oe i Honolulu.
Ence biki malea
Kipeku dei ka Provisional Government.
E komu oe Liliuokalani
Ma, nua Rona throne.
O, elo President Dole.
Noho malie.
Pil ki no Cleveland.
E hoks no Gresham.

In English this runs: "How are you, Grover Cleveland, anti-annexation Cleveland, who sent Mr. Willis to Honolulu? He was kicked about. The provisional government still stands and rules on Liliuokalani's throne. All hail President Dole, a sandy man. Cleveland's in the soup, and Gresham's in a fog."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

DEMOCRATIC CLOVER.

'Twas Christmas time a year ago,
  They said we'd be in clover,
For, were we not then going to have
  Four years more of Grover?
But scarcely one short year has past,
  And many's the day I've had to fast,
Can't say when I had a square meal last;
  'Tis what I call poor clover.

The silver question they've discussed,
  It really seems quite funny—
The people did the banks distrust
  And drew out all their money.
But Uncle Sam's money will do for me
  If only his bill or coin I'd see;
It's hard to tell where we will be,
  With three years more of Grover.

No doubt 'twas nice for him to try
  To give a lift to poor Queen Lily,
But that won't buy an overcoat
  For poor dear little Willie.
I was in hopes when Congress sat,
  That better times we soon would get,
But for those times I'm waiting yet.
  Is this what they call clover?

And now a bill has been prepared
  Which will revise the tariff;
I feel quite sure if it is passed
  That I'll be sold out by the sheriff;
For a chattel mortgage I've had to give
  In order to raise the means to live.
Oh, that some one to me would give
  A better kind of clover.
—Exchange.

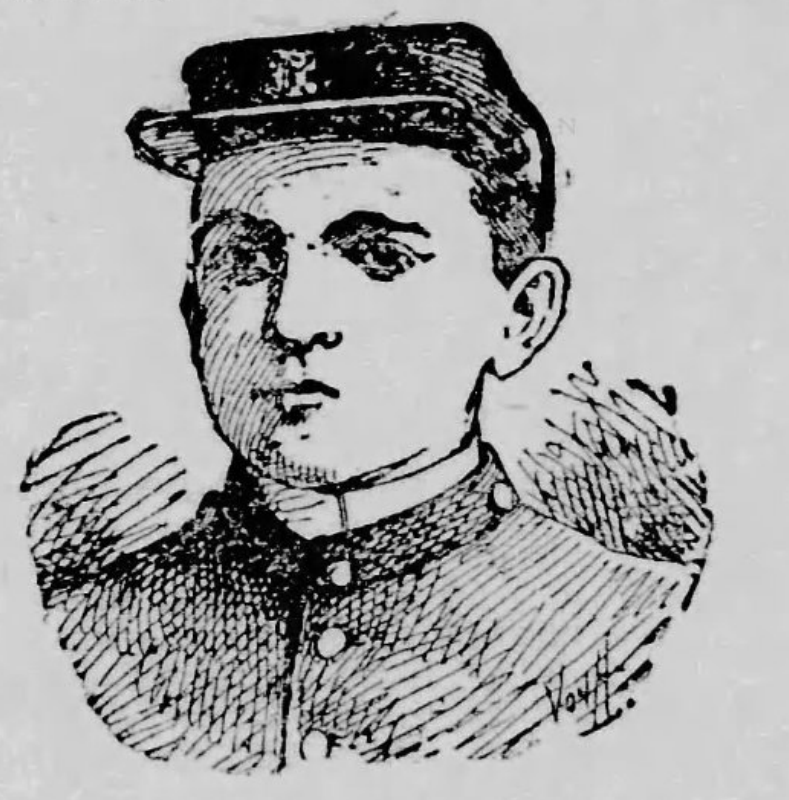
LOST EDDIE WEBSTER.

No Trace of the American Schoolboy Who Disappeared in Paris.

No trace has yet been found of Edward Webster, the American schoolboy who mysteriously disappeared at the St. Lazare railroad station in Paris on New Year's eve. He was accompanied by some friends of his parents, who are wealthy New York people. He had been spending a few days of the Christmas holidays with them and they were taking him to the St. Lazare station on the morning of Dec. 31, when he bade them farewell in order to take the 9 o'clock train for Colombes, where he intended to visit a cousin at the Convent de la Providence. He never arrived there so far as is known, and as the trip only occupies twenty minutes, it is hardly possible that any misfortune happened to him on the way.

Frere Gebuin, the principal of the Pensionnat Notre Dame du Sacre Coeur, at which the boy had been placed by his mother last July, notified the Paris police a few days after the lad disappeared, and after they had searched for him in vain he notified Mrs. Conkling, young Webster's mother, by cable.

Theodore Conkling, the boy's stepfather, immediately cabled to Paris authorizing John Munro & Co., the bankers, to offer a reward of $5,000 for his recovery. Mrs. Conkling sailed for Paris within two hours after the news of her son's disappearance reached her in New York. "I am utterly unable to advance any theory for Edward's disappearance," said Mr. Conkling. "He was a boy of the most regular and studious habits, and I cannot believe that, loving his mother as he did, he would have pained her by deliberately absenting himself. Even had he desired to do so, we know that he had no money at the time he disappeared, for he never drew more than a very small amount of the pocket money allowed him weekly."



EDWARD WEBSTER.

Young Webster is the only child of John P. Webster, who formerly lived at 9 West Forty-fifth street, and died about five years ago, leaving a large fortune, to which his son will fall heir. The indications are that the boy was kidnaped and is being held for a large ransom.

FAILURES IN THIRTY YEARS.

Some of the disturbed brethren of the Democratic press have had a great deal to say in comparison of the failures of 1873 under Republican government, with the failures of 1893 under free trade and trust government. Dun & Co.'s Review of last week, a non-partisan authority, has this interesting table, showing the annual failures and liabilities in the United States during the past 30 years:

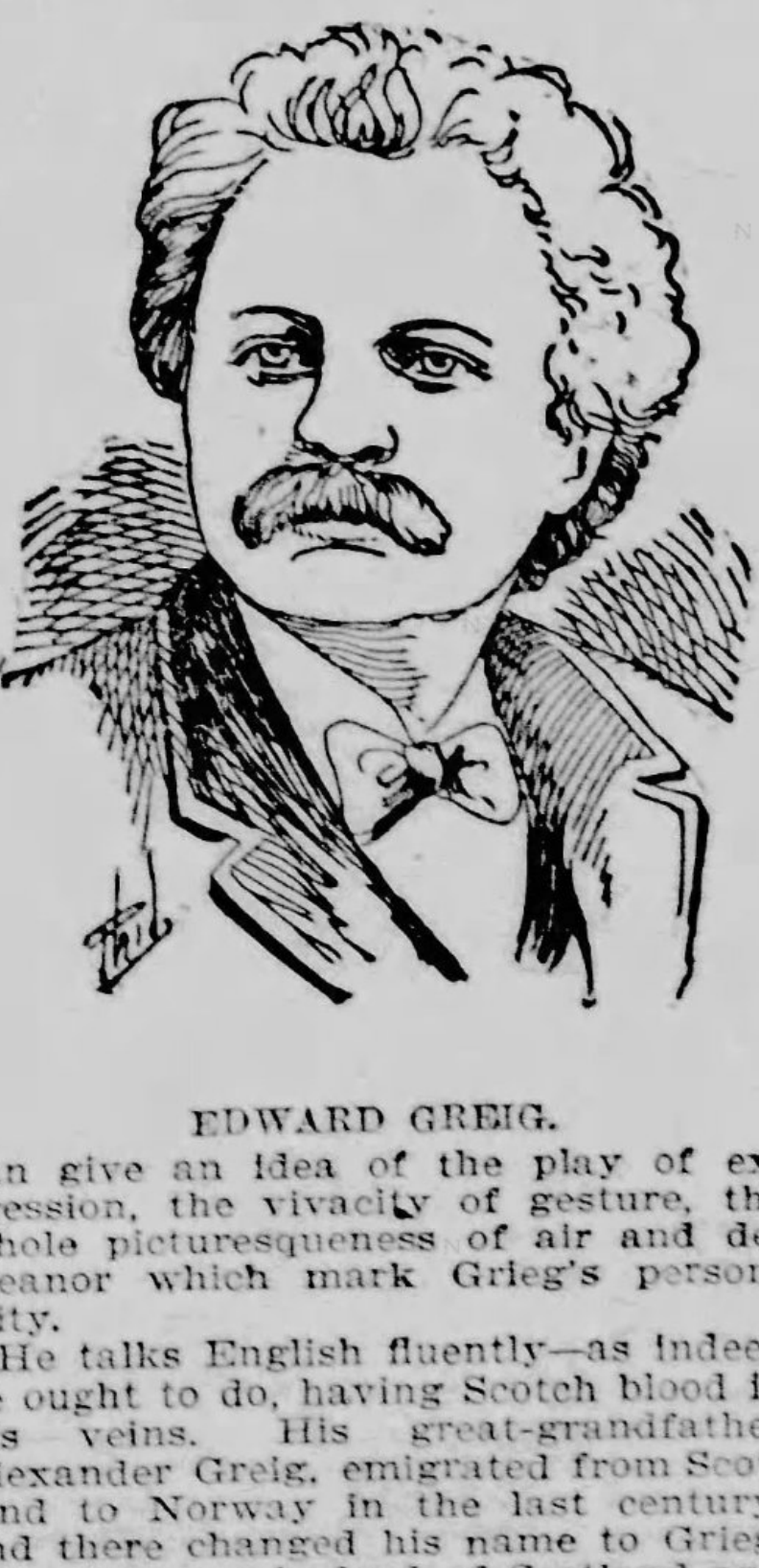
Year.	Failures.	Liabilities.
1863	465	$ 7,899,900
1864	520	8,579,000
1865	530	17,625,000
1866	1,505	53,783,000
1867	2,780	96,666,000
1868	2,608	63,694,000
1869	2,799	75,054,054
1870	3,546	88,242,000
1871	2,915	85,252,000
1872	4,069	121,056,000
1873	5,183	228,499,900
1874	5,830	155,229,000
1875	7,740	210,000,000
1876	9,092	191,117,000
1877	8,872	190,669,936
1878	10,478	234,383,132
1879	6,658	98,149,052
1880	4,735	65,752,000
1881	5,582	81,155,932
1882	6,738	101,547,564
1883	9,184	172,874,172
1884	10,968	226,343,427
1885	10,637	124,220,321
1886	9,834	114,644,119
1887	9,634	167,560,944
1888	10,679	123,829,973
1889	10,882	148,784,337
1890	10,907	189,856,964
1891	12,273	189,868,638
1892	10,344	114,044,167
1893	16,757	557,778,697

That table will be useful and helpful during the Congressional campaign of this year, and you ought to cut it out and paste it where it will be convenient for you and your free-trade friends to see it when the argument becomes so warm as to demand the production of the actual facts.—Des Moines Register.

COMPOSER EDWARD GRIEG.

Personal Description of the Famous Norwegian.

Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer, is, as his portrait shows, a rather romantic-looking person. He has large, clear blue eyes, with a light in them like the glint of sunshine through glacier-ice; handsome, regular features, a firm chin, and thick hair, now turning white. No portrait can give an idea of the play of expression, the vivacity of gesture, the whole picturesqueness of air and demeanor which mark Grieg's personality.



EDWARD GREIG.

He talks English fluently—as indeed he ought to do, having Scotch blood in his veins. His great-grandfather Alexander Greig, emigrated from Scotland to Norway in the last century, and there changed his name to Grieg. The composer is fond of Scotland and the Scotch, reads Carlyle, and delights in Scotch melodies. He says that he finds a similarity between the Scotch melodies and the Norwegian ones, especially when the sentiment is serious.

A Christian Future Assured.

The complete returns show that in 1890 the total number of Sunday schools in the world was 183,390; in 1893, 224,562—a gain of 41,172 in three years. The whole number of persons serving as teachers in 1890 was 1,999,569; in 1893, 2,239,738, or an increase of 240,169. The total number of scholars in 1890 was 17,716,212; in 1893, 20,268,953, or an increase of 2,552,741. These figures show an increase in membership in the Sunday schools of the world since 1890 of 2,792,880, and the present total of the Sunday school army of the world is 22,503,661. The latest figures for the United States alone are as follows: Total number of schools, 123,173; officers and teachers, 1,305,949; scholars, 9,718,422.

Like Pretty Girls.

Sparrows have so much curiosity that they will gaze in mirrors by the hour if not disturbed.

You Need It!

The Columbia Pad Calendar,

altogether the neatest and most attractive 1894 calendar issued. An indispensable desk necessity. It has daily leaves, with clever pen drawings on some, bright and interesting contributions on others, ample room for memoranda on all. Send seven two-cent stamps and we will mail it.

Address Calendar Dept.

POPE MFG. CO.,
221 Columbus Ave.,
BOSTON.

Mention this paper.

BOILED DOWN.

We make 80,000,000 needles annually.

Japan makes 6,000 tons of iron yearly.

Copper mines are a Paraguay discovery.

The world's oat crop is 15,000,000 tons.

Our cotton crop is over 9,000,000 bales.

Potsdam has a 5,500-foot artesian well.

Texas leads the states in cotton and cattle.

Women doctors appeared a half century ago.

Germany has 5,000,000 savings bank depositors.

An English blast loosened 200,000 tons of rock.

France is building an aluminum torpedo boat.

An English locomotive is to go 100 miles an hour.

Cast steel is much cheaper for casting bells than any other metal.

It is said that 32,000 varieties of goods are manufactured from wool.

The explosive power of dynamite is eight times stronger than gunpowder.

People in England are fined 40 shillings for walking on a railroad track.

The longest single arch in a stone bridge is 98½ feet, over the Rialto in Venice.

In the mixing of alloys Japanese bronze workers have surpassed those of all other nations.

The Bank of England estimates that the amount of gold in circulation in the world is 865 tons.

A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

Good-night, dear love! the shadows deepen,
  darken
And hide your face, and blot the last of
  light;
Yet stretch your hands toward me, dear,
  and harken
To this, my heart's good-night!

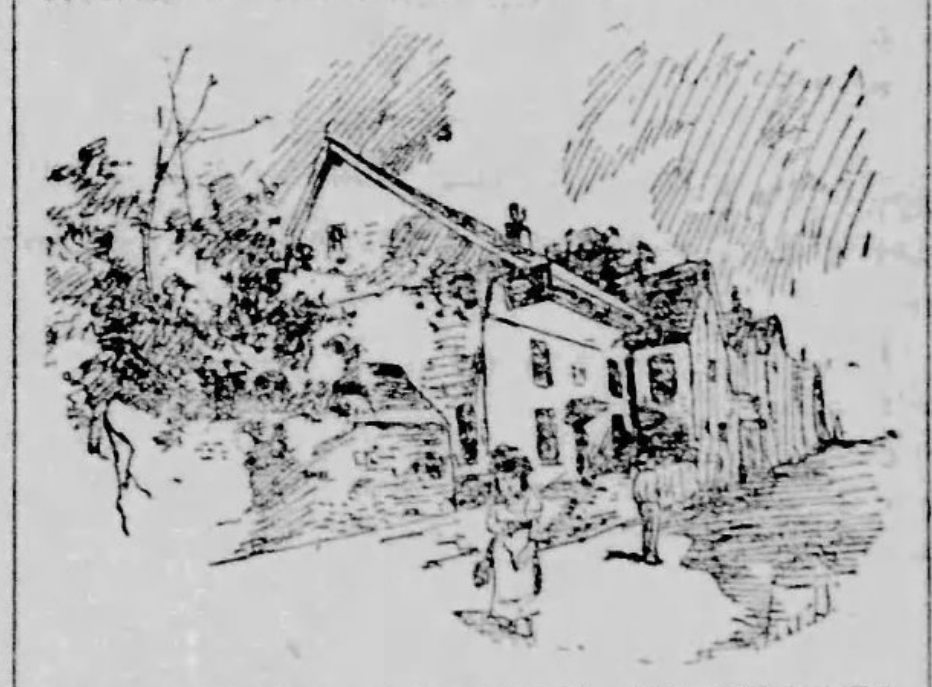
Good-night, dear love! my weak hands
  fain would hold you,
But fate prevails, with all its wrong and
  right;
I do pray God His great love may enfold
  you
After this last good-night!

Good-night, dear love! for all love's great
  endeavor,
Mine is the dark, and yours, thank God!
  the bright!
Take with you, sweet, the love that lives
  forever—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
—Atlanta Constitution.

POET COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE

Will be Preserved for the Visits of Numberless Devotees.

All who have enjoyed the poetic charm of "Christabel" and pondered over the hidden allegory of the "Ancient Mariner" will be interested in the movement for the preservation of Coleridge's historic cottage in the quiet Somersetshire village of Nether Stowey. The inscribed tablet which it was recently proposed to put on the cottage has just been placed there.



COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY.

A hundred years ago Nether Stowey was probably a larger, as it certainly was a more important, place than it now is. It was then a market town and in the street of Nether Stowey to-day, says the London Queen, it is some stranger who stops before an inn near the western end of the village, not a little surprised to find that this queer little place was for nearly three years the abode of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. When Coleridge took it and when he left it it was just a laborer's cottage. The front door impinged, as it does now, on the street, and a little tavern over the way enabled the poet to lounge out in slippers for a possibly comforting but very prosaic pint of beer.

The landscape of the neighborhood is closely reflected in Coleridge's verse, and here, it is not difficult to be persuaded, may be found the identical "green and silent spot, amid the hills, a small and silent dell," of which the poet wrote so exquisitely in April, 1798.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia each possesses a prayer rug made of diamonds and pearls and valued at $2,000,000.

The latest report from the British and Foreign Bible society on the spiritual condition of Portugal gives evidence of an increased desire on the part of the people to read the Scriptures. An edition of 10,000 copies of the Portuguese New Testament in pocket size has been authorized.

The 1893-'94 catalogue of the Reformed Church Theological Seminary, at New Brunswick, N. J., reports an enrollment of 39 students. The senior and junior classes each have 14, and the middle class has 11.

Medical missions have played a more prominent part in China than anywhere else on the globe. According to recent figures there are in the Flowery Kingdom 126 physicians, 61 hospitals, 44 dispensaries, and 100 medical students. It seems that the Chinese can be won through these means better than by any other.

If sufficient funds can be got together in time, January 25 will mark the birth of a new Protestant paper in Paris. Its object will be to promote the Protestant interests of France and bind that country more closely with the Protestant world.

Out of a total population of 95,000 in the Sandwich Islands 24,000 are Catholics.

The Pope is reported to be writing his memoirs. They are for the exclusive perusal of the next Pope. His private secretary is bound to secrecy.

The number of Roman Catholic churches in Great Britain is 1,735, and 1,500 of these have been built during the last 50 years.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

Not a Patch Beside the Old-Time Wastefulness in Feminine Wear.

One hears a great deal about feminine extravagance in dress, and its deterrent effect upon the marriageable young men, who shrink back in terror from the altar when they consider what it costs to dress a girl according to the dictates of modern fashion. Therefore it is interesting to read of a certain Miss Phraser's new gown, made in the year 1676, which cost $1,676, and of which it is recorded: "It frights Sir Carr Scroope, who is much in love with her, from marrying her, saying his estate will scarce maintain her in clothes."

Verily there is nothing new under the sun. Not in centuries has there been made a gown so resplendent as that worn by the Medici queen, whereon were embroidered 3,200 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. And what belle in the last cycle has been arrayed so resplendently as that Mme. de Montespan, who wore at a great court festival "a gown of gold on gold, broidered in gold, bordered with gold, and over that gold frieze stitched with a gold mixed with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been imagined."

A Fatal One.

Blago (to real estate agent)—Now, sir, my wife has taken a great fancy to that last house you showed us; but it's a little more than I want to pay. Can't you throw out some objection that will make her change her mind?

Real Estate Agent—Yes, sir; I'll tell her you say you won't live in any other.—Puck.

This Is a Whopper.

One tree recently cut down in Tulare county, Cal., was 33 feet in diameter at the base.

THE FEBRUARY SKIES

SOME OF THE OBJECTS OF INTEREST TO AMATEUR GAZERS.

Some of the Large Constellations It Will be Interesting to Watch—The Planets This Month.

February is a delightful month for star gazing, particularly if one can reinforce the naked eye with an opera glass. At 9 o'clock in the evening, at the beginning of the month, and by 8 o'clock, near its close, the finest of the constellations and the most brilliant of the stars are above the horizon, while around and overhead is a host of interesting objects—star clusters, nebulae and double stars—either visible to the naked eye or within the reach of an instrument of very moderate power.

At the hour named the constellation Orion, with its splendid setting of first magnitude stars—Betelgeuse, Rigel, Sirius, Procyon and Aldebaran stands in midheaven, almost exactly in the south. Overhead is the constellation Auriga, the principal star in which, Capella, ranks in splendor second only to Sirius.

In the north the two most striking of the circumpolar constellations—the Dipper, and the W shaped figure of Cassiopeia, "The Lady in Her Chair"—may be seen at about equal altitudes above the horizon, the one to the right and the other to the left of the Pole star.

In the east is the constellation Leo, containing the star Regulus, the sickle shaped group of stars which forms the head of the constellation being at about one-third of the distance from the horizon to the zenith. At about the same altitude in the west is noticeable a pair of second magnitude stars in the head of Aries.

Algol, the Blinking Demon.

Algol, the "Blinking Demon," as it was called by the Arabs, is an exceedingly interesting variable star. After maintaining for about two and a half days its ordinary splendor as a star of the second magnitude it begins to lose its brilliancy and at the end of three and a half hours it has faded to a star of the fourth magnitude. In this condition, it remains 15 or 20 minutes and then begins to brighten, and in three and a half hours it has again become a star of the second magnitude, thus to remain for another period of two and a half days. The generally accepted explanation of this singular behavior of Algol is that it is attended by a dark satellite which revolves around it, and at regular intervals passing between us and it cuts off a portion of its light. On three evenings of this month "minima" of Algol will occur at hours favorable for observing them. On the 16th it will begin to wane at about 10 p. m. (Washington mean time) and will reach its minimum of brightness a half hour after midnight. On the 19th its minimum will occur at 24 minutes past 9 p. m., and on the 22d at 13 minutes past 6 p. m.

Another remarkable variable star—so remarkable that it has been given the name Mira, the Wonderful—is in the constellation Cetus (the Whale), which at 9 p. m. is now only partly above the horizon, a little south of west. Mira's period is much longer than that of Algol and its habits are more eccentric. Ordinarily it is a telescopic star away below the limits of the naked eye, but occasionally it takes a freak and begins to brighten. After a while it becomes visible to the naked eye and in about 40 days thereafter it has attained its greatest brilliancy, which is usually that of a star of the second magnitude. Then it begins to wane and at the end of three months it is again lost to the naked eye.

The Beautiful Pleiades.

The beautiful little cluster of the Pleiades, a short distance to the right of Aldebaran and above Jupiter, hardly needs to be pointed out as a fine object for an opera glass. Close beside Aldebaran is the V shaped cluster known as the Hyades, which is also a splendid object for that instrument. Another fine opera glass field is the region around Regulus, in the Sickle.

The star Mizar—the middle star in the handle of the Dipper—is double, and may be separated with a good field glass or, at any rate, with an ordinary "spy glass." Its components are both white, one somewhat smaller than the other.

The Planets.

Mercury will be an evening star throughout the month. It reaches its greatest eastern "elongation" on the 25th, and for a few days about that time it may be looked for low in the west a half hour or so after sunset.

Venus shone with her greatest brilliancy on the 10th of last month, and since then has been rapidly drawing in toward the sun. On the 4th of this month she will be but one hour to the eastward of the sun and will be too low at sunset to be visible. Her inferior conjunction with the sun occurs on the 15th. After that date she will be a morning star.

Mars is now a morning star, rising at about 1 a. m.

Jupiter is still a splendid evening star, remaining above the horizon until after 1 a. m. On the 14th he will be in quadrature with the sun.

Saturn is an evening star, rising now at about 11 p. m. Uranus, in the constellation Virgo, rises at about midnight. Neptune is in Taurus, about 1 hour and 20 minutes in advance of Jupiter, but, of course, invisible to the naked eye.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CUCKOO.

The cuckoo is a prudent bird,
  He haunts the White House clocks;
And when his Papa's voice is heard
  He straightway finds his vox.

He's prudent to a marked extent,
  The cuckoo is, about
The inconveniences of rent—
  And so he does without.

The poets hear his downy cry
  Reverberate in Spring,
But when to salt his tail they try
  He's ever on the wing!

Oh, do not flout the gay cuckoo,
  His lustre do not dim;
So swift he hies lest measly flies
  Perchance should light on him.

Refrain, oh Congressmen, refrain
  From fibing the cuckoo,
E'en tho' his utterances give pain
  To us and eke to you!
—J. P. B. in New York Recorder.

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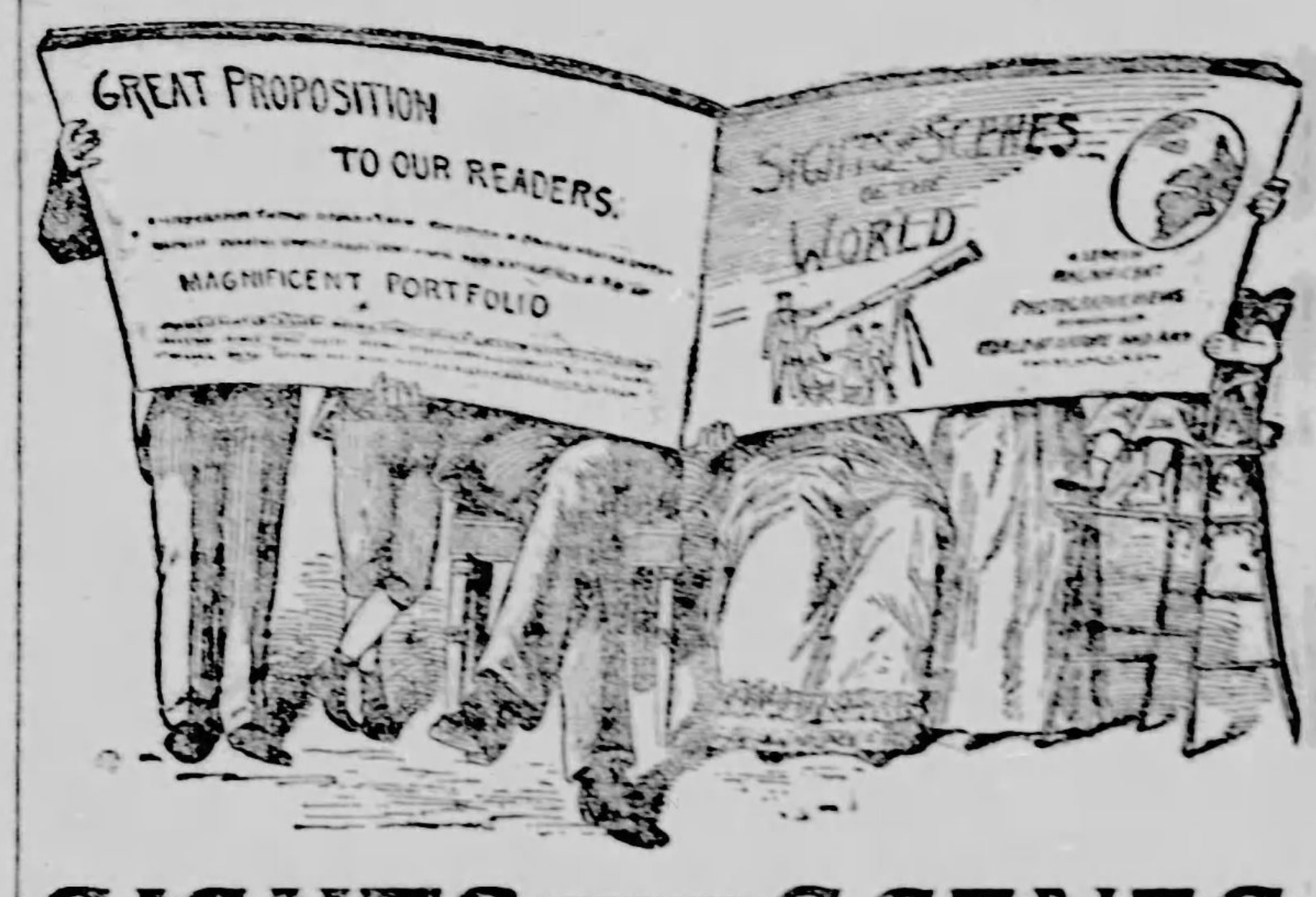

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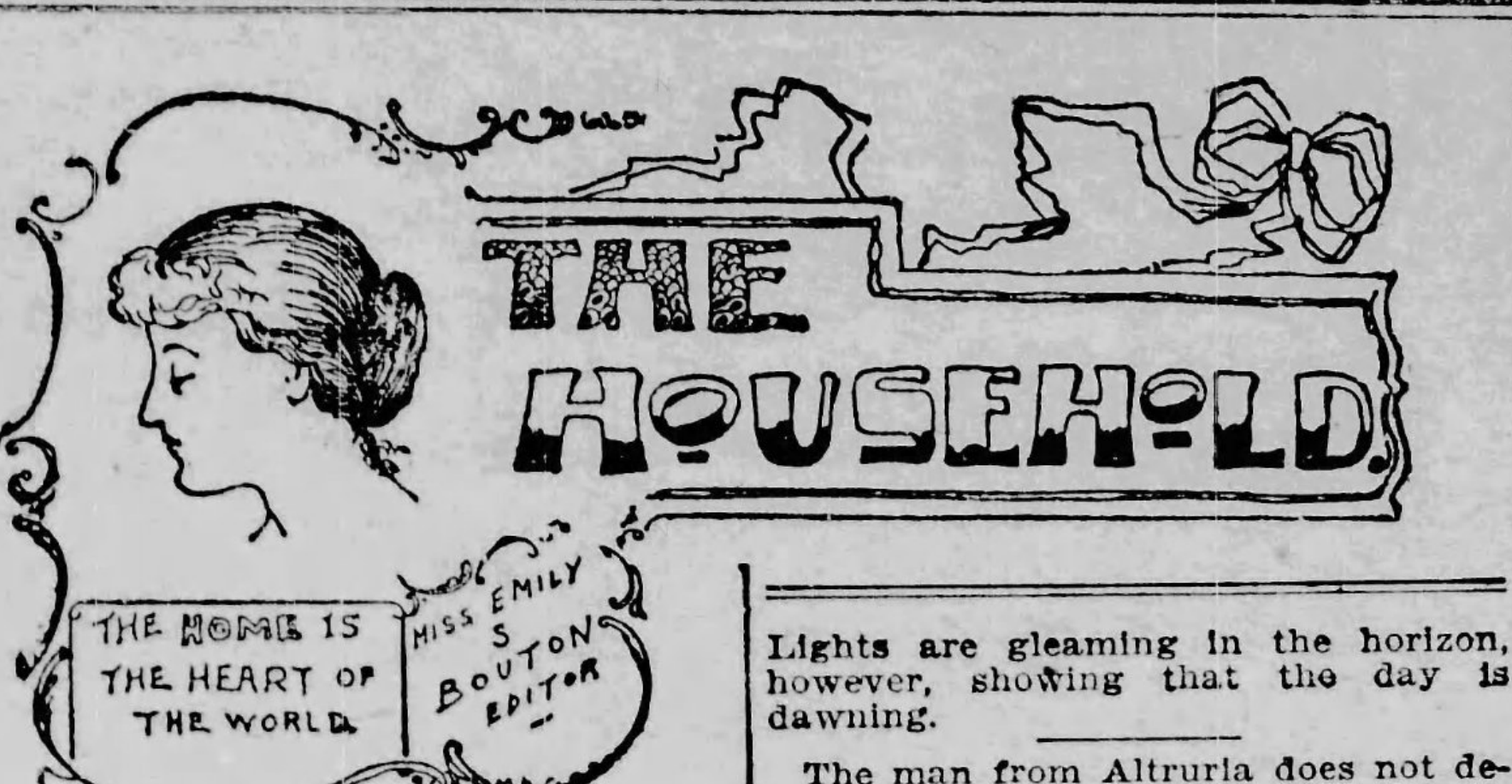

THE HOUSEHOLD
THE HOME IS THE HEART OF THE WORLD
MISS EMILY S BOUTON EDITOR

DISCIPLINE.

It is the time of waiting that is hard;
Slow creep the hours with restless longing filled.
The strong desire that will not brook delay,
The call to duty that will not be stilled.

Good is not wrought in haste; they hurry not
The powers that order in their turn the day and night,
The snow and frost, the warm, persuasive rain;
The lowering cloud, the noontide's floods of light.

All the creative forces move resistlessly
Veiled in the darkness, and no listening ear,
As sentient cells expand, and colors wake and glow,
The faintest jar of atoms taking form may hear.

Silence, and solitude, and patience—these
O Soul, shall have with thee, as well, their way:
And no imperious will shall bring thy fate to pass,
Nor wild rebellion force thy doom's delay.
—Mary H. Krout, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOME TALKS.

OUR WAYS FROM AN ALTRUISTIC STANDPOINT.

The Difference in Conditions—How Habit Warps Our Judgment—And Then?

I wonder how many of those who are reading Mr. Howells's Altruistic articles are following, not just the line of incident and talk, but the underlying thought which is as near a lesson as this author ever permits himself to give. In fact there is more than one lesson most emphatically taught in these gracefully turned sentences, or, perhaps, I might better term them, truths.

In the January number of the Cosmopolitan he emphasizes the rule of chance which we all live under, a rule which tends to make people hard and unpitying towards those who are less prosperous, instead of inducing an opposite state of feeling as one would naturally think it might. The reason for this condition given is the insecurity of possession "which every man has in his secret soul" but which is far greater in the man who has once been poor and grown rich than in the one who has never known what it is to be afraid of the wolf at the door. "There is, indeed, no security for wealth, which the Americans think the chief good of life, in the system that warrants it. When a man has gathered his millions he cannot be reduced to want probably, but while he is amassing them, while he is in the midst of the fight, or the game, as most men are here, there are ninety-five chances out of a hundred that he will be beaten." He goes on to say that if this common danger of failure bred a common kindness it would be all right, but it does not seem to have that effect.

This touches upon the evils that spring from competition, which, as has been frequently said, is the soul of trade and indeed of most material things accomplished. So it is if it be a healthy one, that which does not bring into play the worst passions of mankind in the mad strife to forge ahead in the race that is being run. I think the selfishness which overpowers the better thought comes largely from the training that begins in the childhood and is kept up so long as life lasts. Few, if any, are taught to like work or business for the work's sake, or for the pleasure of doing something as well as it can be done. That this condition of mind is possible is made evident in the case of men like Edison who would go on intent upon accomplishment if there were no money connected with it. Not but that inventors have an eye for gain, but that, in many cases it is a smaller part of the results of their efforts, and frequently, as is well known, they pass from one thing to another, apparently losing all interest in what has proved a successful materialization of their thought, through absorption in some new possibility.

The state of mind which aspires to ownership without necessarily keeping the thought centered upon self, self to the exclusion of all others who are working to the same end is one that can be cultivated by education. It is no dream of Utopia, but what could be made a reality. It is the contrary sort of training that is given. From their very cradles, children are taught that their chief aim should be to get ahead of their fellows, fairly if they can, but to get there. That is the spirit of the age and the outcome is what the traveler from Altruria sees in his visit to New York. "That is the great trouble here, my dear Cyril," he writes; "you cannot anywhere get away from the misery of life. You would think the rich for their own sakes would wish to see conditions bettered so that they might not be confronted at every turn by the mere loathliness of poverty."

And then he goes on to say that he supposes it is habit, having been the condition "since the beginning of time in those unhappy countries where there are rich and poor." I think there is much truth in that. We get so accustomed to certain things that they are not "vital realities" to us, and this great difference in the circumstances of people is accepted as an inevitable and unavoidable thing: Poverty and misery and suffering for the larger proportion of mankind; comfort or luxury for the smaller. And the cure can be found and made effective only by commencing with the little ones and teaching them to reach towards the highest possibilities of their lives in a natural way without the mad rivalry that makes the failures of others stepping-stones to success.

Mr. Howells is showing us in a very graceful way how our civilization looks to one who views it from the purely altruistic standpoint. We flatter ourselves, here in the UnitedStates, that we are really the best, as well as the greatest, people in all ways that the sun ever shone upon, when in reality, we are great but in one way. Intellectually we are advancing. Spiritually we are in the depths. Lights are gleaming in the horizon, however, showing that the day is dawning.

The man from Altruria does not despise wealth and the pleasures it brings as an entirety. It is simply that American people do not know how to put the final touch to their condition. "America," he says, "like Altruria, means equality if it means anything in the last analysis. But without economic equality there can be no social equality, and finally there can be no political equality; for money corrupts the franchise, the legislature and the judiciary here, just as it used to do with us in the old days before the Evolution. Of all the American fatuities, none seems to me more deplorable than the pretension that with their conditions it can ever be otherwise, or that simple manhood can assert itself successfully in the face of such power as money wields over the very soul of man."

That is well said, but it will be long before the lesson is learned. Wealth brings physical enjoyments, and we live largely in the senses. It gives power, and ambition drives with firm hand the majority. The increased responsibility which it brings is rarely realized, seldom even thought of. Every dollar gained adds to the ability, and therefore to the duty of the gainer to do more for those less fortunate than himself. No human being can get away from that duty, and if it be neglected, somewhere and sometime it will face him, and he will be compelled to answer its challenge.

I am reminded right here of a little poem about wealth, in the same number of the Cosmopolitan from which I quoted further back, that has an inner meaning, and I will copy it here:

Not only wishes he possessed
Unconscious health,
Wherewith by fortune blessed—
But also
Wealth.

Not only after riches strives
Each waking hour,
And wins, since fate contrives—
But also
Power.

Not only yearns the joys to know
As life goes past,
Which wealth and power bestow
But also
Caste.

Not only health, wealth, power and caste
Came at a breath;
Not only these, at last
But also
Death.

He had all the good things which material life could bring, and then he had the final change which turned them to naught. And yet all these things are blessings, if made so. They may be stepping stones heavenward, but to follow them upward is far harder than to yield to the ministrations of pain, because they to whom the pleasant gifts are given are apt to close the eyes to their leading.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Is "Father Adam" to be Blamed or Praised?—A Word to Workers.

I know a person who, when she finds the world has "ganged aglee," and every person in it is out of tune, quarrels her way comfortably back to Adam, and finishes her lament with: "Why couldn't Eve have left that apple alone? Then I might have been sitting on a mossy bank doing nothing, instead of working from morning till night!"

She would not have enjoyed that "state of idleness" one-half so well as she does her busy housekeeper's life, making and mending, cooking and contriving, keeping a watchful eye on the "expense account," and helping her "gude man" to weather the financial storms that threaten him; and nine out of ten of the members of the Household are like her; though once in a while, when the work comes too fast and steady, an impatient wail rises from some one of them, burdened perhaps with poor health, or lack of means to do for those she loves better than herself.

There are some drones in our hive no doubt, but I feel sorrier for them than for the workers. There is so much gratification in work well done, whether it is a painting or a poem; a batch of bread or a patch on the sleeve of Johnnie's coat, and the drones never experience that.

Then, I read in an autograph album years ago: "Where you are useful there you will be welcome;" drones are never welcome at home or abroad; in any kind of work or play, it is the workers, those who have ideas, and the skill and will to put them into effect that are sought for.

Some of us are apt to compare our burden with our neighbor's, and sigh because ours is so much the heavier. Do you remember the story in the old "spelling book" about the people who were permitted to cast all their infirmities upon a great pile, and to take away with them any affliction that seemed more desirable than the one they had left? And do you remember how gladly they hurried back to take up their own again, finding they could better bear the trials Providence had laid upon them, than those they chose for themselves?

Teachers, artists, writers, dressmakers, housekeepers, male or female, every one has his own trials, but everyone has too, his own rewards, coming no less from the pleasure given them by the consciousness of power to do, and to do well, than by the actual money value of their services.

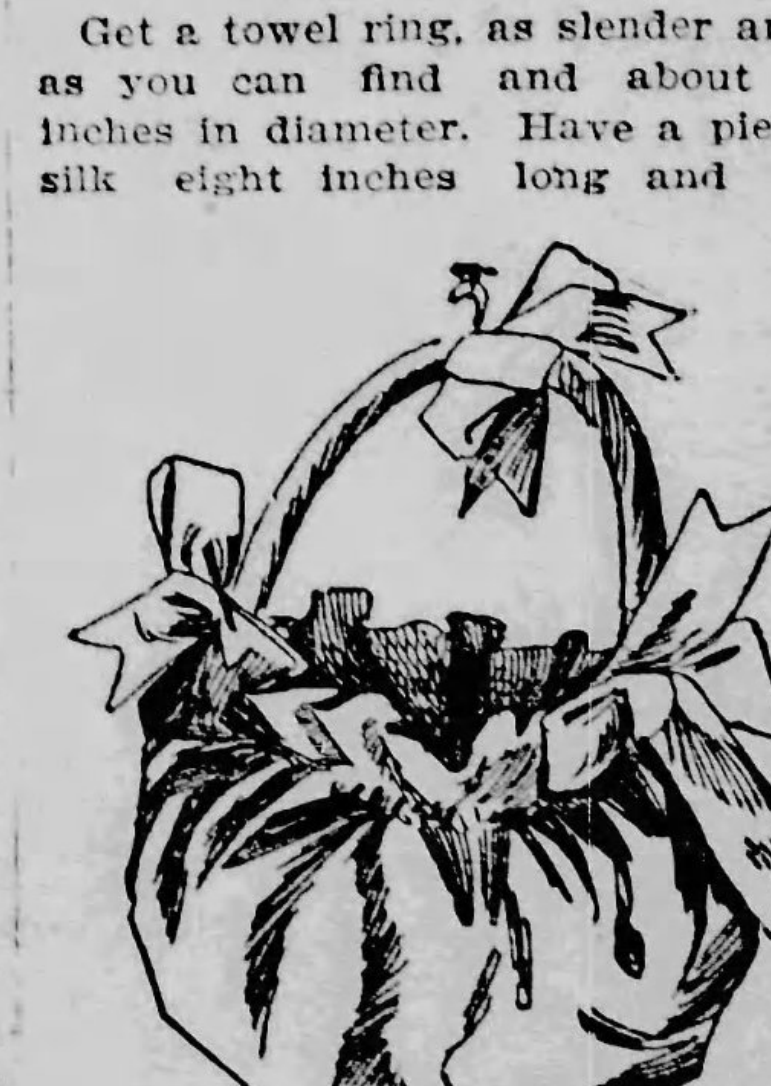
There are those who bear the burden of poor health or of some physical or mental infirmity; I pity them; there are those who carry the sins of others upon their innocent shoulders; I pity them; but for the honest, cheerful army of workers I have no pity, only the heartiest respect and admiration. And when I read of the hundreds of men begging for work, I cannot but think that every one must realize at last that the curse has changed to a blessing to be earnestly sought for and reverently received.—L. F.

BRING FORTH YOUR NEEDLES

And All Other Materials With Which to Make Pretty Things.

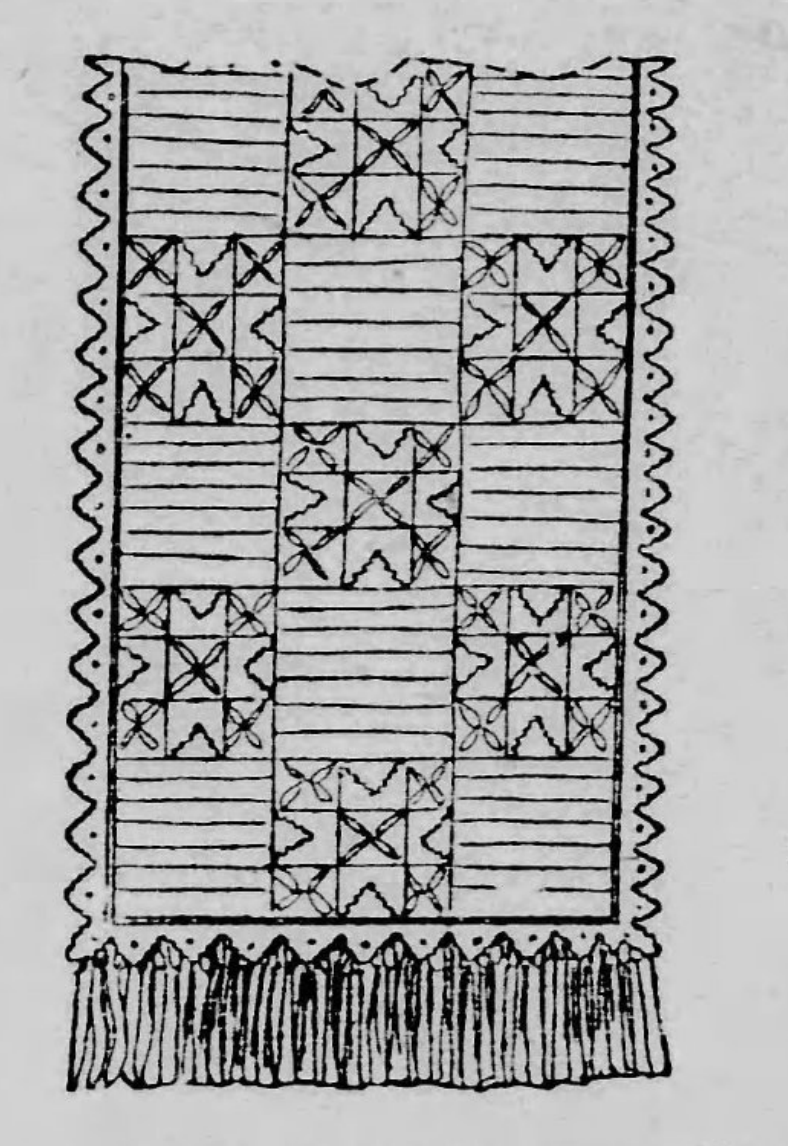
Hair Receiver.

Get a towel ring, as slender an one as you can find and about five inches in diameter. Have a piece of silk eight inches long and wide enough to hold half the ring, and make a frilled heading above. Fold this together to form the bag. Curve the bottom to the shape of the ring. Shirr the top upon a piece of bonnet wire, bent in an oval shape. Fasten the bag to the sides of the ring, allowing half to project above. Put ribbon bows upon each side and also at the top, with a loop to hang it up by.



Scarf Drapery.

This pattern may be utilized in various ways. One is to make a portiere, and it forms a very handsome one. The lace squares may be bought by the dozen and are not very expensive, that, however, depending largely on the quality. The plain squares are made of silk or satin, as any one chooses, the color depending upon the furnishings of the room. Or, if one desires to do the work, they may be crocheted, or made of strips of ribbon sewed together. There is room for the fancy and willingness to work to have sway. When the strip is of the necessary length and width, it may be lined with wool or silk of a pretty contrasting shade to the squares. The sides and bottom are trimmed with broad, heavy lace, and across the bottom is also added a fringe. This is to be hung to the pole by rings, and allowed to fall straight to the floor.



Handy Slippers.

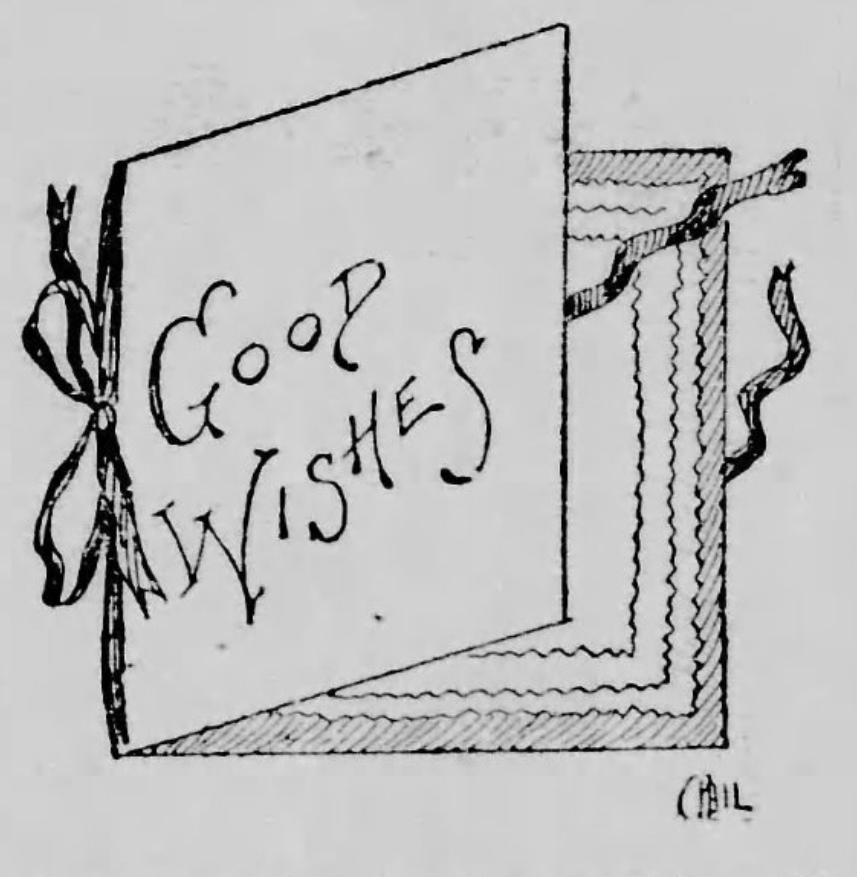
An easy present to make, and one almost sure of grateful acceptance, described in Harper's Bazar, is a pair of knitted boots which come up well over the ankle, and which are comfortable to put on in bedroom or carriage when the weather is very cold. Three ounces of double Germantown wool are required, a pair of cork soles, some knitting needles, No. 12, and two yards of inch-wide satin ribbon to match the wool.

Cast on 35 stitches, and knit in plain garter stitch such a strip which is eighteen or nineteen inches long. Fold over one end, making a half square, and join the other end to the straight edge thus formed. This makes the toe, which has a bias appearance, and is easily fitted to the sole in consequence. Crochet a full ruche around the top and run the ribbon through it, finishing in front with a bow. Overhand to the soles on the wrong side, taking care to fit them properly at the toe.

These slippers may be made of any color preferred; but scarlet, with a ruche of black and black satin ribbon bows is serviceable as well as handsome.

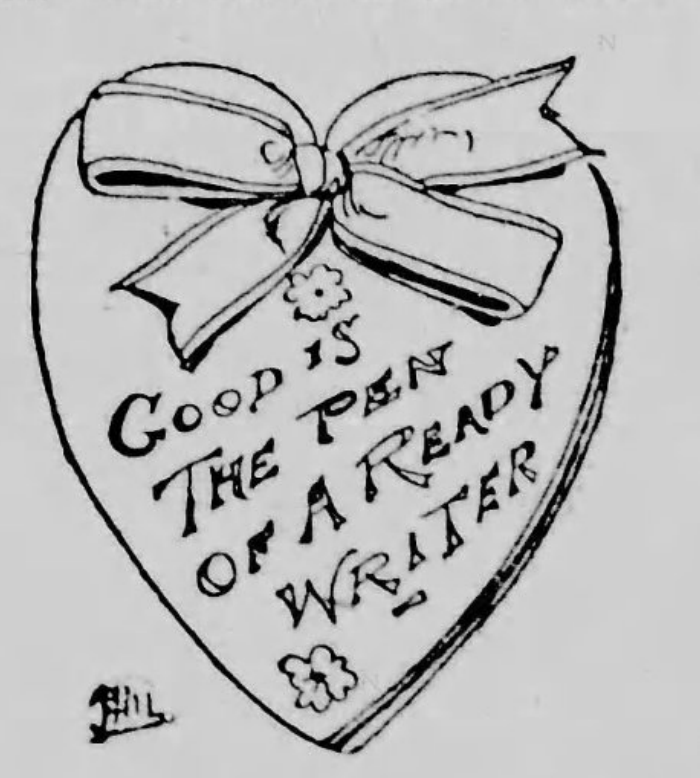
Birthday Needle Book.

Cut four pieces of cardboard, three by three and a half inches. Have two pieces of white linen and two of blue silk, each large enough to cover a piece of cardboard. Upon one linen piece etch the words "Good Wishes," in color, with little forget-me-nots above and below. This is for the top side. Embroider the other piece with the same flower. Stretch the linen piece over the cardboard. Cover the other two pieces with the blue silk. Overhand one of the blue pieces to one of the white for the front of the book, and the other two together for the back. Tack the two together at the back and tie baby ribbon over the fastenings. Sew baby ribbon for tieing strings on the edge of the book, and to the inside fasten small squares of white flannel, pinked all around.



Blotting Pad.

Cut out several heart-shaped pieces of blotting paper and one for the top made of some shade of water-color paper. The latter is to be decorated in any pretty way with paintings of flowers and gold lettering. Then pierce a hole through all of the hearts and draw a ribbon through to tie them together.


GOOD IS THE PEN OF A READY WRITER

To Lovers of Fancy Work.

The editor is anxious to have the members of the Household contribute from their stores of pretty possessions descriptions of things to be made. To this end she offers a prize of Sarah Orne Jewett's "Deephaven," prettily bound, to the one who will send the best descriptive article on Fancy Work before March 1. Illustrations are not absolutely necessary, but they add to the excellence of the descriptions. These articles must be written plainly with ink and on one side of the paper. Where illustrations are sent, have them on separate pieces of paper, simply marking the places where they are to go.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor Answers Some Private Correspondence.

Mrs. A. D. Underhill:—We have not been able to find The Blade containing "Ella G.'s" letter, but as nearly as we can remember, she complained that her husband had failed in business, and expected her to help him through his "hard times" by doing her own work and caring for her children. She meditated sending her children to her mother, and leaving her husband to shift for himself, while she sought "pastures new." This may not be verbatim, but I think it is the "gist of the matter." The correspondent was an Ohio woman.

"Ignorant":—I was very much interested in your little history, and think you are a worthy little country woman of the hero "Tell." Can not you tell the "Merry-Go-Rounds" something about your home in Berne?

Thanks for Your Endorsement.

I for one heartily agree with Miss Bouton that the "pay-as-you-go" system is much better than paying bills monthly or yearly. I could not bear to have my husband look at me in that surprised sort of way and remark, "I don't see how this amount happens to be so large. Did we really use that much flour, meat and coal during the year?" Even if he did not accuse me of extravagance, I should feel that he meant it, and my peace of mind would be destroyed for a week at least. Almost any merchant will sell goods a little cheaper for the cash than he would if he knew he would have to wait a month or a year for his pay, and he could afford to do so. Housekeepers should notice how soon the dollars disappear, if they spend ten cents for this and a quarter for that unnecessary article, and would use more economy in making their purchases. So the system would be better for all concerned than the one so common now. Our means have always been limited, but by following the plan of paying for everything when it was prchased, we have managed to keep our expenses within our income.—Mary.

Appeal for "Charity Towards All."

We can not know what sorrows, disappointments or griefs may prompt the heart of a writer until we stand in their place. Often a weary, discouraged soul, who would never think of parading her grief before a single acquaintance, comes, under the friendly shelter of a nom de plume, to the sisters' dear little corner—The Household—for sympathy, which they may never receive at home. Shall we withhold the kind words for which the hungry heart is breaking, and rebuke them when they are already sore from reproof? Must we probe and scourge the sad heart? Oh, dear ones, it would be far better to pour oil on the troubled waters, soothe the ruffled tempers; cheer, help, encourage, praise and bless; but do not scold. Those who reprove and harshly judge others do it ignorantly. If they knew how the least unkind word must cut; if they knew how many poor souls never receive a word of praise or of love, but only sneers and rebuke from those with whom they daily associate; if they knew how some starved, desperate souls clutch at a straw in hope of sympathy, they would not write or speak so unkindly. Let us each refrain from writing or speaking or even thinking unkind things of any one. "Charity (love) thinketh no evil." We shall all be happier if our hearts are filled with this love, and may be able to make life happier for others—at least we shall not make their burdens heavier. Kind words cost nothing, but they bring a wonderful reward. If we can encourage a weary soul by a few silent penscratches, let us do it thankfully, whenever we have the opportunity, and above all, when some one confides her sorrows to our little corner, let us not chastise her with a rude hand, but with loving sympathy try to cast a few sunbeams across her path.—A. E. Underhill.

Apropos to the above is the following poem, sent by the same correspondent, who would be glad to learn the name of its author.—Ed.

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better.
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within;
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erflow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good,
Oh! we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

—Selected.

Satisfied Not to "Soar."

I am opposed to suffrage for women on several grounds. First, I think it takes her out of the sphere God intended for her. Second, I think we have enough to do now, without shouldering our husband's load. He is or should be our provider and protector, and we should be able to trust him to be our representative. Whenever I hear of a woman who is the first of her sex to fill some important position, or to receive equal pay with a man, I think of the added responsibility she has taken also, and do not envy her. I am glad the girls are taking such a good stand on the drink, tobacco and bad habits question. Stick to your principles, girls, and when you need a helping hand, just call on Ann.

A Scotch Reception Described.

At a scotch reception all dress in the plaid or wear the sashes. Have six boys sing "Auld Lang Syne;" have readings from Robert Burns; some one play "Tam O'Shanter," sing other Scotch songs. After the program have the small boys sell butter Scotch.—S. G. E.

INQUIRIES.

Answer if You Can, but Don't All Speak at Once.

Will some one give descriptions of a number of geographical games to be played at a geographical party, where 20 persons are present?—Beryl.

Can some one tell me how to remove seed-warts from my hands, and how to curl my hair without using an iron?—M. M. G.

Will some one send directions for "transfer painting" through the Household, and tell me where I can obtain instruction in the art, or if it can be learned without a teacher? I would also like to learn how to make a stamping powder that will not rub off before the pattern can be worked.—Gertrude.

Will some one who has had experience tell me if coloring can be done successfully in cold weather? I have a light-blue cashmere that I would like to color a darker blue if I can learn how to do so.—Wellwisher.

Does boiling water injure a clothes-wringer?—Ignorant.

Will Jean Hunt please give me minute directions for coloring an old green silk dress? It is not a very good quality of silk, light weight, something similar to China silk, and of a light shade of green; I think I can get enough goods from it to make two waists. Would like to color one black and one a rather dark shade of red, not as dark as a wine color; something that is becoming to a blonde. Would like also to color some old brown serge material, the same shade of dark red.—Flo.

ANSWERS

For the Household's Edification and Instruction.

L. B. M.—You do not state the kind of material that you wish to dye, yellow, blue and green, but you can get dye in each of these colors, either for cotton or woolen goods, and they will prove entirely satisfactory. There are several shades of blue and green, from the brightest blue to navy blue, and from Nile green to bottle green.

If "Cynthia," who wishes to dye her white crocheted hood black, will use dye for wool, she need not be afraid of ruining it. After it is dyed be sure to rinse it until the color ceases to run. Then hang out to dry where a gentle breeze is blowing and it will be as soft as when new. I dyed a pink crocheted fascinator in that way, and it is beautiful.—Mary.

"Anxious Mother"—A baby in our neighborhood was affected with "screaming fits" similar to those you described. In one of these spells the mother examined it carefully, and found a fine needle working out throught he skin over its stomach. She had no idea how it came there or how long it had been there, but after she removed it the child had no more screaming fits.—Well-wisher.

To the lady that wants to know how to color yellow, blue and green, get a package each of olive green, fast blue and fast yellow and follow directions on the package, and you will have a lovely fast color. The olive will color bronze green, by first dying a dark shade with the olive green and then dye over again with dark green. If you are coloring dresses you should have stated the color of the garments you wished to dye, and then I could have told you what color the dyes would have made them. If the goods are cotton get only the dye for cotton and if woolen get dye for woolen.—Anne.

For "Martin's" rheumatism put a heaping teaspoonful of prickly ash bark in a tea-cup, and fill the cup with boiling water. Cover and let stand until the strength is drawn out of the bark; drink just before going to bed. This remedy is also good for chilblains.—Mrs. S. Smith.

THE CHOICE OF A MAN.

You had your choice, and you took your stand—
Fame and wealth might be won; in your hand
The world would have laid its richest prize;
But you turned from the world. Do you despise
What it could have given? You are not great,
But poor and unknown; it is now too late.

Ah! but I know what you might have done—
Have stained your soul ere the stake was won,
Have lied, and cheated, and felt no shame,
In the eager race for riches and fame.
Though none may know it save she and I,
You let the world and its pomp go by.

I hold, my friend, you are greater now,
Unknown, unnoticed, than if your brow
Were bound with laurel and bay, for you
Have fought the fight, and tried, and true.
You smile as you weigh the gain and the cost.
Her love you have kept and the world you lost.
E. P.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

As Usual, They Have Their Weekly Symposium.

I read a letter from "Curiosity" among the "Merry-Go-Rounders," a couple of weeks ago, asking Miss Bouton for a description of herself. We all know there is scarcely a more difficult task than that of describing one's own personal appearance, and so we none of us marveled that Miss Bouton did not comply with the request.

I am more fortunate than "Curiosity," for I live in the city of Toledo, and the other evening had the pleasure of calling on her in company with my mother. Sympathizing with "Curiosity's" interest, I think I will try to describe her appearance and home. Picture to yourself a woman of about medium height, with dark hair and eyes, a face expressive of cheerfulness, brightness and energy, and that, in conversation, lights up wonderfully with sympathy and interest. Her home, both in external aspect and internal arrangement, is an embodiment of her thought, and seems to aid her in extending her gracious welcome to all visitors. She is an ideal hostess, making her callers feel perfectly at home and free to enjoy themselves in their own peculiar fashion.

Following the adage, "children should be seen and not heard," I entertained myself by admiring the artistic arrangement of the beautifully tinted rooms, and looking through the many beautiful books, listening all the time to the interesting talk of Miss Bouton and my mother, and looking up every now and then to catch a sympathetic glance from the kindly eyes that seemed silently to include me in the conversation. As I looked and listened, I could not help wishing that "Curiosity" was there to enjoy it with me. I have tried to share my pleasure with her by means of this unsatisfactory description, and I sincerely hope it will aid her a little in forming a picture of the one whom all "Merry-Go-Rounders" have learned to love.—Rosemary.

A Letter From "Bachelor Nell."

Dear "Merry-Go-Rounds:" — "It's spell is on me now," and while it lasts I want to confess my love for "Lucile."

E. P. Roe's works are all good, and his "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," is splendid! Whittier is one of my poets and Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" leaves me speechless. How about "Evangeline?" Now, when I "declare unto the world" my dislike for Shakespeare, I expect all the "Merry-Go-Rounders" will treat me "icily regular," and scornfully pass me by; but if there should be one among you who is patterned "after my own heart," let us see your hand. Nobody can fail to admire Will Carleton; his poems always do me good.—"Bachelor Nell."

We have had requests for the addresses of several of the "Merry-Go-Round" girls from others who wish to correspond with them. Hereafter will you please state when you write, whether you are willing to correspond with other members, so we can know what answer to make to such requests.

"Absent, but Not Forgotten."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have been away to school since September. Hence my long absence from the M.-G.-R., but I hope I am not forgotten. Do none of you read Shakespeare? Do you not think that Rosalind, Celia and Orlando, in "As You Like It," are beautiful characters? I can never tell which of the three I love best. Do you not think Orlando's reply to Jacques, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults," an excellent motto for us all? The play is most appropriately named, I think, for is not everything just "as you like it?"

I, too, intend to be a schoolma'am some day. I shall be sorry, though, when my schooldays are over, for I am enjoying them very much. My favorite studies are Latin and rhetoric. Please seat me near the admirers of Dickens. I enjoy his books more than any others that I read. His characters, always seem like real people to me, and I feel as though I knew them all personally. I think that Florence, in "Dombey and Son," is lovely.—Jet Darling.

"Way Down Upon the Maumee."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have enjoyed your corner so much. I wish every one of you had such lovely scenery to feast your eyes upon as I have here, on the banks of the dear old Maumee river. I echo your sentiments, "Hazel Eyes," and love literature. Longfellow and Tennyson are my favorite poets. I think that a girl who knows how to cook is not only "ideal," but exceedingly fortunate.—Evelyn.

A Few Words "To the Point."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I agree with "Iris" in regard to the "reform" question. We each have an influence over those who are associated with us. Let us strive to make it a good one by being watchful of our every word and action, shewing in ourselves that which we so much admire in others.

I am a music-lover, and having had some experience in teaching, I would suggest to other prospective teachers to acquire with your knowledge of music the virtue of patience, for you will need a "deal of it." No, "Thena," I think we should treat young women of immoral character kindly, letting them feel that we would befriend them if necessary, but our intimate friends should be those who will help us to attain to the "higher womanhood" we all desire.—Daphne.

"A Modest Youth Forsooth!"

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: Now that the girls have had so many discussions about the ideal young man, may one of the boys tell you how the peerless "she" by whom his dreams are haunted looks, acts and does? As to appearance, she is beautiful, and is always attired in gowns fashioned by herself in the prevailing style. She is thoroughly conversant with all the subjects that the best masters in the classics, in music, and in art, can teach an unusually brilliant woman, and at the same time there is no branch of household work in which any one can excel her.

In addition to the above qualities, imagine her with a loving disposition, willing to defer at all times to my superior judgment (no "woman's rights" for me), and you will have a correct idea of what I would term the ideal woman.—Carl.

Will "Thena," "Minnie" and "Chatterbox" correspond with "Jennie?" Please answer soon, through this column.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

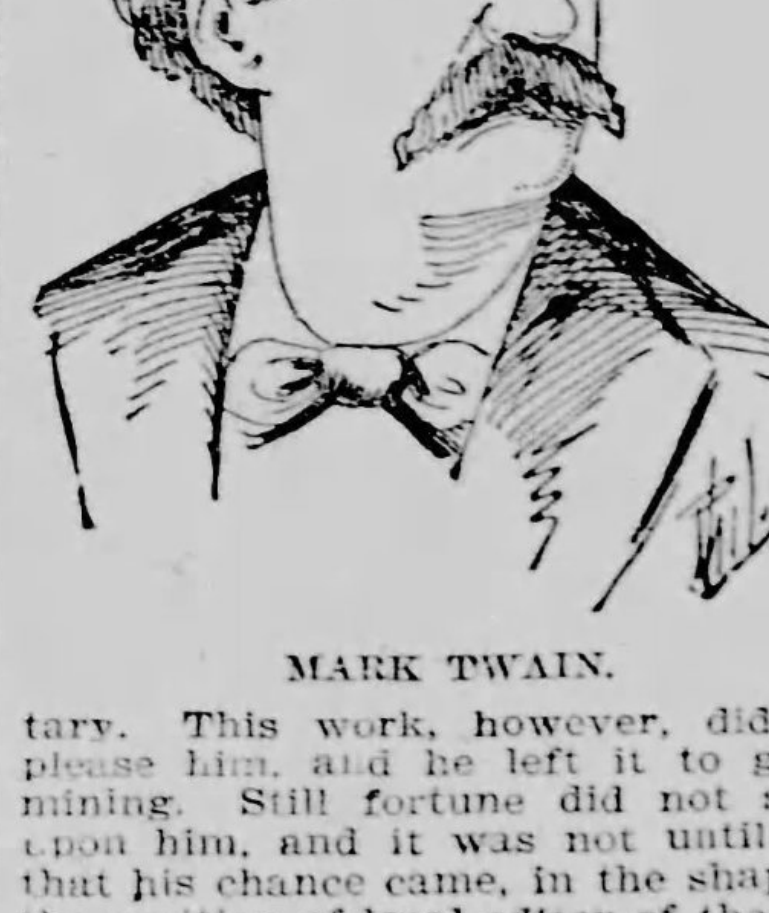
ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY AND LATER LIFE OF MARK TWAIN.

Where He Was Born and How His Youth Was Passed—His Success and Prosperity.

Samuel L. Clemens, who is known to the world as Mark Twain, is, in his life, an exemplification of the old saying that it is the unexpected that happens. Few, indeed, who knew him in his early days could imagine that by the time he reached 50 he would be known the world over, and that this fame and the position that he occupies would be won through his own talents and industry.

He was born in Florida, Mo., something less than 60 years ago, or in 1835. His father died when he was but 12 years old, and he was placed in a printing office as an apprentice immediately after. He seemed to possess the proverbial restlessness of printers, for after three years he left his place and "moved on." From 17 to 24 he was a Mississippi pilot, and it was during this time that he became familiar with the call, "mark twain," which he afterwards took as his nom-de-plume.

His career as a pilot was brought to a close by his taking the post of private secretary to his brother, who had been appointed territorial secretary. This work, however, did not please him, and he left it to go to mining. Still fortune did not smile upon him, and it was not until 1862 that his chance came, in the shape of the position of local editor of the Virginia City Enterprise, in which he signed his contributions "Mark Twain."



MARK TWAIN.

These articles were soon copied in various journals, and resulted in his being called to a San Francisco paper, upon which he was equally successful. In 1866 he went to the Sandwich islands to write up the sugar industry. Upon his return he entered into the lecture field, and his name began to be more widely known.

In 1867 he went to New York, and there was published "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," which became immensely popular. It was during this year that he made the trip to the Orient, which resulted in his writing the famous "Innocents Abroad," a book that took the public by storm. He used his descriptive powers well, but mingled with his observations a "half irreverent disregard of tradition and sham sentiment" that was irresistibly funny. It is a really valuable book of travel in the information given, at the same time being extremely entertaining, and is read with interest to the present day.

Other books followed rapidly from his pen, among them being the following: "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age," "Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "Prince and Pauper," "The Stolen White Elephant," "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and several others, none of which, however, have attained the popularity of "Innocents Abroad."

In 1871 Mr. Clemens moved to Hartford, and there he has lived ever since, although he spends his summers at his wife's old home in Elmira, N. Y. He built a house in Hartford, in the western part of the city, close by that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is said to be quite unique in its way—constructed of brick of different colors, laid at various angles. The house is very beautiful inside, and its doors are always hospitably open.

His literary work is principally done at Elmira during the summer, while the winters are given up to social enjoyment in Hartford. The sale of his books still continue in the United States and wherever the English language is spoken. They have also been translated into other languages. At present Mr. Clemens is writing a serial story entitled "Pudd'nhead Wilson," which is running in the Century Magazine.

RECIPES.

"Mary" Sends Some "Pies 'n Things."

Apple Pie.

Pare, slice and stew green apples until they are tender; mash them and sweeten to taste; while hot, stir in one teaspoonful of butter to each pie. Season with nutmeg and bake in two crusts.

Pumpkin Pie.

One quart pumpkin, stewed and strained; one cupful sugar, one quart milk, three well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful cornstarch or flour. Season with ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg and bake with one crust.

Lemon Pie.

Chop one apple fine, add one beaten egg, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cupful sugar, one tablespoonful melted butter. Bake in one crust.

Custard Pie.

For two pies: Four eggs, one quart milk, four tablespoonfuls sugar, flavor with lemon, bake with one crust.—Mary.

Home-Made Yeast, Wet or Dry.

A housekeeper asks in a recent number of The Blade for a good recipe for yeast. The one I send has stood the test of years, and never failed. Peel five or six large potatoes and boil in two quarts of water. Put in two cupfuls of hops, tied up in a clean rag, and a cupful of salt. When the potatoes are very soft, mash through a colander, putting the water in which they were boiled with them. Add enough flour to make a rather stiff batter, and three cakes of any good dry yeast, dissolved in water. Set it in a warm place to rise. When just beginning to bubble, pour it into a large jug, and put it in the cellar where it will not freeze. If you prefer dry yeast, let the sponge rise until very light, then mix cornmeal in it until it can be rolled out and cut with a biscuit cutter. The quantity of salt used makes it keep better, and good dry yeast is better to start with than old jug yeast.—Mary.

Miss Alice Webster.

Alice Webster is one of the women who have achieved success both as editor and publisher. She is the founder of the Household Realm, a high-class monthly publication for the home, issued at Cleveland, O., and under her wise management and executive ability the Household Realm has taken rank with the best publications of its kind.

In the little Quaker town of Salem, O., Alice Webster was born. She is a descendant of Daniel Webster, whom she is said to resemble

When quite a young girl Miss Webster went to Cleveland, O., with her mother, who died soon after their arrival in that beautiful city, leaving the little child alone in the city where the great success of her life was to be attained.

At the age of fifteen Miss Webster entered the composing room of the Ohio Farmer office, and so thoroughly did she master every detail of the printer's art that to-day she has no superior in all that pertains to the mysteries of composing, making up and locking up the forms before they go to press. She is a faithful, conscientious worker, supervising every detail of her large business; for, in addition to publishing the Household Realm, Miss Webster runs an extensive job printing office, and issues no less than four other papers from her press. She is unsparing of herself, her time and her labor—considering no exertion too much, no sacrifice too great to insure success.

Aside from the literary excellence of the Household Realm, the periodical has from the first won high encomiums from experts for the beauty of its typographical appearance, and the artistic and attractive display of its advertising columns. This is all due to Miss Webster's broad, practical knowledge, and general efficiency.

As a business woman Miss Webster is calm, cool and collected, quick to see and equally quick to embrace it; and her clear, far-sighted judgment enables her to avoid financial difficulties that might wreck a less able woman.

She is both an example and an inspiration to her business associates in the faithful and untiring performance of her duty, in the unflinching zeal with which she meets an obligation, and in her upright, honorable course.

In appearance, Miss Webster is tall, stately and dignified. Her manner is courteous, and yet so genuinely friendly that to be in her presence is to be filled with the sense that one has found a personal friend. She is a member of the Ohio Woman's Press association, vice president of the Journalists' club, and is one of the few women ever admitted into the Typographical union. As a writer, Miss Webster is simple, direct and to the point. She is capable of expressing herself in telling language, and she never writes unless she has something to say—an example it might be well for some would-be writers to follow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

PINS.

Children! What becomes of the pins
That are put in the cushion each day?
They vanish away before evening comes,
Or you are half tired of play.

I will tell you a secret revealed to me,
As I lay dreaming one night,
By a queer little sprite who perched by my ear,
And showed me a curious sight.

Invisible elves who watch for the pins,
In each corner and crevice hide;
They sieze those that fall, with joy and delight,
And mount on the pins astride.

They ride till they come to Fairy-Land,
Where elves are waiting to take
The pins that are lost, and crooked, and bent,
And wonderful changes make.

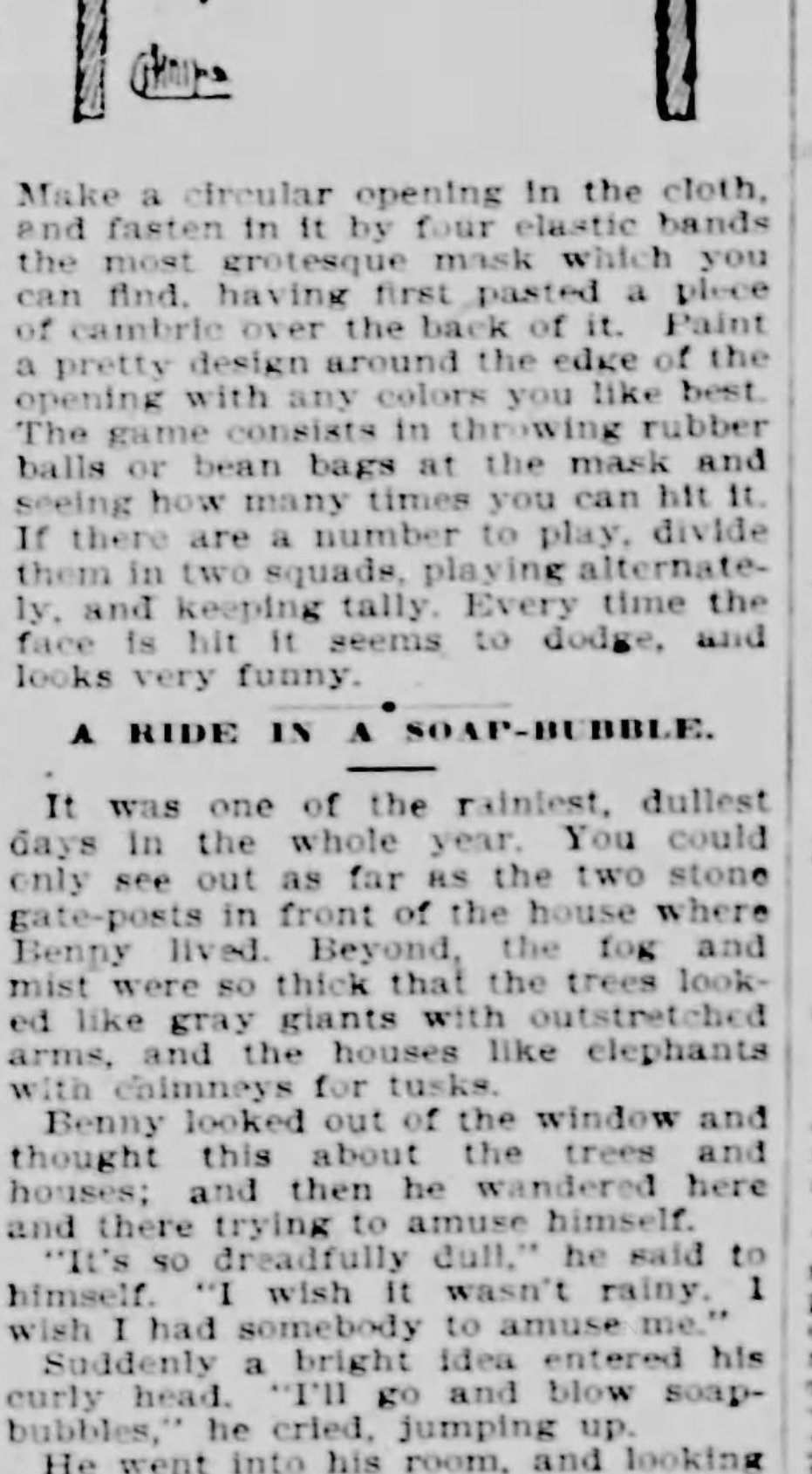
They turn them to minims and musical notes,
Giving to each a sound!
Then away the elves fly to your music books,
Where melodies sweet are found.

Do you see the little black heads in a row,
Where your music lesson begins?
Before they were carried to Fairy-Land,
The notes are rows of pins!

The elves have secured them behind the bars,
Arranged for piano or harp;
The broken and bent are now made "flat,"
The other pins still remain "sharp."
RIVERSIDE.

The Merry Dodger.

The boys can make this if they have some tools and are handy with them, and have a great deal of sport when it is completed. First get strips of wood and nail or glue them together in the form of an easel. Then cut a square piece of muslin and tack it firmly to each corner of the frame.



Make a circular opening in the cloth, and fasten in it by four elastic bands the most grotesque mask which you can find, having first pasted a piece of cambric over the back of it. Paint a pretty design around the edge of the opening with any colors you like best. The game consists in throwing rubber balls or bean bags at the mask and seeing how many times you can hit it. If there are a number to play, divide them in two squads, playing alternately, and keeping tally. Every time the face is hit it seems to dodge, and looks very funny.

A RIDE IN A SOAP-BUBBLE.

It was one of the rainiest, dullest days in the whole year. You could only see out as far as the two stone gate-posts in front of the house where Benny lived. Beyond, the fog and mist were so thick that the trees looked like gray giants with outstretched arms, and the houses like elephants with chimneys for tusks.

Benny looked out of the window and thought this about the trees and houses; and then he wandered here and there trying to amuse himself.

"It's so dreadfully dull," he said to himself. "I wish it wasn't rainy. I wish I had somebody to amuse me."

Suddenly a bright idea entered his curly head. "I'll go and blow soap-bubbles," he cried, jumping up.

He went into his room, and looking in his box of playthings, he could find nothing but the bowl of a pipe without a particle of stem.

"O, dear, that will never do," said Benny. "I remember now. I broke my pipe the last time I blew bubbles. I shall have to give it up."

He picked up his playthings and put them in the box, and wandered into the next room, which was the one where his papa and mamma slept.

Lying on the bureau was something very pretty. It was a meerschaum pipe, nicely fitted into a black morocco case lined with crimson satin. Benny took it out of the case very carefully, and held it in his hand. It had a nice stem, tipped with beautiful yellow amber, and its bowl was in the shape of a little carriage, with tiny windows and a door on each side. Two mites of horses were galloping up the stem, and the smallest of coachmen sat on the box, with a rosette in his hat about as big as the head of a pin.

Benny turned it over and over in the palm of his little fat hand. He was dreadfully afraid his papa might not be willing, yet he wanted so much to blow a very few bubbles with that grand pipe. His father had never told him not to touch it, so he thought he might venture.

He got some soap and water ready in the wash-bowl, after considerable splashing; then he spread down a blanket from his own bed over the carpet, to roll the bubbles on; then he took all the towels on the rack and wiped up the water he had splashed on the carpet, and was ready to begin blowing bubbles.

What lovely bubbles they were! Benny never had so little trouble in rolling them on the blanket. They lasted a long time, too, and were so big, and full of colors as the rain-bow.

"Now, I'll blow one as big as my head," said Benny. So he put the stem in his mouth, and blew and blew till his cheeks ached. The bubble got bigger and bigger, till it looked like a great balloon, and the top of it touched the ceiling, and when he took the pipe away from his lips he saw that the meerschaum carriage had grown, too, and hung at the bottom of the bubble, as the car hung from the real balloon. While he stood staring at it, one of the doors opened and a tinkling little voice said: "Get in, please, Benny."

He saw that it was a little girl with curly hair and a blue dress, and in he jumped. Then the balloon-bubble floated out through the wall somehow or other, and they began to go up.

IVORY
IVORY
SOAP
99 44/100% PURE
NO IRRITATION.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

At first it was damp and rainy, and Benny and the little girl both shivered; but soon they rose above the clouds, and were where the sun shone; then Benny asked his little companion who she was.

"I am a fairy," she answered. "I am one of the fairies of the air, and I usually live in a soap-bubble."

"Oh," said Benny; "then perhaps you can tell me where bubbles go to when they break."

The fairy said she didn't know anything about that.

"Were you never in one when it burst?" asked Benny.

"I think not," said the fairy, looking as if she did not understand what he was talking about.

"Very likely," thought Benny "she has lived in a stronger kind of bubbles than mine, because she certainly would get hurt when they burst in pieces."

Now the great red and green bubble had carried them up very high, as high as the moon; and they passed near enough to it to see that it was not made of green cheese; it had mountains on it, and trees, and deep valleys; it looked very cold and unpleasant there and neither of them wished to stop on that planet.

About this time the sun went down, and the stars were twinkling all around them. They saw Saturn with his huge shining rings, and Jupiter with his four round moons, and sailed quite near the Big Dipper. Once they saw a comet whisk by them with a long fiery tail, and this frightened Benny so that he wished himself at home.

As soon as he wished this, the little carriage, with a great balloon-bubble swaying above it, began to sink softly back to earth again. Down it floated, till it touched the housetops. The fog had cleared away, and the soft moonlight shone down into the streets and alleys of the city.

In the same strange way they had gone out they floated back into the room again; the fairy girl kissed Benny good night, and whisked off in the bubble.

Benny was so tired that he lay down on the floor, and when his mamma came up stairs she found him stretched on the blanket he had spread over the carpet fast asleep, with his papa's new meerschaum tightly grasped in his chubby hand.—Abby Sage in Pebbles and Pearls.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT AM I?

For me the saint will break his word,
And by the deaf I'm ever heard;
The miser me will freely give,
And I can cause the dead to live;
The poet's purse, the patriot's gains,
Guess, and you'll have me for your pains.
"SID."

2.—CHARADE.

My first belongs to you and me,
My second is "strange" as you shall see,
My third's an upright body of wood,
My whole bewilders us, as it should.
"MOLLIE MOORE."

3.—PRINTER'S PI.

"Etur rowht si ni bigen, ton esmengi;
Ni odngi ahce ayd thta eogs yb,
Omes tlietl doge; tno ni ardenmig,
Fo aetrg nitghs ot od yb nad yb."
"STUB."

4.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in window but not in door;
My second is in ceiling but not in floor;
My third is in eat but not in drink.
My fourth is in view but not in brink;
My fifth is in me but not in you;
My whole is what carpet-makers do.
"JESSIE."

5.—RIDDLE.

A shoemaker makes shoes without any leather,
Of all the four elements put together;
Fire, water, earth and air,
And every customer takes two pair.
"RED ROSE."

6.—QUERY.

Who knows where the original "Botany Bay" is situated?
THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Answers to Puzzles, January 18.

1. Thibet; The Turkomen; The Abyssinians.
2. Benjamin Franklin.
3. Ma-hog-any.
4. "The longest way round is the shortest way home." Words—Host, youth, treaty, Genesis, wealth, wonder, smooth, at.

Answer to Query, "Greek Fire," sent by "Helen:"—Greek Fire is a composition supposed to have consisted of nitre, sulphur and naphtha, with which the Greeks of the Byzantine Empire defended themselves against their Saracen foes. The mixture was highly inflammable, and would burn under water. It was projected either on tow tied to arrows, or through a tube, the precursor of cannon. Wherever the combustible fell, it created great havoc from the fact that the fire could not be extinguished. Its invention has been ascribed to Callinicus of Heliopolis, in the year 668 A. D. It was used until gunpowder gradually supplanted it; and now little is known of Greek Fire, beyond a Norman corruption of its name in our fire-work "cracker," derived from "Creyke," a corruption of "Grecque."

Chat.

"S." to T. H. N.:"—"By going deeper into mathematics we may solve the land problem in this way: It follows from the equality mentioned that if we square 24, the boards on a rod, and multiply by 160, the rods in an acre, the result will be the number of boards in the piece of land."

"Helen" sends a well-written answer to Query, and wonders if all puzzlers enjoy the O. W. C. as well as she does.

The newcomers this week are: "A. M. Erican," G. A. Gerder, John I. Earley, Ambrose Brady, J. L. Taylor, G. C. & P. Thomas, Will B. Seyfer, Edwin H. Coles, and Frank Ludden. They are all very welcome, and are cordially invited to come again soon.

Of the "regulars" are: "Mollie Moore," "Apple Blossom," "Fred," "Ike N. Anser," and "My Wife and I."

Frederick Smith:—Your answers were not correct, but we hope to receive a better list from you soon.

"C. O. Nundrum:"—Any one who reads The Blade may join the O. W. C. We prefer original puzzles, but any good ones will be accepted.

"C. M. B.:"—Your puzzles were quite out of the usual line, and will be used very soon. We feel honored that you wish to join us, and shall be glad to have you come often.

J. B. Needham, Jr.:—Three of your puzzles are accepted. We do not know what became of the "poem," as that and the query you sent are quite out of our department.

O. R. I.:—We rarely use acrostics in the Column, but shall be pleased to have you send us other puzzles and solutions if you feel disposed.

"Ned.:"—Thanks—in behalf of "The Schoolmistress;" your withdrawal is magnanimous, but we hope it will not prevent our hearing from you "occasionally if not oftener."

Remember there is to be a "Post-Box" in the "Schoolmistress'" room on Valentine Day, and the Puzzlers are all invited to send original valentines to each other through it; the valentines to be not more than six lines in length. Addressed, "Valentine Post," care O. W. C., Toledo Blade, Toledo, O.

These "Communications of Cupid" must all be sent in before the 14th of February, if possible.

Will the Elwood, (Ind.) correspondent who sent in two correct answers on a postal please sign his name next time, so we shall know to whom credits are due?

News of the Week.

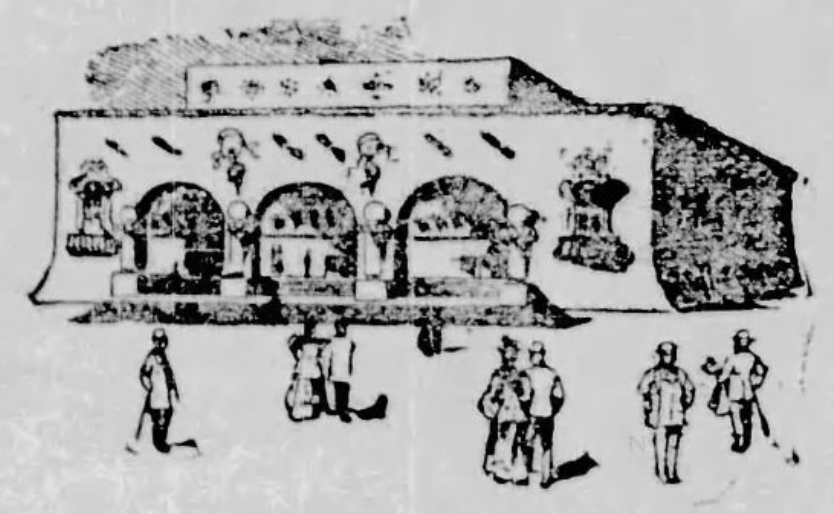
The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

GENERAL.

CALIFORNIA'S GREAT FAIR OPENS IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.

It Was a Legal Holiday All Over the State—Speeches by Governor Markham and M. H. De Young.

San Francisco, Jan. 27.—The California International Mid-Winter Exposition opened at noon to-day, and San Francisco celebrated the greatest holiday in her history. Her streets were gaily decorated. Flags and banners were flying from thousands of staffs. The ships in the harbor were adorned with the standards of many nations. Public and private business was at a standstill, and every road leading to the Golden Gate and the fair grounds was crowded with visitors. Many had crossed the continent to be here to-day, and thousands had arrived from all parts of California and the Pacific coast at large. The great procession made its way through the crowded streets to the park this morning. Every car line was taxed to its greatest capacity. The life and movement of the multitude, and the scenes of triumph made the day one which will take its place in the history of the state as one most generally observed and honored. The official programme which included a great street parade followed by dedicatory exercises at the fair grounds was carried out in detail.



THE OLD MISSION.

Governor Markham had declared January 27 a legal holiday throughout the state, and the day was observed as such. In San Francisco all the banks and business houses closed, and everybody was free to go out to the fair grounds. Thousands of people were here from all parts of the Pacific coast, and the hotels and streets were crowded with strangers. The buildings were profusely decorated with flags and bunting, and everybody was in gala attire. Most of the street railways of San Francisco terminate at Golden Gate Park, and their entire rolling stock was inadequate to accommodate the people who flocked out to the park to witness the triumphal opening of their pet project.

Started for the Grounds.

Shortly after 10 a. m. the parade under command of General Dickinson started for the fair grounds. In the procession were four regiments of national guard, regular army troops from Presidio, Governor Markham and staff, fair officials, civic societies and many of the concessional features to be seen at the fair. Golden Gate avenue, the main drive to the park, was thronged with spectators who listened to the stirring music of numerous bands and cheered as the long line of men marched by.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the procession reached the fair grounds and assembled on the recreation grounds, where a huge grand stand had been erected near Festival hall.

The order of exercises was as follows:

Medley of airs of all nations by the Mid-Winter Fair band.

Introductory address by the president of the day, James D. Phelan.

Prayer by Bishop Nichols.

Grand chorus, America, sung by Mid-Winter Fair chorus of 300 voices.

Address by Governor Markham.

Music by the Iowa State band.

Address by Director General M. H. De Young, declaring the exposition open.

Oration on the general benefits and permanent result of the Mid-Winter Exposition by Gen. W. H. L. Barnes.

Music by the Austrian band and chorus of national airs.

Governor Markham's Address.

Governor Markham, in his speech, welcomed the people to the fair, and extended to the strangers from other sections of the country the freedom of the entire state.

The governor said although California was first state in the union to appropriate money for an exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago, and although her exhibit there was wonderful and complete, yet many Californians who visited the Columbian Exposition were forcibly impressed with the fact that it was utterly impossible to transplant California to Chicago; and while our building and its contents and our various exhibits in many departments excited admiration and congratulation Californians knew that the real California was not there.

The mid-winter fair is a direct result of the Chicago Columbian fair. M. H. De Young, national commissioner to the World's Fair, last June, conceived the idea of a mid-winter fair for San Francisco. The suggestion was received with enthusiasm and immediately committees of citizens were appointed to make necessary arrangements. On July 10, 1893, Golden Gate park was selected as a site for the fair, and on August 24 ground was broken for the enterprise in the presence of nearly a hundred thousand people, the largest crowd ever gathered together on the Pacific coast. The citizens of San Francisco and California at large subscribed liberally the necessary funds and over $500,000 was raised in this city. Nearly 60 acres of land was set aside by the park commissions for the fair.

Progress of the Fair.

But the magnitude of the enterprise began to dawn on the people here, and this space was soon increased to a hundred and sixty acres. The half dozen buildings at first contemplated have increased in number to nearly one hundred, all large, substantial structures. The progress made in erecting the buildings and putting the grounds in shape was even more marvelous than that in Chicago during the big fair there. Five months ago this hundred and sixty acre tract in Golden Gate park was a sandy waste into which was a thick growth of eucalyptus and shrubbery. To-day that tract is covered with massive buildings, and alive with semi-tropical verdure. Hundreds of palm trees, flowering plants and vines, make a beautiful setting for the structures which are largely of oriental design. Grouped on the terraces surrounding the extensive open space called the "grand court" are the exposition buildings proper. At the eastern end of the court is the building of manufactures and liberal arts, the largest structure on the grounds. It measures 462 feet in length by 225 in width, with an annex in the rear 370 by 60 feet. At the opposite end of the court is the administration building, a beautiful structure, with a big golden dome. The north side of the court is the mechanical arts building, 330 by 160 feet.

Opposite this are the fine arts palace and the building of horticulture and agriculture. The fine arts building is Egyptian in style with huge sphinxs guarding the entrance. The horticultural and agricultural building is of old Spanish Californian architecture. Its area, 266 by 190 feet, is crowded with the products of California orchards and farms. Festival hall, another large structure where meetings and congresse will be held, is at the extreme end of the fair grounds, and does not front on Grand court.

The Exposition Buildings.

These structures, which constitute the fair buildings proper, with the exception of the fine arts building, are constructed of wood, but are covered with staff similar to that used on the Chicago Fair buildings. The fine arts buildings are permanent edifices of brick, and will be used as a park museum after the fair closes. The chief object of attraction to the Eastern visitors will probably be the grand court in the shape of a parellelogram 500 feet wide and 1,000 feet long. It is arranged in the races and is a mass of tropical plants, flowers and green lawns. In the center rises a slender iron tower to a height of 272 feet, which will be lighted at night by electricity, and from the top of which can be had a view of the fair grounds, Golden Gate park, San Francisco, the Pacific ocean and the famous Golden Gate.

At the west end of the court is an allegorical fountain surmounted by heroic figures representing California and her industries. Nearly every county in the state has an exhibit at the fair, and many of them have erected their own buildings for displays. Midway Plaisance, as in Chicago, is well represented here, many of the shows having emigrated to California.

In addition to the Turkish dancers, the Esquimaux village, the wild animals and Indian shows, and other exhibitions familiar to World's Fair goers, the mid-winter fair has a number of features peculiar to the Pacific coast. Santa Barabara has a large amphibia filled with sea elephants, sea tigers and lions.

The Miners of '49.

The early days in California are represented by the '49 camp. There, the cabins of the famous pioneers who delved for gold, are reproduced, and the scenes of mining towns are represented. January 1 was the original date set for the formal opening of the fair, but the heavy winter rains interfered so with the work that a postponement was necessary. To-day the fair is almost complete, but very few exhibits remaining to be installed.

The fair grounds will be policed by uniformed guards under the command of Col. W. M. Shafler and Capt. F. De L. Carrington, U. S. A. The men are under military discipline, and wear uniforms similar to those worn by the Columbian guards. Complete arrangements have been made for the protection of the buildings from fire.

CORBETT AND MITCHELL.

The Contest at Jacksonville Won by the Former.

Jacksonville, Jan. 25.—For the first time since he has been acknowledged head of the pugilistic fraternity of the world, James J. Corbett has defended with success the title which he won by defeating his predecessor, John L. Sullivan.

Pitted against the boasted exponent of the manly art in England, America's brawny representative has proven his fitness for the place of honor which his sinews and muscles won for him and the tail of the British lion has been severely stepped upon by the foot of the mighty bruiser from the West.

It all happened out on the sand dunes of East Jacksonville. A whitewashed fence there surrounded an enclosure whose circumference is half a mile. Inside, a barn-like roof covered the ring in which the battle was fought. Away from its sides and upward sloped the benches for spectators, above whose heads was sky and clouds alone. Two miles from the city is this place whose sandy roads, wheel-hub deep, oak shrubs and stunted pines surround the grounds, and here and there a negro cabin hides among the undergrowth.

The Rounds.

Round 1.—Corbett led with the left on Mitchell's chin; they clinch, exchange body blows and Jim reaches Charley's left eye heavily. Mitchell reaches the ribs. Another exchange, and Mitchell clinches. Mitchell in on Corbett's neck, and Jim lands his right and right again, just as time is called. Mitchell gave good body blows in exchange.

Round 2.—A wild exchange and a clinch. Corbett uppercuts his man as they come together. Mitchell lands hard on the ribs, and as Mitchell came in Jim caught Charley, and knocked him down twice in succession. Jim floored his man clearly and kicked him down again as he essayed to arise. The gong saved Mitchell.

Third Round—Mitchell, rather grogy, Corbett rushed at him, swung right and left heavy on Mitchell's neck. Charley went down, he took the full time to arise and then Corbett rushed at him like a tiger.

Corbett wins easily. The referee counts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Mitchell is knocked out. The referee therefore declared Corbett the winner of the match and champion of the world.

Mitchell's face was covered with blood. He was carried to his corner in a helpless condition. Time of fight nine minutes. It was all Corbett's battle, though Mitchell made a show in the first round. The men did not shake hands at the beginning of the fight. The referee called upon the men to do so, but neither responded.

DISCOVERY AT BINGHAMPTON.

Three Gentlemen on a Fox Hunt Strike Oil Unexpectedly.

Binghamton, N. Y., Jan. 24.—Three prominent townsmen indulged in a fox hunt here. As they were returning home, their hounds struck the trail of a fox. They followed it, and came upon their hounds barking under a ledge of rocks on the western slope of the old Jared Baker farm. One of them felt around the ledges for any other holes by which the fox could escape, using a small crowbar.

He climbed to the top of the ledge of rocks, striking all around with his bar. Suddenly it slipped through his fingers and went down a small fissure. In endeavoring to get it out, he lighted a match and dropped it into the fissure. A flash and sudden explosion occurred. A jet of flame shot upward higher than the surrounding tree tops, and illumined the whole country.

About 100 feet below the place where the well was burning, they discovered a flow of oil issuing from a crevice. The stream was large enough to fill a two-inch pipe. The villagers are excited over the find, and prospectors are flocking here in large numbers.

HE USED TO BE AN ATHEIST,

But His Friends Say That He Changed His Mind.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 24.—Many persons in Wilmington believe that Pasco Hodge died and came to life again for the purpose of telling his friends that heaven and hell were realities. Before falling ill he was an Atheist, as were many of his friends. They did not believe there was a God, a heaven or hell. His views changed, however, on his deathbed, and on Friday he was baptized by Father Scahill, of the Catholic church, and ordered his Atheistic books to be burned.

On Saturday he became unconscious, and the physicians, seeing that the end had come, requested his wife to leave the room. Soon afterwards he sat up in bed, called his wife and, taking her in his arms, said he had died but she had brought him to life by her distress. Then to the startled group of Atheistic friends who had by this time collected around him he said impressively: "There is a hell; there is a heaven: I have seen both."

Then he described both, and saying that Jesus was waiting for him and he must go, bade his wife farewell, placed his hands in attitude of prayer, became unconscious and remained so until the end. Those around who had professed unbelief trembled and wept bitterly.

CUT HIS OWN NOSE OFF.

Not to Spite, but to Improve His Face.

Reading, Pa., Jan. 25.—A. K. Klam, of Exchange Place, New York, came to Reading five weeks ago, and called at Dr. Ege's surgical institute. Klam is 28 years old, in good health and was of fine appearance, with the exception of his nose, which Dr. Ege says was so extremely large as to amount to a facial blemish. Klam said he was so greatly annoyed by its abnormal development that he desired an operation performed.

Dr. Ege put the man under the influence of chloroform and cut away a piece of the cartilage near the end of the nose three-quarters of an inch long, drew the lower portion and joined it to the upper part of the bridge to the nose, and the two sections were stitched together. The patient remained at Dr. Ege's until Tuesday. The wound healed nicely, the nose was straight and much smaller. Klam, well pleased, left for home looking like another man.

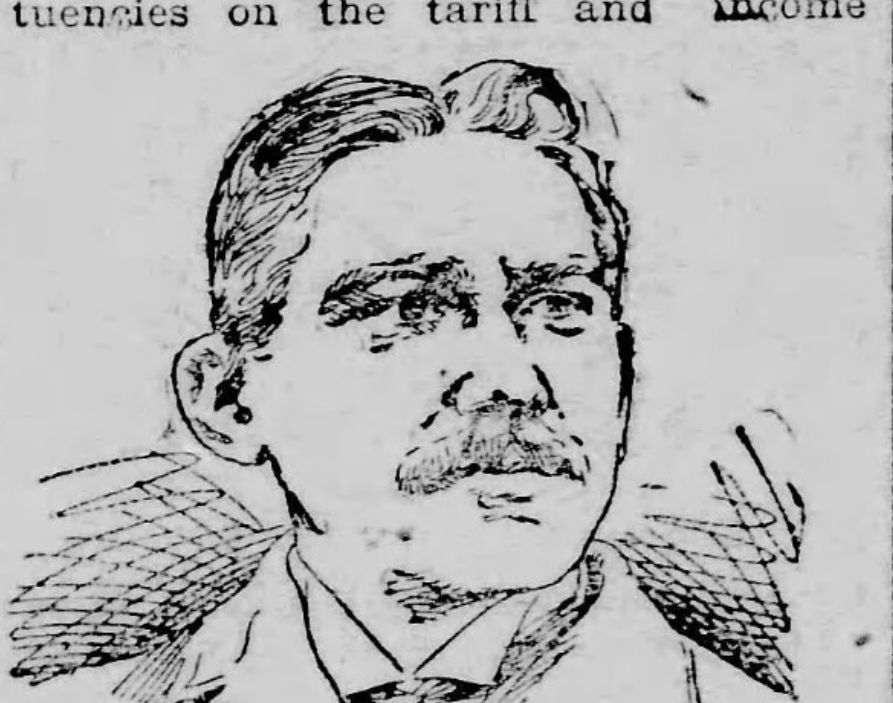
Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

CANDIDATES IN SEVERAL DISTRICTS BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Will There be Changes in New York City?—Sketches of the Men Who Are Candidates.

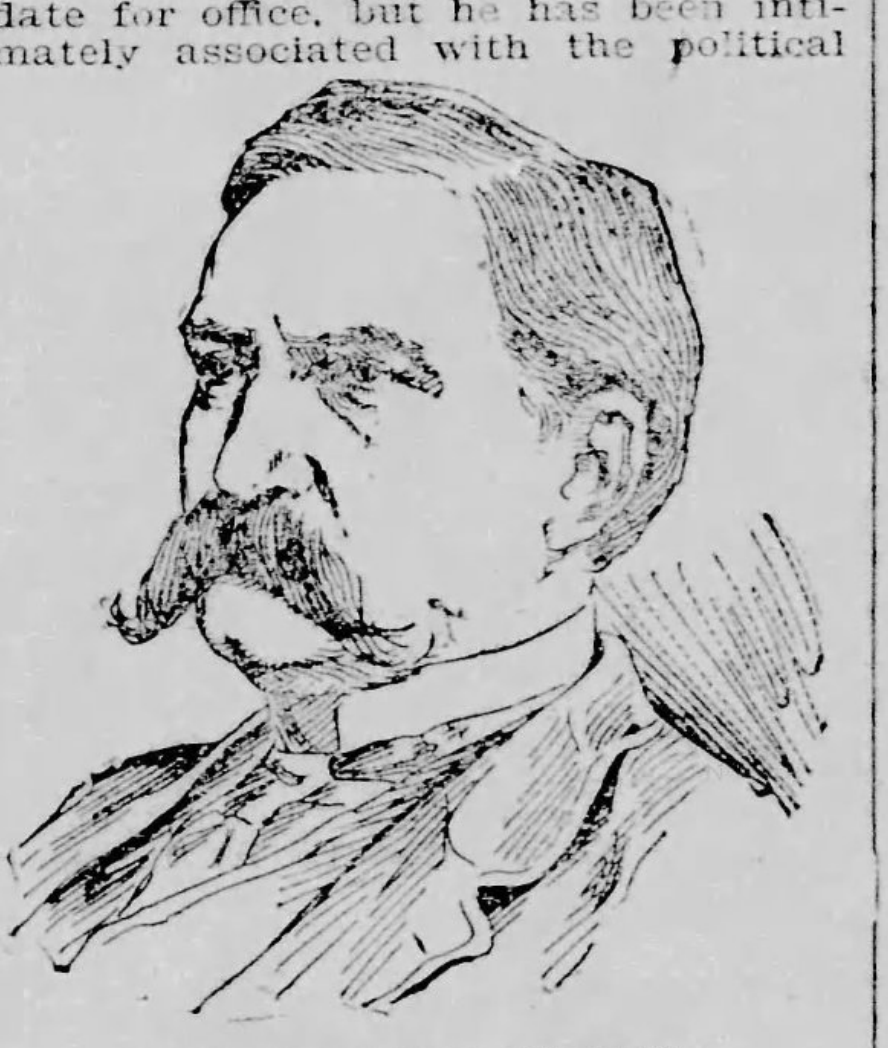
New York, Jan. 29.—The elections to be held in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth congressional districts here and in Virginia to-morrow, Tuesday January 30, are attracting the notice of the nation, as the outcome will show the sentiment of notable constituencies on the tariff and income rights now in progress in Washington. The two vacancies in New York were caused by the election of Messrs. Fitch and Fellows to the positions of comptroller and district attorney of New York city respectively.



LEMUEL E. QUIGG.

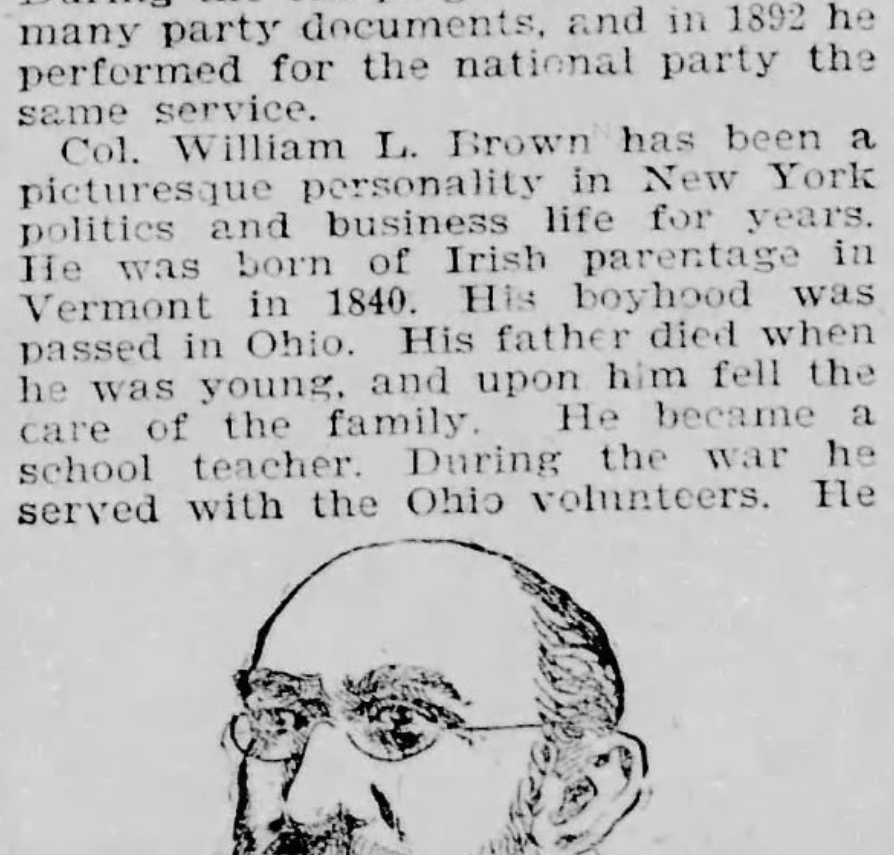
In the Fourteenth district the Democrats nominated Col. William L. Brown, and the Republicans Lemuel Ely Quigg to succeed Colonel Fellows; in the Fifteenth district Isidor Strauss carries the colors of the Democracy and Frederick Sigrist those of the Republican party. The two districts comprise all that part of Manhattan Island above Fifty-second street on the west side and Fifty-ninth street on the east side. The new man in the Fourteenth district is Lemuel Ely Quigg, editorial writer on the New York Tribune.

Mr. Quigg was never before a candidate for office, but he has been intimately associated with the political machine of the Republican party. During the campaign of 1890 he wrote many party documents, and in 1892 he performed for the national party the same service.



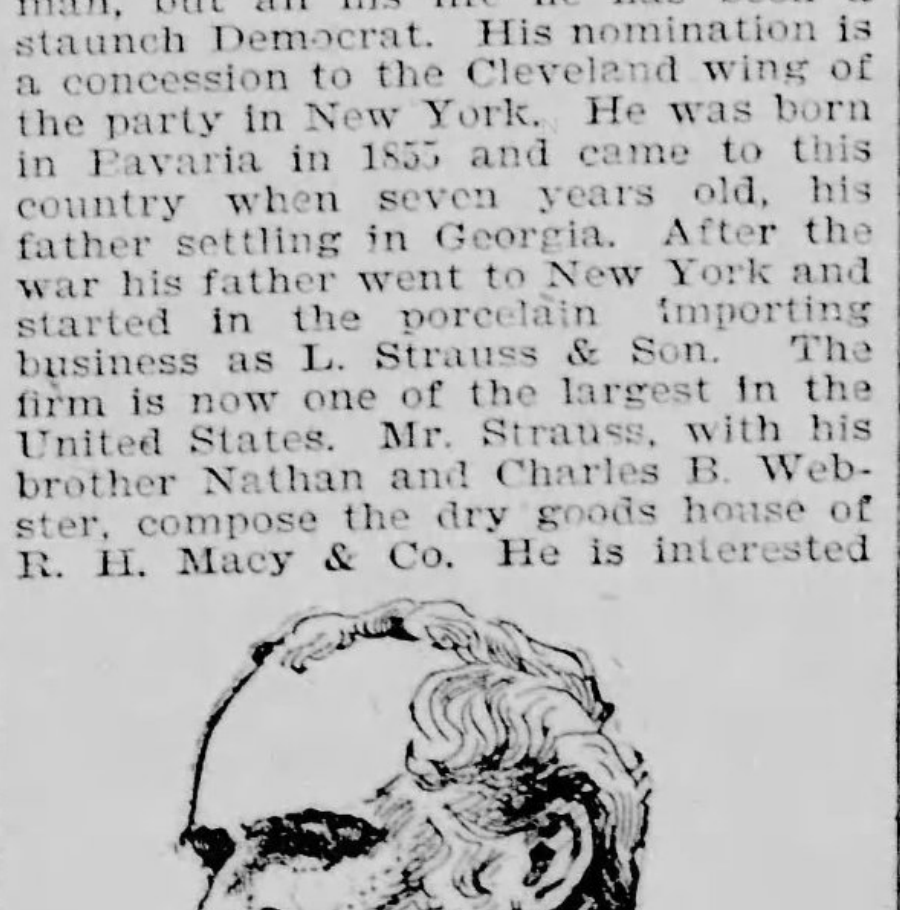
COL. WILLIAM BROWN.

Col. William L. Brown has been a picturesque personality in New York politics and business life for years. He was born of Irish parentage in Vermont in 1840. His boyhood was passed in Ohio. His father died when he was young, and upon him fell the care of the family. He became a school teacher. During the war he served with the Ohio volunteers. He was for years editor and proprietor of the Youngstown Vindicator, the principal Democratic newspaper in the Western Reserve. In the '70's he came to New York and became associated with Benjamin Wood in the publication of the Daily News, of which he is still proprietor. In 1889 he was elected to the state Senate on the Tammany ticket, and re-elected in 1891. He disagreed with Tammany on some points during the last session and showed considerable independence.



ISIDOR STRAUSS.

Isidor Strauss, the candidate in the Fifteenth district, is not a Tammany man, but all his life he has been a staunch Democrat. His nomination is a concession to the Cleveland wing of the party in New York. He was born in Bavaria in 1855 and came to this country when seven years old, his father settling in Georgia. After the war his father went to New York and started in the porcelain importing business as L. Strauss & Son. The firm is now one of the largest in the United States. Mr. Strauss, with his brother Nathan and Charles B. Webster, compose the dry goods house of R. H. Macy & Co. He is interested in many charities and is looked upon as a broad-minded and public spirited citizen. He is a brother of Oscar Strauss, who was minister to Turkey during President Cleveland's first term, and is a warm personal friend of the President. His opponent is Frederick Sigrist, a well-known merchant, and who was but once in public life, and that as a Brooklyn alderman.



GALUSHA A. GROW.

In Pennsylvania the new congressman is Galusha Grow, many years ago a noted figure in Washington.

HAVE ARRIVED AT LAST.

Three German Immigrants Who Tramped Across America.

San Francisco, Jan. 24.—On the afternoon of July 18, 1893, four raw immigrants from Germany walked out of the German Herald office at New York, to tramp to San Francisco within 171 days for a purse of $300 each. The four men started with $1 each. None of them could speak a word of English. Gustav Koegel, one of the tramping quartet, walked into San Francisco last evening, having completed the journey of 4,100 miles in 160 days and 18 hours.

He reported to Postmaster Backus and announced that his three companions, Emil Myers, Ludwig Blochs and August Jacoby, would probably arrive to-day. All are in good health. The party was generously provided for by Germans and Americans all along the route. Koegel wore out seven pair of shoes. One pair lasted for 1,196 miles, another 1,009 miles. The other five pair were poor.

Koegel is a tailor, Myer a bookkeeper and Blochs and Jacoby musicians. The best previous record, New York to San Francisco, was 192 days.

Yankee Fashions Good Enough.

Pittsburg, Jan. 24.—The Foreign Custom Tailors' Association will meet here to-day. John O'Neill, of New York, is the president. In February the American Tailors' Association will meet here. Their object is to establish purely Yankee styles of clothing. They are tired of aping foreign methods, and hope to convince their customers that American cloth is as good as the best made on the other side.

—Quick Relief From Croup and Whooping Cough is afforded by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family-stand-by for Coughs and Colds, Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.

PRINCIPLES OF THE A. P. A.

Public Declaration of the Objects of the Order Adopted at Springfield—No Religion in Politics.

Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 25.—The number of delegates to the state convention of the American Protective Association have been largely augmented. The following declaration of principles has been adopted by the convention and made public.

First—Nationality is not a bar to membership in the order. No man is asked where he was born.

Second—We interfere with no man's partisan politics.

Third—We attack no man's religion so long as he does not attempt to make his religion an element of political power.

Fourth—We unite to protect our country and its free institutions against the secret, intolerant and aggressive efforts that are persistently being set forth by a certain religio-political organization to control the government of the United States, and destroy our blood-bought civil and religious liberty.

Fifth—We are in favor of preserving constitutional liberty and maintaining the government of the United States.

Sixth—We regard all religio-political organizations as the enemies of civilization.

Seventh—It is in our opinion unwise and unsafe to appoint or elect to civil, political or military office in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign king or ecclesiastical power.

Eighth—We are in favor of maintaining the principle of one general unsectarian, free school organization and will oppose all attempts to supplant it by any sectarian institution.

Ninth—We are opposed to all attempts, local or national to use public funds for any sectarian purpose.

Tenth—We are in favor of laws taxing church property.

Eleventh—The opening of private and parochial schools, convents and monasteries to public, official inspection and placed on the same plane of morality and law as Protestant institutions are.

Twelfth—We are in favor of changing our immigration laws in such manner that they will protect our citizen laborers from the evil influences of cheap, pauper and criminal labor, which through the instrumentality of European propagandist societies and in the country by the aid of strikers and the subtle influence of priests are rapidly supplanting our free and educated American citizen in every line of industry.

Thirteenth—We believe there should be an educational qualification to elective franchise that will require every American citizen to be Americanized.

Fourteenth—We are in favor of putting into office honest and true patriots who are best qualified to fill the position regardless of political parties.

Fifteenth—We are willing to be governed by these principles in our future political action.

Sixteenth—Our mission is to awaken the people of America from their lethargy, indifference and over-confidence. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, yet the Protestants of this Republic have ceased to be vigilant, and in conscious strength are intently chasing the almighty dollar or quietly dozing while we swiftly drift toward a more tremendous and terrible crisis than this country has yet known."

The following paragraph is appended to the avowal: Birthplace is not the sole test of American loyalty. We have men born in several countries remote from this that are as loyal as any native. But they are not Romanists. American loyalty consists in devotion to our constitution, laws, institutions and above all our public schools, for without intelligence this representative republic will go to pieces. We oppose teaching of perverted history in our schools and the mutilation of reference books to cover the infamies of a so-called church which is more political than religious. We are opposed to priests and prelates as such taking parts in elections, and voting their laity as a unit in the interests of a foreign corporation with intent to injure this nation and its institutions.

FOREIGN.

BISMARCK AND THE EMPEROR

"The Man of Blood and Iron" Has a Triumphal March From Friedrichsruhe to Berlin.

Berlin, Jan. 26.—A dispatch from Friedrichsruhe, received here to-day, was the signal for an outburst of cheering when its contents were made known in front of the different newspaper offices, in the clubs, and in other public places, for it announced that Prince Bismarck, ex-chancellor of the German empire, the man of blood and iron, had started for Berlin at 9:30 a. m., in order to cement the reconciliation which has taken place between the Emperor and himself, after four long years of baitterness.

He Leaves Friedrichsruhe.

Prince Bismarck, when he left the castle of Friedrichruhe, was accompanied by Princess Bismarck, by Count Herbert Bismarck, and by Drs. Schweneager and Chrysander. The whole neighborhood of Friedrichsruhe turned out to cheer the veteran statesman as he departed for Berlin, and six beautiful young girls, dressed entirely in white, presented the prince with a handsome laurel wreath inscribed "A Happy Journey."

Prince Bismarck wore the uniform of the Magdeburger Yellow Cuirrassiers—the corps he loved so well, and whose uniform he has been so frequently pictured as wearing. Over his uniform the prince wore a heavy fur overcoat, and upon his head was the traditional German army officer's cap. The prince seemed greatly pleased with the honors extended to him, and shook hands with many of those who gathered at the railroad station in order to see him off.

As the train left the depot the crowds assembled broke out into loud cries of "Auf Frohes Wiedersehen!" Previous to the departure of the prince and his party from the castle of Friedrichruhe, an atmosphere of most pleasurable excitement prevailed there, and, in fact, this delightful feeling has prevailed at Friedrichruhe since Tuesday, when the aide-de-camp of the Emperor, Col. Von Moltke, paid his memorable visit to the prince and brought with him the glad tidings that Emperor William was seeking a reconciliation with the veteran statesman who had done so much to build up the German empire.

The Prince is Pleased.

There is no doubting that Prince Bismarck shows unmistakable pleasure at the reconciliation, and it is noticed that it has had the effect of greatly improving the prince's health, as well as his spirits.

Since Tuesday last Prince Bismarck has seemed to be a changed man, and has been laughing and joking in his old manner. He also has been able to take long walks in the grounds of the castle, and has personally answered a number of the many telegrams of congratulation which have been pouring in upon the prince from all quarters since the announcement that he had become reconciled to the Emperor.

In Berlin itself the people were astir at a much earlier hour than usual, and the streets soon became filled with people in holiday attire, pressing onward in order to take up the best position possible along the route which the prince would follow from the Lehrte or Hanovarian railroad station through the Brandenberg Gate and along Unter den Linden to the imperial castle.

Shortly before noon the crowd about the Lehrte station became immense and remarkable from the fact that in front of the station, as well as upon the platform, was a large assemblage of distinguished officers and public officials, all dressed in gorgeous uniforms, and all assembling there by special order of Emperor William, who had directed that all officers of the headquarters staff, the chiefs of the civil and military cabinets and other similar officers should attend the reception of Prince Bismarck in full uniform, at the railroad station mentioned.

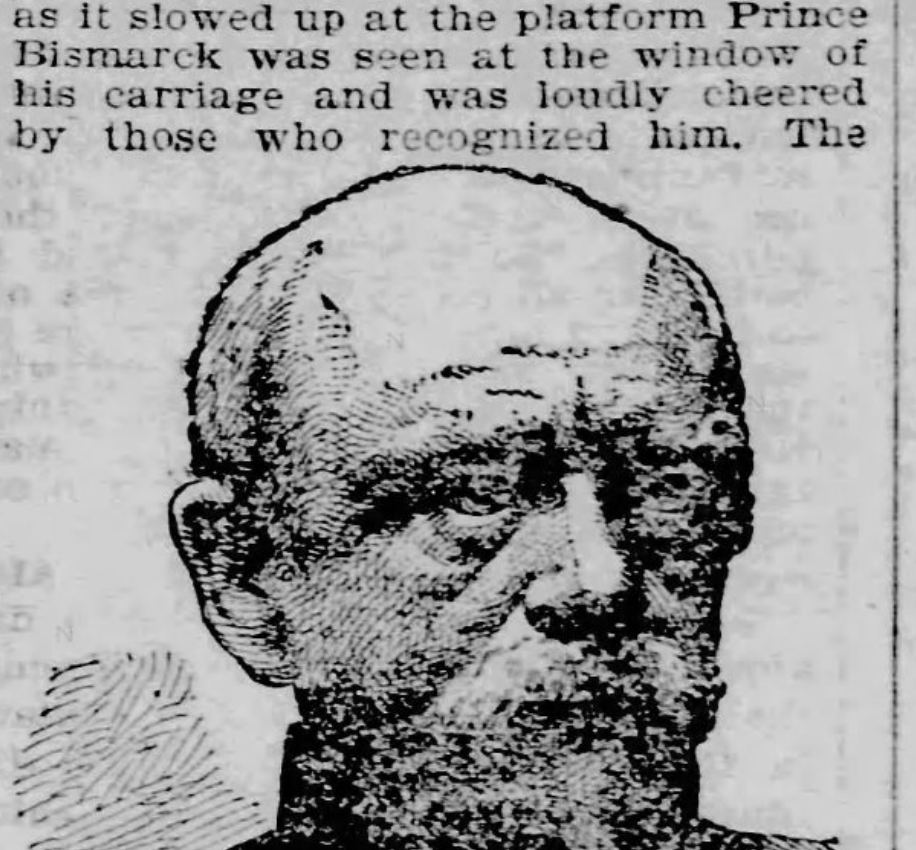
In addition, there were present representatives from nearly every society in and about Berlin, and a large force of municipal officers and students.

Shortly after noon, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William, surrounded by a large and brilliant staff, rode up to the station, where he was heartily received by the crowds of enthusiastic Berliners and others there assembled.

The station was most tastefully decorated with flags, flowers, evergreens and bunting, and rich, red carpets were laid on the platform and down the steps leading from the station. Around the neighborhood of the depot a strong force of military and police guarded every point and kept the spaces clear for the most distinguished officers and public men. When all the officers and officials had assembled in and about the Berlin depot, the scene presented by the many and various uniforms was brilliant and attractive in the extreme. All the popular generals and public officials were enthusiastically cheered when recognized, and on all sides the people showed how thoroughly they appreciated the prince's visit and the reconciliation which had taken place between the great statesman and the Emperor.

He Arrived at One O'Clock.

Promptly at 1 o'clock, the train bearing Prince Bismarck and his party from Friedrichsruhe to Berlin entered Lehrte railroad station, and as it slowed up at the platform Prince Bismarck was seen at the window of his carriage and was loudly cheered by those who recognized him. The cheering was the signal for an outburst of applause, which, being taken up by the crowds outside the railroad, seemed to be carried throughout Berlin as it was taken up and carried along from street to street through Unter den Linden and to the palace itself, where the storms of cheering gave notice that he of blood and iron had once more set foot within the capital of the empire he had done so much to create.

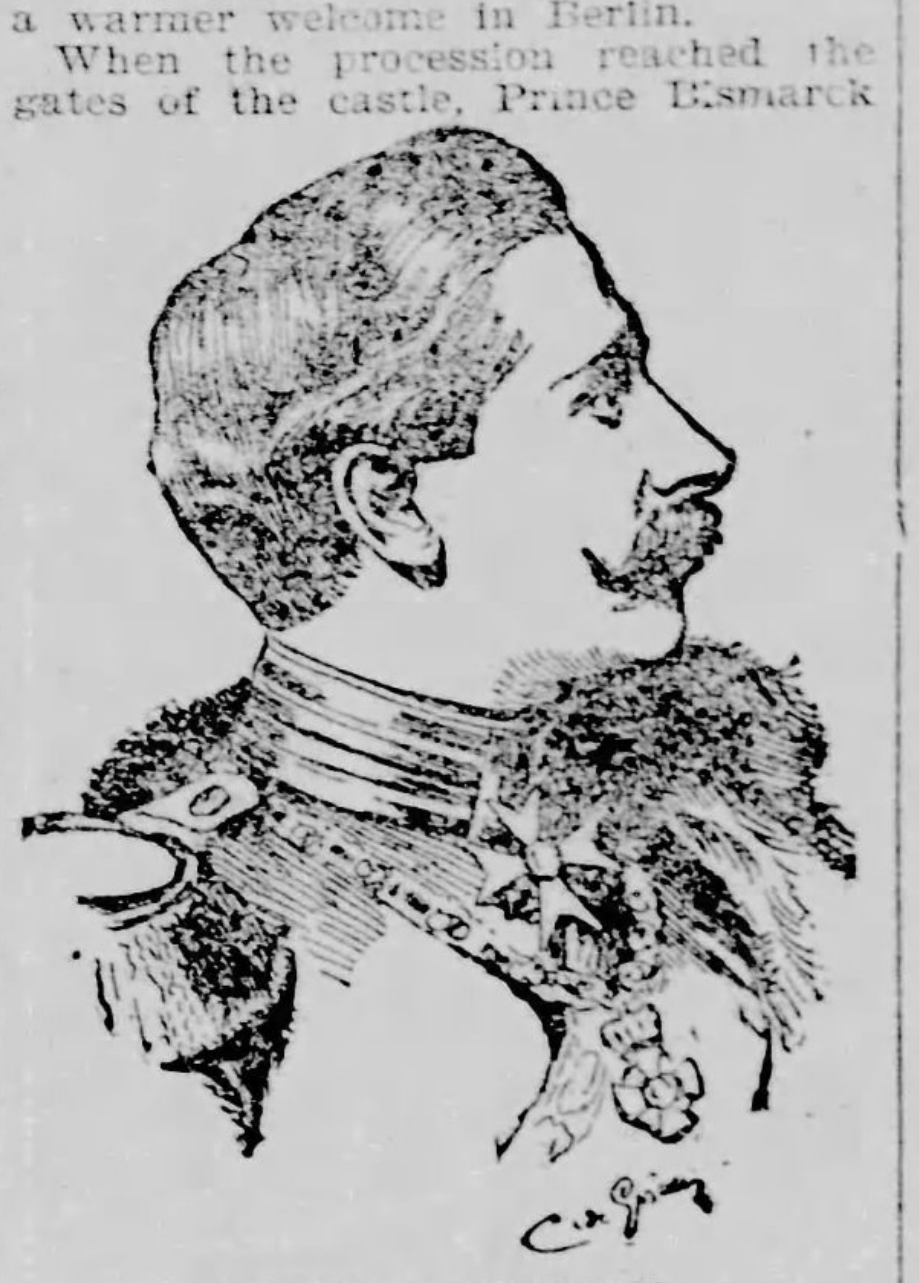


BISMARCK.

When the train had come to a standstill, Prince Bismarck stepped upon the platform, where he was met by Prince Henry, of Prussia, and a large crowd of distinguished officers. Prince Henry extended a most cordial greeting to Prince Bismarck, and the latter shook hands with many of the distinguished officers present, several of whom, especially the veterans were affected considerably at this meeting.

Prince Bismarck was evidently much moved by the popular demonstration and it can safely be said that no one, emperor or king, ever received a warmer welcome in Berlin.

When the procession reached the gates of the castle, Prince Bismarck and Prince Henry of Prussia, alighted and walked together down the lines of the guard of honor which was composed of the Garde Hussaren and the Jaeger Garde, which were drawn up there with bands playing and colors flying, the guard of honor and the escort of curassiers marched past the two princes who entered the palace, Prince Henry conducting Prince Bismarck into the building with every mark of respect.



EMPEROR WILLIAM.

In the palace Emperor William received Prince Bismarck with the greatest distinction, surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers of the highest rank.

The welcome which the emperor extended to Prince Bismarck was extremely cordial and it was evident that the prince was much touched at the heartiness of the emperor's manner.

The three eldest sons of Emperor William were present at the reception.

Only Three Covers Laid.

At 1:45 p. m. luncheon was served in the emperor's private rooms, where only three covers were laid—one for the emperor, one for the empress and one for Prince Bismarck.

The emperor wore the uniform of the Silesian Cuirassiers. The Magdeburg cuirassiers, Prince Bismarck's regiment, have come to Berlin, by the emepror's order, especially for this occasion and a detachment of this splendid cavalry regiment was placed on guard in front of the apartments assigned to Prince Bismarck.

After luncheon Prince Bismarck retired to his own room for a rest and Emperor William went for a ride.

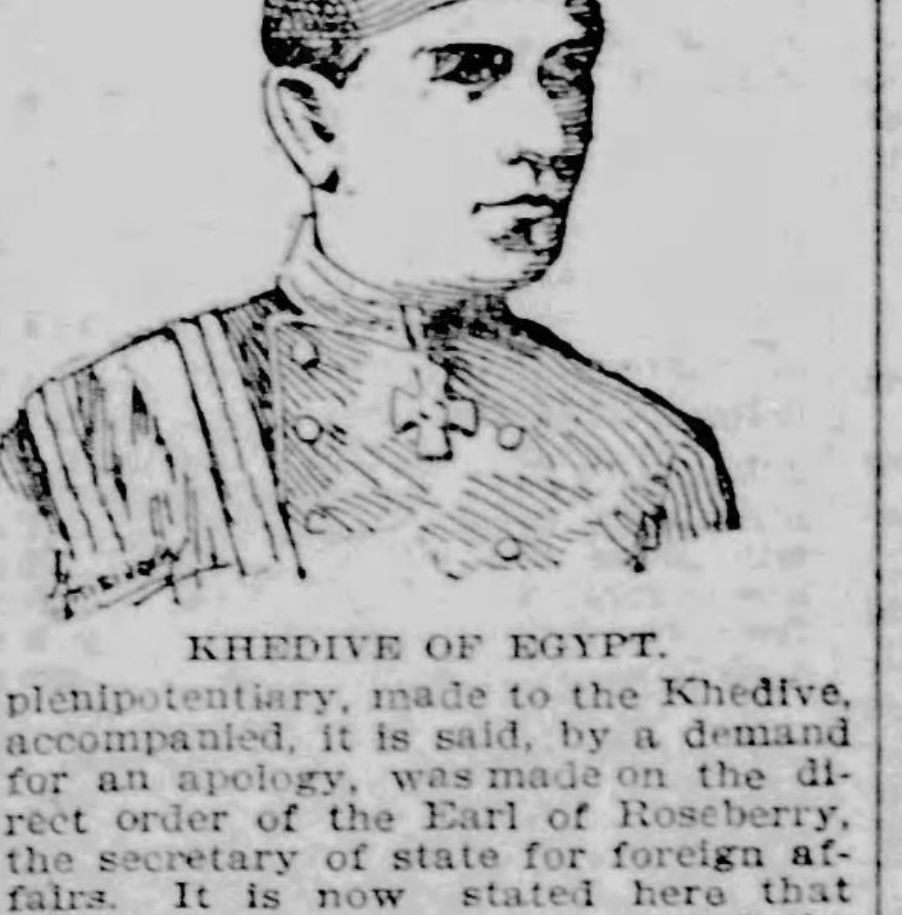
Prince Bismarck's arrival at the castle was followed by an enthusiastic succession of demonstrations upon the part of the people. Thousands upon thousands of people packed the square in front of the castle singing the national anthem, "Wacht Am Rhein" and "Deutscheland Urber Alles." The enthusiasm was so great that the emperor and empress, the young princess and Prince Bismarck repeatedly appeared at a window, bowing in response to the amnifestations which continued throughout the afternoon. At 3 o'clock Chancellor Von Caprivi, followed by all the secretaries of state, called at the palace.

THE KHEDIVE'S DIGNITY MUST BE TAKEN DOWN

Several Pegs by the British—They Don't Propose to Stand Even Very Much Talking From Him.

Cairo, Jan. 26.—The situation of affairs here arising from the Khedive's recent obnoxious criticisms of the Egyptian army and of the British officers who have been instrumental in organizing the Egyptians into fair fighting material, is decidedly serious and if the Khedive persists in his present attitude, it may even lead to his removal from the throne.

The protest which Lord Cromer, the British consul general and minister plenipotentiary, made to the Khedive, accompanied, it is said, by a demand for an apology, was made on the direct order of the Earl of Roseberry, the secretary of state for foreign affairs. It is now stated here that Lord Cromer had also requested the Khedive to issue a decree praising the troops, whom he had previously blamed. Finally, it is said, Lord Cromer has been instructed to ask the Khedive to dismiss Maher Pasha. On the other hand, it is stated that the Khedive has most emphatically refused to submit to such a public humiliation, and it is believed by those who know the Khedive most intimately that Abbas Pasha will resist to the utmost the alleged insulting demands made by the British minister plenipotentiary.



KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

England is equally determined that the reputation of the British officers and the British administration is directly concerned in the dispute, and that if the Khedive remains on the throne, he will have to make some sort of a retraction.

In explanation of the present crisis, which, it is asserted, may lead to serious trouble between France and Great Britain, it is explained that the Khedive's tour on the Nile proceeded without incident until he reached Wadyhalfa, where the pick of the Egyptian army is to be found, under the command of English officers, who have been allowed to leave their own regiments in order to serve temporarily in the Egyptian army. The troops at Wadyhalfa were recently inspected by Maj. Gen. Frederick F. Prestier Walker, commander of the British troops forming the garrison of Egypt, and were highly commended for the admirable showing they made under arms. When the Sidar of the Egyptian army, Gen. Kitchener Pasha, telegraphed to Lord Cromer, the British minister plenipotentiary at Alexandria, that the Khedive had unreservedly criticised the discipline and efficiency of the Egyptian troops, Lord Cromer immediately telegraphed to the Earl of Roseberry, secretary of state for foreign affairs, with the result that he was instructed to take the action already referred to in this dispatch, and which may be said to amount in substance to a demand for an apology from the Khedive under the threat of removing him from the throne if he does not do so.

THE KHEDIVE BACKING DOWN.

He Issues an Order Practically Calling Himself a Liar.

Cairo, Jan. 26.—The khedive has published an order praising the English and Egyptian officers, and it is understood that Maher Pasha is to be transferred from the ministry of war to some other post.

It is understood that Lord Cromer has triumphed, and that the khedive bows once more to the dictation of England.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES

Never Recovered From the Duke of Clarence's Death.

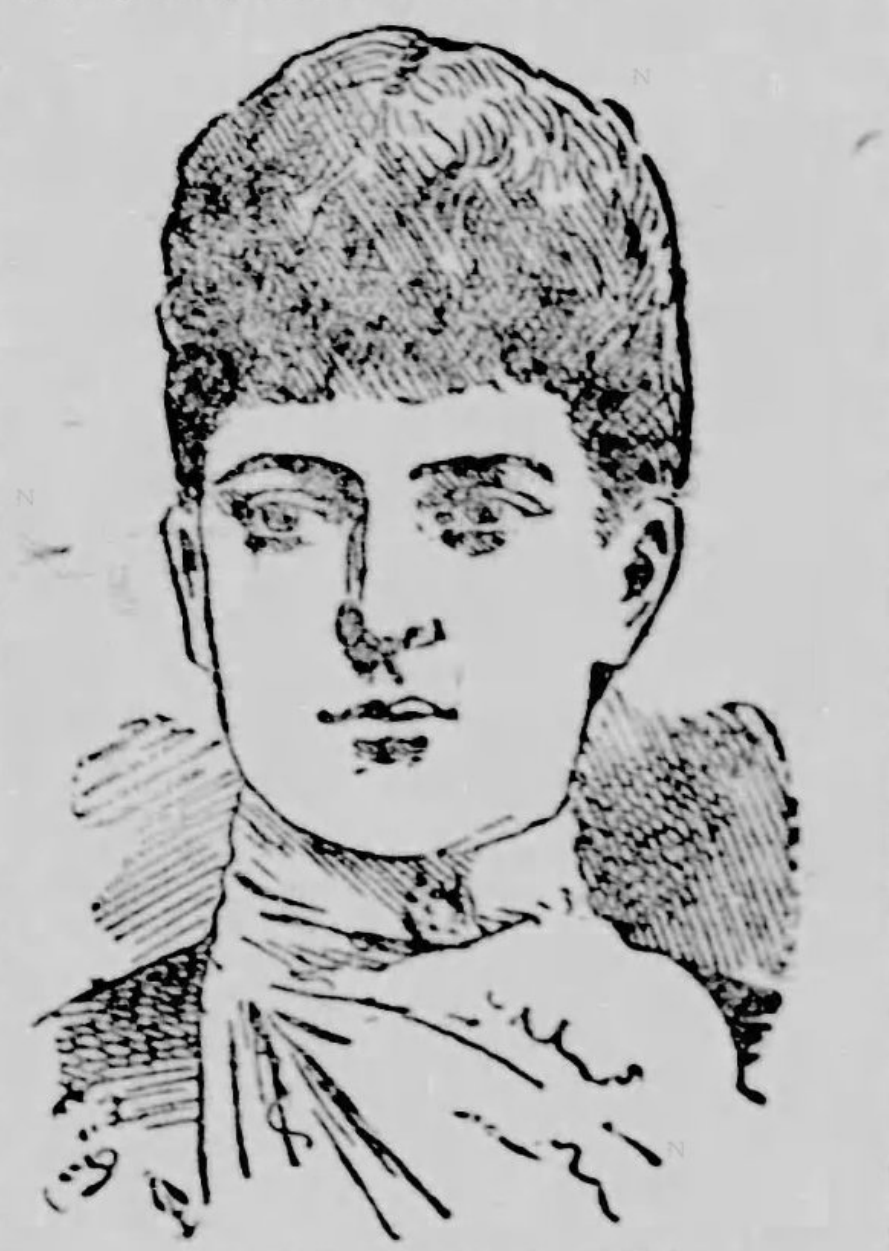
London, Jan. 29.—The startling announcement that the Princess of Wales is losing her mind has caused a great deal of excitement here. The story, however, is generally believed, as her recent public conduct generally corroborates the statement that she is unbalanced mentally.

The announcement as made by the Prince is put in a milder form, and is simply to the effect that the health of the Princess is not good, and that she will retire from society for a season or two. A strong suspicion of the true state of affairs became general when the Prince visited the Duchess of Rutland at Belvan Castle without the Princess.

The culmination of the unfortunate state of affairs was brought on when the Duke of Clarence, heir presumptive to the throne of England, died. For a few months previous to this, her royal highness had been in poor health.

A year before she was well and had spent several months on the continent, traveling with her daughters. She was especially complimented on her good health by her nephew, the Emperor of Germany. She was summoned home hastily to the bedside of her second son, Prince George, now Duke of York, who was stricken with typhoid fever. After he had recovered, the Princess personally attended to superintending the arrangements for the wedding of the Duke of Clarence. In the midst of this came his sickness and death. All previous troubles she had borne with an heroic fortitude.

This loss, however, was a staggering blow. All the sympathy of her surroundings and of the public, which loved her, could not, and did not, console her. It was said the Queen favored the match, while the master and mistress of Marborough House counseled delay, out of their feelings of bereavement.



PRINCESS OF WALES.

Then came Prince George's second illness, which, although not so serious as the first attack, increased the tension upon the nerves of his afflicted mother.

This sickness over, and the creation of the heir presumptive as the Duke of York, the popular clamor was again raised that the duke must be married at once, so as not to endanger the succession to the throne. Her sense of the sanctity of family relations and a desire to delay this marriage were, it is said, entirely overruled.

The princess was simply unable to stand the strain. She had become the victim of the torturing illusion that her son, the Duke of Clarence, was still alive, and that he was kept away from her by cruel, restraining hands. With her mind thus affected, she now cares little for worldly affairs. She neglects her physical condition.

She no longer cares for food, and has almost to be forced to take nourishment by the two physicians who are in constant attendance upon her.

It is proposed that she shall go to Denmark and remain with her parents. Her illness is regarded as a national calamity, for she is adored by the British people.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE

"NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of those subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting in in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task; and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving to our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are printing and binding 500 to 1,000 copies daily.

Subscribers whose time expires in any given month will send in their orders for renewals at least two weeks before their time is out and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready, and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received.

Some of the Contents:

There are hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V. Nasby." Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number:

How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview With President Lincoln.
The Wise Old Rat.
The Discontented Peasant.
His Change of Base in Kentucky.
A Kentucky Tea Party.
The Famous Series of Letters on President Johnson's "Swinging Round the Circle," upon which tour Mr. Nasby attended him as his confidential adviser.
His trip with the President to Raleigh.
The Amnesty Proclamation.
The Pendleton Greenback Theory in Kentucky.
Mr. Nasby Loses His Postoffice.
"Cuss'd be Canaan!" A Lecture Delivered at Music Hall, Boston, December 22, 1867.
"Nasby as a Banker." The noted series of letters on the Greenback Theory.
Mr. Nasby's Sojourn in New York. A series of letters written from the Sixth Ward of that City.
Mr. Nasby's Return to the Corners.
The Question of Taxes at the Corners.
The "Women's Crusade" at the Corners—A series of letters written during that famous temperance movement.
The Series of Letters during the famous Electoral Commission.
"Silver at the Corners"—a series of letters written during the time the Bland bill was before Congress, and quite applicable to the present time.
With hundreds of others equally interesting, and ending with the last "Nasby Letter" ever written.

The volume also contains a very fine portrait of Mr. D. R. Locke, from the latest photograph for which he ever sat, with a fac-simile of his autograph.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber shall show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's expirations in order; but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

The remittance must always be one dollar, in net current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by draft on New York, Chicago, or Toledo, money order, express order, or currency by registered mail. Address

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Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

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We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have sent six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

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WASHINGTON.

WILSON BILL TO MEET ITS FATE ON THURSDAY.

A Vote Will be Taken Then—Only Time Left to Debate the Income Tax—Opposing Democrats.

Washington, Jan. 29.—The great tariff debate will close in the House on next Thursday at 3 o'clock, when, according to the amended special order under which the House is operating, the vote will be taken on the pending amendments and the final passage of the bill.

The debate during the coming wek will relate entirely to the internal revenue bill, which the Democratic caucus decided to place upon the tariff bill as a rider. To-morrow and Tuesday will be devoted to general debate, and Wednesday to debate under the five-minute rule, when the internal revenue features will be open to amendment. Of course, the principal opposition will be directed against the income tax, which is being bitterly opposed by the Eastern Democrats.

To Fight the Income Tax.

The Republicans, however, will not vote with the Democratic opponents of the income tax, but will either refrain from voting, or else, if necessary to make a quorum, vote for it in order to incorporate it into the bill. The attempt to defeat it will, therefore, be hopeless.

When the bill is reported to the House on Thursday, three hours will be allowed for closing the debate, one and a half hours on a side. Mr. Reed will close for the Republicans and Mr. Wilson and Speaker Crisp for the Democrats.

Will Have a Margin.

The indications are that when the bill is placed upon its final passage that it will have a fair margin to carry it.

During the past week the movement to re-commit the bill looked formidable, as at least 50 Democrats (counting the anti-income taxers), including all those dissatisfied with any portion of the measure, were counted upon to take this indirect method of compelling changes in their interest. With the Republican support this plan might have succeeded. But on yesterday some of the Republican leaders talked the situation over, and came to the conclusion that it would not be politic to join a faction in the Democratic ranks in order to give the bill a backset, which might not result in its ultimate defeat. This decision, if it is adhered to, in the opinion of the Democratic leaders, removes all doubt as to the final passage of the bill, as they believe not more than 30 Democrats at the outside will carry their opposition to the extent of voting directly against the bill.

154 Votes Against.

If the Republicans should poll their whole strength, 124, this would only raise the vote against the bill to 154, as with the income tax included, it is believed that the bill will command the entire populist vote of nine. The full vote for the bill, therefore, could be 200, a majority of 46. It is fair to assume that the absentees will be drawn proportionately from each side, so that from present indications the Democratic leaders claim a majority for the bill of from 30 upwards.

If by any change of programme the Republicans should decide to vote in favor of the motion to re-commit, the additional strength gained from the Democratic side (about 20) might seriously endanger, if not defeat, the measure. But this is not now anticipated.

REFINED SUGARS FREE,

And Coal and Iron Ore Follow It—Free Traders in Control.

Washington, Jan. 24.—The House yesterday determined the abolition of the duty upon refined sugar, which was passed upon just before the House adjourned last night, as an amendment to an amendment offered by Mr. Robertson, one of the Louisiana sugar men. A way out of the confusion which existed upon the effect of the amendment adopted last night was found after a two hours' discussion of the parliamentary situation by submitting the question to the House as to whether the Warner amendment placing refined sugar on the free list should be considered as a subsitute for the Robertson amendment. This was decided affirmatively, and by an overwhelming vote, in which the Republicans joined with the radical Democrats against the sugar men and several members of the ways and means committee, a substitute was adopted.

With regard to the sugar schedule, therefore, the committee of the whole has abolished the bounty and placed all sugar, both raw and refined, upon the free list. When it came to consider the coal schedule to-day, however, the committee fared much better, and all four of the amendments designed to place a duty of from 40 to 75 cents per ton upon coal were beaten. The debate upon the coal schedule developed a great deal of feeling among the Southern members, especially those from Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama, whose states are interested either in coal or iron ore. The general impression is that the defeat of Gorman, and those who are interested in retaining a duty upon coal will result in strengthening the movement developed on the Democratic side to recommit the bill.

WITH NUMBERLESS AMENDMENTS

The Wilson Tariff Bill Assumes Definite Shape in the House.

Washington, Jan. 27.—The Wilson tariff bill merged to-day from the ordeal of amendments to which it has been subjected the last few weeks. The bill is now in its perfected form, so far as the House can perfect it. The additional days of debate next week will be given exclusively to the income tax. It has been so difficult to keep track of the tariff amendments from day to day that the ways and means committee have no copy of the perfected bill.

Of the two material alterations in the bill—sugar and wool, that on sugar is of far reaching consequence. The committee had gradually extinguished the sugar bounty by taking a part off each year for eight years. But the radical anti-sugar element succeeded in passing their amendments doing away with the bounty at a single stroke. The radicals also amended the bill so that fine sugar, as well as raw, goes on the free list.

The wool amendment changes the bill so that free raw wool and reduced duties on manufactured woolens go into effect as soon as the tariff bill becomes a law. The bill had fixed August 1, 1894, as the date for the free raw wool to take effect and December 1, 1894, as the date for the reduced duties on manufactured woolens. But the radical element would accept no delay, and as a result there is no postponement of dates in the woolen schedule. The difference of four months between free raw wool and reduced duty on manufactured wool was given in order to allow the trade to adjust itself to the change.

But with the schedules going into immediate effect there is little opportunity for adjustment. Among the lesser amendments made are those raising duty on diamonds from 10 per cent, under the bill to 30 per cent and the specific repeal of the reciprocity clause of the McKinley act.

IN ABOUT A WEEK

The Hawaiian Investigating Committee Will Get Through.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Members of the Senate committee which is investigating the diplomatic relations of this government with the Hawaiian government express the opinion that the investigation will be concluded within the next ten days or two weeks. The witnesses yet to be examined are mainly persons who have at various times visited the islands.

AGAINST THE SECRETARY.

A Favorable Report Ordered by the Judiciary Committee.

Washington, Jan. 26.—The judiciary committee of the House, by a vote of 9 to 4, ordered a favorable report on Representative Bailey's resolution questioning the right of Secretary Carlisle to issue bonds.

REFUSES TO GRANT THE INJUNCTION AGAINST CARLISLE.

Knights of Labor in the United States Court—Carlisle Will Now Proceed With the Bonds.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Judge Cox, of the District Supreme court, this morning declined to grant the application of the Knights of Labor to compel Secretary Carlisle to show cause why he should not be enjoined from issuing $50,000,000 of bonds as proposed in his recent bond circular.

Judge Wilson, in opening the case, referred to the fact that there was no other judicial tribunal to which the applicants had resort under the circumstances. He declared that no other business would sustain as much injury or damage by the bond issue as that of the miners who form a large percentage of the 30,000 or more members of the Knights of Labor.

Though the secretary, in announcing that bonds would be issued, cited the act of January 14, 1875, providing for specie payment resumption as authority for his action, neither this act nor that of July 14, 1870, authorizing the refunding of the national debt, conferred the authority.

SECRETARY CARLISLE PLEASED

At Judge Cox's Refusal to Grant an Injunction.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Secretary Carlisle was at his desk in the Treasury department to-day. To-day the Cabinet meets and such days the secretary does not see any visitors, but devotes his time exclusively to the consideration of department business. The secretary declined to make for publication any statement of the results of his trip to New York.

It was officially stated at the department that the statement attributed to the secretary while in New York that if the subscriptions run up to $75,000,000 he intended to sell that many bonds, was incorrect. It is said that after the secretary had wanted that amount of bonds he would have so stated in his circular inviting proposals for them.

Treasury officials are said to have heard with unfeigned satisfaction the decision of Judge Cox dismissing the petition of the Knights of Labor an injunction against Secretary Carlisle to restrain from issuing bonds.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Jan. 24.—The House yesterday determined the abolition of the duty on refined sugar, which was passed upon just before the House adjourned, as an amendment to an amendment offered by Mr. Robertson, one of the Louisiana sugar men. A way out of the confusion which existed upon the effect of the amendment adopted, was found after a two hours' discussion of the parliamentary situation by submitting the question to the House as to whether the amendment placing refined sugar on the free list should be considered as a substitute for the Robertson amendment. This was decided affirmatively, and then by an overwhelming vote, in which the Republicans joined with the radical Democrats against the sugar men, and several members of the Ways and Means committee, the substitute was adopted. With regard to the sugar schedule, therefore, the Committee of the Whole has abolished the bounty, and placed all sugar, both raw and refined, upon the free list. When it came to consider the coal schedule, however, the committee fared much better, and all four of the amendments designed to place a duty of from 40 cents to 75 cents per ton on coal were beaten. The debate upon the coal schedule developed a great deal of feeling among the Southern members, especially those from Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama, whose states are interested either in coal or iron.

In the Senate, Mr. Turpin, of Indiana, reported from the Foreign Affairs committee a resolution declaring against the annexation of Hawaii, and also stating that any interference in their domestic affairs would be an unfriendly act. Senator Teller objected to immediate consideration, and the resolution went over until to-day. Senator Cullom (Rep., Ill.) then addressed the Senate on the Hawaiian question. He was followed by Senator Chandler (Rep., N. H.) who opposed the federal elections repeal bill.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The amendments to the iron schedule yesterday shared the same fate as those to the coal schedule. They were overwhelmingly defeated, and iron ore remains upon the free list. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in the discussion of amendments looking to the free admission of machinery used in the manufacture of cotton goods. Just before the House adjourned the advocates and opponents of the income tax upon the Democratic side were arrayed against each other, the latter attempting to prevent Mr. McMillin from reading the internal revenue bill to the House. The Republicans, however, joined hands with the income taxers, and defeated the small band of Democrats who have pledged themselves to use every effort to prevent the internal revenue bill containing the income tax from being placed upon the Wilson bill as a rider. The bil was reported as an amendment.

The Hawaiian question came prominently before the Senate again yesterday, and after an hour's brisk discussion went over until to-day. The result of the debate was to show that there is division both in the Democratic and Republican ranks as to the wisdom of adopting the resolution reported by the foreign relations committee. Various amendments were submitted to the Hawaiian resolution, and by agreement it went over until to-day, when Senator Teller will take the floor. Senator Lodge then spoke in opposition to the bill repealing the federal election laws.

Washington, Jan. 26.—The amendments on the Wilson bill were all completed and settled with the exception of the Internal Revenue part of it. This was the last day of the debate on amendments under the five minute rule. No business of importance was transacted. The only event of interest was the filibustering of Bourke Cockran and the New York delegation.

Washington, Jan. 27.—The only amendment to the tariff bill adopted by the House yesterday, was one increasing the duty on cut stones unset to 30 per cent ad valorem and taking rough, uncut stones from the free list and placing them on the dutiable list at 15 per cent ad valorem. The Ways and Means committee which desired to reduce the duty on cut stones from 15 to 10 per cent was overruled in this manner. There was yesterday, as on the two preceding days, considerable open, plain-spoken opposition to the bill on the Democratic side.

The session of the Senate yesterday was devoted to a discussion of Senator Call's public land resolution and a general colloquy over the federal election bill. A strong appeal was made by Senator Call in favor of the homesteaders of Florida, who he alleged, were being deprived of their rights by land granted railroads without authority of law, and he finally succeeded in having his resolution referred to the judiciary committee for a careful inquiry into the legal rights of the question. Senator Chandler made an effoort to have the bill repealing the federal election laws postponed until next December, but the motion was, of course, promptly defeated by the Democrats on a roll-call.

Washington, Jan. 29.—The tariff debate was concluded Saturday night. The time for offering amendments ceased at 5:30, when the House took a recess. There was a great deal of demand from both sides of the House during the afternoon for recognition for the purpose of offering amendments, but Mr. Wilson, for the committee, had the floor and not one of them got it. At least a hundred amendments were shut out by the expiration of the time. A series of amendments to the metal schedule, all reductions, were agreed to, and the committee reversed its action of a week ago and fixed the time for free wool to go into effect on August 2, and for the woolen goods schedule to go into effect on December 2. This was accomplished by a change of front on the part of the Republicans who voted on the former occasion to have free wool go into effect immediately upon the passage of the bill. The last series of amendments to be considered were those raising the duty on barley to 30 per cent ad valorem, and on barley malt to 35 per cent. The Eastern and Western malsters and brewers are fighting over the barley schedule, and Mr. Warner, in the closing minutes of the session, prevented a vote by making the point of no quorum. A great deal of excitement attended the wind-up.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The general debate upon the internal revenue features of the tariff bill was entered upon yesterday, but only one sensational speech was made, that of Mr. Covert. (Dem., N. Y.) who announced his unalterable opposition to the entire bill, because, in his opinion, it was framed to compel the incorporation of an income tax. Messrs. McMillan, of Tennessee, and Hall, of Kansas, ably presented the arguments in favor of the imposition of such a tax.

The Hawaiian controversy and the federal election bill occupied the time of the Senate yesterday. Senator Teller, of Colorado, argued in favor of the annexation of Hawaii. The Hawaiian resolution went over, and will doubtless be again discussed at much length before a vote is reached.

Women full of Pains

Aches and weaknesses, find in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER instant and grateful relief. In ONE MINUTE it relieves aching sides and back, hip, kidney and uterine pains, strains and weaknesses, rheumatic, sciatic, sharp and nervous pains, coughs, colds and chest pains. Odorous with balsam, spice and pine, it is the sweetest, surest, safest and best plaster.

Price: 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

BERING SEA REGULATIONS.

Diplomatic Difficulties Interfere With Their Settlement.

Washington, Jan. 27.—As the time approaches for putting into force the regulations to protect seal life in the Bering sea, it becomes more evident that it will be difficult to make regulations in conformity with the recommendations of the Bering sea tribunal. The condition is that the United States and Great Britain, even by agreement and co-operation can not protect seal life beyond the three-mile limit of the land, and islands except against their own citizens under their own flag.

Most of the depredations in the past have been committed under the British flag by Canadian sealers. This can be put a stop to. But if these Canadian sealers can sail under the Corean flag, or that of any other nation not a party to the agreement, they can not be prevented from pursuing pelagic sealing. Neither can the citizens of nations not a party to the agreement be molested.

The main task in the preparation of regulations, is, therefore, the securing of agreements from other nations not to allow their flags to be used to protect depredators. The labors of Secretary Gresham and Sir Julian Pauncefote, British ambassador, are believed to be directed to that end. Russia and Japan are believed to have already expressed their willingness to co-operate in the measures to protect seal life in Bering sea.

Whether the consent of any other nations has been secured can not be ascertained. There is a vast deal of detail to be arranged in the perfection of regulations, such as defining the zones of the sea about islands within these three-mile shore limit where the United States has absolute jurisdiction So there is reason for doubt whether the regulations can be perfected before the sealing season opens.

THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Covert Continues His Attack on Wilson's Bill.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The call of committees for reports was dispensed with this morning, and the House went immediately into the committee of the whole and the tariff debate was resumed.

Mr. Covert (Dem., N. Y.), who was speaking when the House took a recess last night, was given unanimous consent to complete his speech. He continued his attack upon the bill, which he insisted was a sectional measure, where burdens would fall on the East and North.

"When the South was threatened with a force bill," he concluded, "we, of the North, stood shoulder to shoulder with the South against that bill, because we believed its operations would be sectional. I ask you of the South now to join with us in denouncing this measure, which is sectional."

Mr. Cox (Dem., Tenn.) followed in support of the income tax, and argued that if it did bear more heavily in the East and North than the South, it was because the protective system dictated by the North and East had concentrated the wealth of the country in those sections.

Mr. W. A. Stone (Rep., Pa.) opposed the income tax in a brief but vigorous speech. He read from the platform declarations of the Democratic party from its foundation to the present time to show that nothing in its history could be found in advocacy of this tax, which was to be resorted to because the Democratic House of Representatives had failed to redeem its pledges of a tariff for revenue only.

MUST PROTECT THEMSELVES.

The Government Must Watch Its Own Interest in the Pacific Roads.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Chairman Reilly, of the House committee on Pacific railroads, has had frequent conferences of late with Senator Brice, chairman of the Senate committee on the same subject. The two have also seen Secretary Carlisle and Attorney General Olney, with a view to determining on some line of legislation which would meet the complicated condition of affairs on Pacific roads. Mr. Reilly says that the great debt owed by the roads is so fast maturing that some plan of legislation by the present Congress is imperative.

This view is taken by all those with whom he has consulted, but as yet they have reached no agreement as to what particular line of action should be adopted. Mr. Reilly hopes, however, that both committees of Congress will soon determine upon a common policy which will be effective in securing the government against loss, and at the same time secure the Pacific railroads against action which would be harmful to them.

BUSINESS IN THE SENATE.

Mr. Sherman Defends Secretary Carlisle.

Washington, Jan. 30.—A petition alleged to "represent 10,000 wool growers of California irrespective of political party" praying against the reduction of the duty on wool, was presented in the Senate to-day by Senator Perkins (Cal.).

Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, presented a petition of 6,000 citizens of St. Louis county, Minnesota, protesting against putting iron ore on the free list.

The resolution of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, declaring the proposed issue of bonds to be without authority of law was taken up and Mr. Stewar. addressed the Senate in its favor.

Senator Sherman followed Mr. Stewart and criticized severely the attacks upon the credit of the nation in the resolution proposed by Senator Stewart and in Senator Allen's speech. He maintained that the secretary had full authority to issue the bonds.

THE SENATE'S ATTENTION

Will be Given to the Elections Bill and the Hawaiian Matter.

Washington, Jan. 29.—The present indications are that the federal elections bill and the Hawaiian question will in a large measure divide the attention of the Senate this week. If the tariff bill should pass the House according to the program Thursday, and be sent immediately to the Senate, nothing would be done with it more than to refer it to the finance committee, where it will rest for at least a few weeks, so that there is little or no prospect of this subject interfering in any way for the present with the consideration of the bills and resolutions already on the calendar.

CLEVELAND'S APPOINTMENTS.

Many Were Confirmed by the Senate Friday.

Washington, Jan. 27.—The Senate, in executive session yesterday, made public the following confirmations: Cyrus J. Kelly, receiver of public moneys at Cheyenne, Wyo.; Tully Brown, attorney of the United States for the middle district of Tennessee; Joseph E. Cronan, marshal for the district of North Dakota; John M. Burke, surveyor of customs, Lincoln, Neb.; William M. Smith, attorney for the United States for the district of Kentucky; William I. Buchanan, of Iowa, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Argentine Republic.

TO AMEND THE PREAMBLE

And Acknowledge God in the Constitution of the United States.

Washington, Jan. 26.—An amendment to the preamble of the constitution of the United States, acknowledging Almighty God, is proposed by Representative Morse, of Massachusetts, in a joint resolution introduced yesterday.

Mr. Child's Condition Unchanged.

Philadelphia, Jan. 30.—Mr. Childs's condition this morning is unchanged. He remains in practically the same state, as when the last bulletin was issued last night.

HUNS RAISING A RIOT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Mansfield District is Now Occupied by Deputy Sheriffs—Strikers Aching for a Fight.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 29.—The striking miners in the Mansfield coal district seem to be cowed by the disastrous attack upon the Beadling mines and the presence of a couple of hundred of deputy sheriffs in the district, for peace prevailed in the district all Sunday and last night.

Rumors of all kinds are still flying. The woods, according to the reports of scared farmers, are supposed to be full of bands of Salvonic and Belgian miners, awaiting opportunity to rush from their hiding retreats upon unwary deputy sheriffs, put the latter to rout, and then continue their destruction of coal tipples.

Sheriff Richards, who has been at Mansfield receiving reports, returned to Pittsburg for a brief time this morning. He says he does not believe any further concerted attempts at property destruction will be made by the strikers.

They seem to have lost heart over their defeat at the Beadling mine, and are generally in hiding. There is much fear, though, that some miners will surreptitiously attempt the destruction of property, as from the testimony of Sephick, the dead rioter, there is no doubt that a society of foreign miners had been formed for the purpose of destroying property.

A large mass meeting of strikers is now being held near Mansfield, and the sheriff and people are watching it closely. What they fear is that after the adjournment the strikers may make another attack. If to-day passes in peace, the trouble for the present is perhaps at an end.

Affairs at Mansfield.

Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 29.—Sheriff Richards went to Bridgeville at 10 a. m., and will attend to the starting of the mines there. Most of the old men who were driven out by the mob on Saturday have returned to work, and about 50 foreigners are watching them. Deputy Sheriffs Foster and Slattery went out the Tom's Run branch with 40 assistants to make arrests.

They have 19 informations sworn out before Squire Means, of Mansfield. Deputy Sheriff Preslin will take charge of the Mansfield deputies. Reports from W. J. Steen's mines are to the effect that the men have returned to work in a body. So far all the mines on Tom's Run branch are idle, with no indications that the men will return to work soon.

Trouble at Woodville.

Woodville, Pa., Jan. 29.—The Armstrong Coal company's works are an object for attack by the miners. At an early hour a notice was posted by some unknown person that if the men now working in the mines did not cease at once they would be driven off, the tipples burned and the mules killed. The Armstrongs, upon receipt of this, at once took away all the mules not nessary for the absolute working of the men in the mine, and then notified Sheriff Richards, who was at Mansfield.

With a force of deputies he at once went to the mines. Arriving at the station he found a large crowd of men congregated. He ordered the deputies to patrol in front of the works. They did so, exhibiting white badges. This show of force alarmed the men and they got on trains or marched over the hills toward Mansfield.

THE STRIKING MINERS CREATE NO DISTURBANCE.

The Cold Weather is Assisting to Keep Them Down—Not Much Trouble Expected.

Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 30.—A bitter cold wave which struck this valley yesterday was likely as responsible as the deputies for preventing further demonstration by the riotously inclined miners. It is certain that last night was absolutely free from disorder along the Bridgeville, Miller's Run, Tom's Run and Pan Handle lines. The shivering deputies patroling all night did not see a single man who seemed by his action to have any hostile intention against the tipples.

The Mob Disappeared.

The mob which assembled back of the Ridgeway mine yesterday afternoon got word that the deputies were watching them and like magic disappeared. Another crowd was seen above McDonald, but this morning, even their feet tracks had been obliterated by the snow. Chief Deputy Sheriff Lowry made an early tour of the works up the Lake Erie lines, and especially in the Tom's Run district. He wired back that there were a number of men at work in the mines, and that confidence had been generally restored.

An operator said that the presence of the deputy sheriffs was having a wonderfully salutary effect upon the foreigners. Had they been in uniform though, the effect would have been curbed as quickly as it assumed the ascendancy. There is little doubt however, that there still exists grounds for uneasiness from the very sullen silence of the men themselves. The fact that they show no disposition to return to work and exhibit a spirit of defiance which may result in further disorder, when the deputy sheriffs leave causes some apprehension.

One of Martial Quietness.

The situation at present is one of martial quietness, with all the larger pits guarded by armed deputies and with the prompt arrest of all who are inclined to act disorderly. Peace has been thoroughly established. The only further plan proposed is to maintain the present forces and guard until there are necessities for the Slavs to return to work.

'Squire McMullin this morning gave a preliminary hearing to the "Slavs" arrested for rioting at Tom's Run.

Of these four were discharged and 20 held for court. John Tomac and Andreo Stabulo, who were particularly violent in urging the mob to burn the tipples on Saturday, were arrested to-day and sent to jail to await trial at court. Three others, Adams Daub, August Boozer and Frank Shaver, said to be ringleaders in the riot, have also been arrested and placed in jail. These men are charged with riot and arson. All the others were arrested on warrants charging them with unlawful assembly.

THE NIAGARA TUNNEL.

First Test Has Been Made of the Work.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 26.—(Special.)—The first test of the big power tunnel at Niagara Falls, which has already cost $4,000,000, was made privately yesterday. The gates were raised and the water from the hydraulic canal was permitted to run into the wheel pit of the Niagara Falls Paper Company's mill. The water flowed into the penstock of the pit, a structure 13 feet in diamater, falling 155 feet, and then striking upwards, running through three of the largest turbine wheels ever made and then passing through the big tunnel and back into the river below the falls and two miles from the place where the river is tapped. The test was made in the presence of the officers of the mill, representatives of R. D. Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, who built and placed the machinery in position, and Professor Geyelin, the designer of the turbines. It was successful in every way. The contract calls for 6,600 horse power, and the cost, including the lease of the land, is $8 per horse power per year for 24 hours a day. The whole hydraulic tunnel, which is to develop 120,000 horse power and the general power house with 5,000 horse power turbines to operate 5,000 horse power electric generators for the transmission of power, will be put in operation June 1, when all the scientists and engineers of the country will be invited to attend.

The paper mill opened yesterday is the largest in the world. The power thus furnished is said to be the cheapest ever supplied by any method. The investors kept secret the fact that the test was to be made, fearing a hitch on account of the new machinery, but everything worked splendidly. There is great excitement at the Falls, today, and holders of land are now confident that the new power will make Niagara a great manufacturing city and themselves rich.

ADMIRAL DE GAMA FIRED ON OUR FLAG,

And a Sharp Battle Resulted in His Surrender to Uncle Sam.

London, Jan. 30.—Dispatches received here from Rio Janeiro, dated January 30, say that at 10 o'clock this morning Admiral Da Gama having opened fire upon one of the American war ships, a sharp engagement followed with the result that Admiral Da Gama surrendered.

THE REPORT IS BELIEVED

That Admiral Da Gama Has Surrendered.

London, Jan. 30.—The Brazilian minister here, upon being informed of the contents of the dispatch received by the Rothschilds banking house, and of the contents of the other dispatches saying that an engagement had taken place between the United States war vessels and the insurgents, and that Admiral Da Gama had surrendered, said that he had no doubt that the news was true. The Brazilian minister added that Admiral De Mello now only had command of the Republica, and that the final collapse of the revolt is only a question of a few days.

Baron Rothschild upon being questioned by the Associated Press representative as to the source from which he had received the dispatch announcing the surrender of Admiral Da Gama, said that the cable message came to him from what he considered to be a most reliable source, and that he had no reason to doubt its accuracy.

THE AFFAIR AT WASHINGTON.

Secretary Gresham Speaks of the Brazilian Situation.

Washington, Jan. 30.—There is no doubt that the correspondence which is being carried on between the State and Navy departments and the American representative at Rio de Janeiro is of a nature which indicates that the relations in Rio de Janeiro bay are becoming more and more strained, and that a crisis is fast approaching, if not, indeed, already at hand.

The officials of the State and Navy departments, although they are very reticent in regard to the matter, admit enough to make this information certain. There is undoubtedly an expectation that something may happen at any moment which will compel the American admiral, although carrying out his original instructions, to protect American interests, to interfere in the progress of affairs in the bay.

Admiral Da Gama, said a prominent official to-night, is a hot-headed man, and if he should interfere with American interests in any way, the American admiral would undoubtedly interfere, acting under general instructions. Secretary Gresham was seen last night, and gave out the following statement:

"The American admiral," he said, "has no instructions to act in the capacity of mediator between the government of Brazil and the insurgents. It is not believed here that he is acting in such capacity. If a collision has occurred in the bay between our warships and the insurgent warships, we have not been informed of it."

The secretary added that it was quite likely that a crisis was imminent, and that news might be expected at any time.

TO RAISE THE DUTY ON WHEAT.

Action of the French Government Announced in the Chamber.

Paris, Jan. 29—The government has notified the customs committee of its intention to introduce a bill to-morrow raising the import duty on wheat to seven francs, and also raise the duty on flour proportionately. In addition, grain will not be allowed to remain in bonded warehouses for over a year and temporary admissions must pay interest at the rate of five per cent.

The increased duties on wheat and flour will be levied the day the measure is presented to the chamber of deputies, and the increased duties thus collected will be returned if the measure is rejected by the chamber.

HAS AN IMPERIAL VICTIM.

The Czar of Russia Suffering From Influenza.

St. ePtersburg, Jan. 29.—The Czar is suffering from a severe attack of influenza, bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs.

In Memory of King Charles I.

London, Jan. 30.—The Jacobites held a memorial service at midnight in order to commemorate the anniversary of the execution of Charles I, who was beheaded in 1649. They also decorated the statue of Charles I at Charing Cross.

CONGRESSMAN SIBLEY RESIGNS.

Likely That He Will Run for Congress Again.

Erie, Pa., Jan. 26.—Hon. Joseph C. Sibley, the Democratic congressman from this district, who has been bitterly opposed to the Wilson bill and therefore criticised by a few Democrats, yesterday sent to Governor Patterson his resignation of his seat. The announcement created not only surprise, but consternation in the ranks of the Democracy here, this evening. County Chairman Rilling announced, upon receipt of Mr. Sibley's telegram, that in the event of the governor issuing a writ for a special election he would act, but believes that if Sibley wants vindication, he ought to get it as a Republican nominee. City Chairman J. P. O'Brien and others will urge Governor Pattison to refuse to call a special election, for the reason that the district's interests will not suffer till the next general election if not represented. Hon. F. A. Mizener, a former chairman of the county and city committee, deplores Mr. Sibley's action, for he believes the Erie member has been expressing the sentiment of 80 per cent of his party and constituency in his position on the Wilson bill. Capt. J. T. Marsh, chairman of the People's party committee, and connected with the Prohibition section of the Sibley combination, declares that the People's-Prohibition section will not listen to Mr. Sibley's resignation, and L. W. Olds, a People's party national delegate, has so notified Mr. Sibley. Mr. Olds in his letter stated to Mr. Sibley that he had no more right to consult the Democrats and resign at their dictation without consulting the balance of the Populist-Prohibition combine than a state has to secede from the Union without the consent of the others. The expense of holding a special election in this district would amount to about eight thousand dollars.

WILL TAKE THE BONDS.

New York Bankers Decide That Carlisle Must be Assisted.

New York, Jan. 30.—Several of the bank officials who attended yesterday's conference with the secretary of the treasury have arrived at the conclusion that it would be a mistaken policy to allow the government bond issue to fail because of inactivity or lack of support on the part of the financiers of this city.

They have also been influenced to this conclusion by fears that if the issue should not be successful Secretary Carlisle would endeavor to secure the passage of a bill authorizing the coinage of the seniorage of silver bullion now in the treasury. A further consideration was the possibility of the reflection upon the credit of the government by the failure to sell the bonds.

Under these circumstances President King, of the Union Trust company, has undertaken the formation of a syndicate to bid for the entire issue at the price set.

It is understood also that they have interested Russell Sage and President Olcott, of the Central Trust company, with them, and that the latter will co-operate with them in the movement now under way, and it is likely to be a success.

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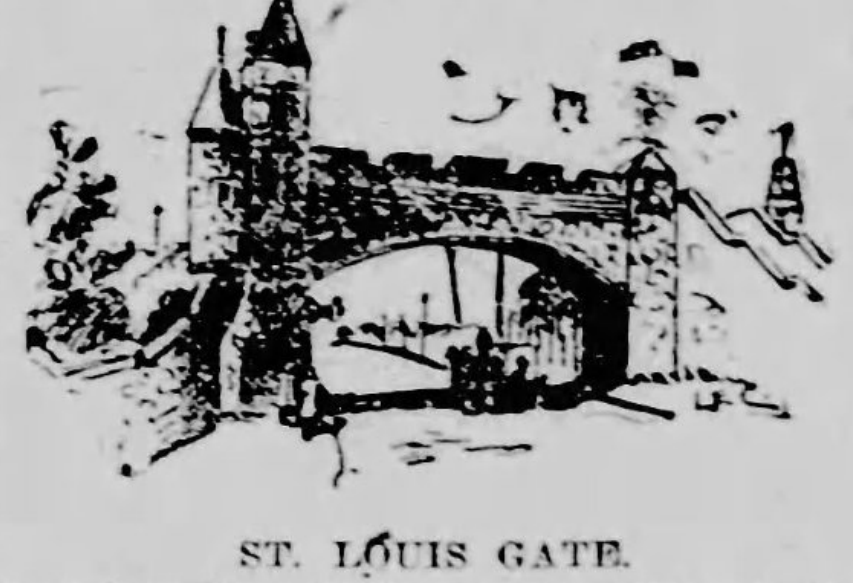
Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

QUEBEC'S GREAT WINTER CARNIVAL TO BEGIN.

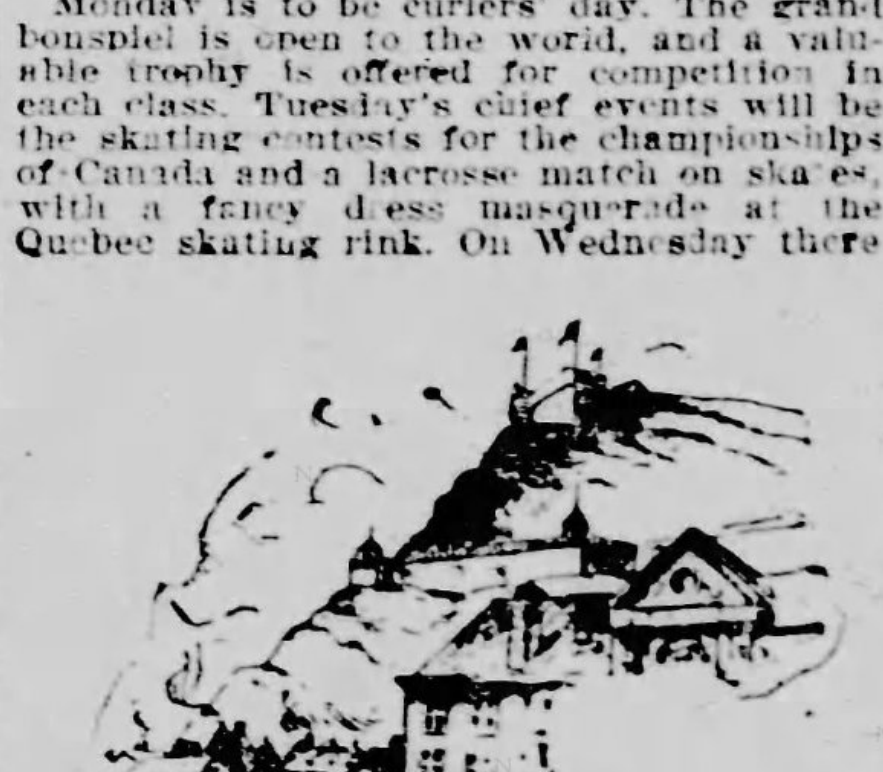
The Programme in Detail—Curlers, Skaters and Hockey Club Members—A Quaint Old City.

Quebec, Jan. 29.—Quebec's great winter carnival opened to-day. Instead of an ice palace, as in Montreal, Quebec has a vast ice fortress on the old walls of the city, the same walls that were so unsuccessfully assaulted by General Montgomery in 1775. And a statue in ice to General Montgomery in fac simile of the one in front of St. Paul's church in New York is one of the features of the celebration. It stands where the General's remains lay for forty years before removal to New York. On one night of the week the ice fortress will be assaulted by the combined snowshoe clubs, led by an experienced officer. The defense will be by troops now in garrison here. The illumination and pyrotechnic display following will be a grand one. General Herbert has signified his intention to co-operate with the committee, and a sham-battle on the Plains of Abraham, the troops on snowshoes, the artillery on traineaux have been decided on.

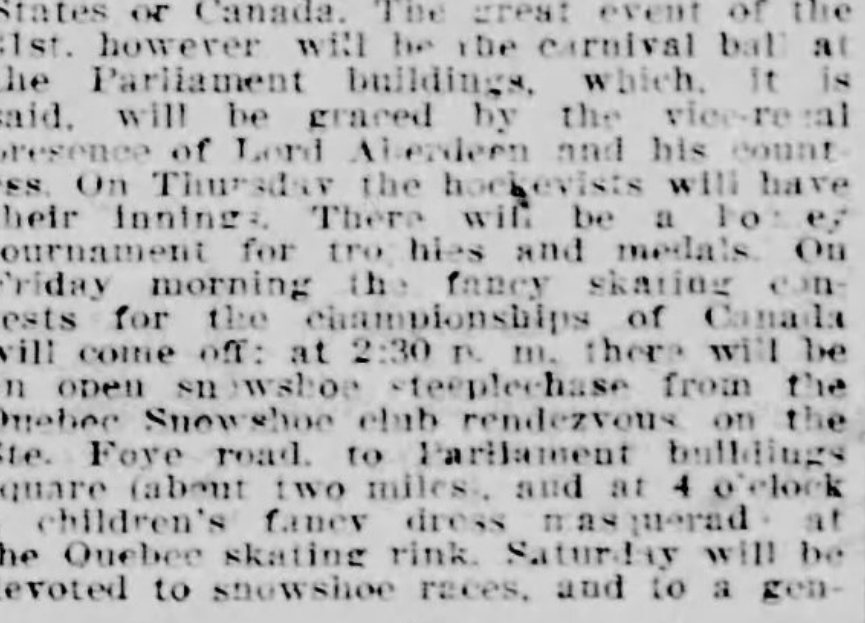


ST. LOUIS GATE.

Monday is to be curlers' day. The grand bonspiel is open to the world, and a valuable trophy is offered for competition in each class. Tuesday's chief events will be the skating contests for the championships of Canada and a lacrosse match on skates, with a fancy dress masquerade at the Quebec skating rink. On Wednesday there will be skating races at the Drill hall, open to teams of six men from any organized snowshoe clubs in the United States or Canada. The great event of the 31st, however will be the carnival ball at the Parliament buildings, which, it is said, will be graced by the vice-regal presence of Lord Aberdeen and his countess. On Thursday the hockeyists will have their innings. There will be a hockey tournament for trophies and medals. On Friday morning the fancy skating contests for the championships of Canada will come off: at 2:30 p. m. there will be an open snowshoe steeplechase from the Quebec Snowshoe club rendezvous on the Ste. Foye road, to Parliament buildings square (about two miles), and at 4 o'clock a children's fancy dress masquerade at the Quebec skating rink. Saturday will be devoted to snowshoe races, and to a general wind-up of all contests. The social programme also will be an exceedingly gay one.



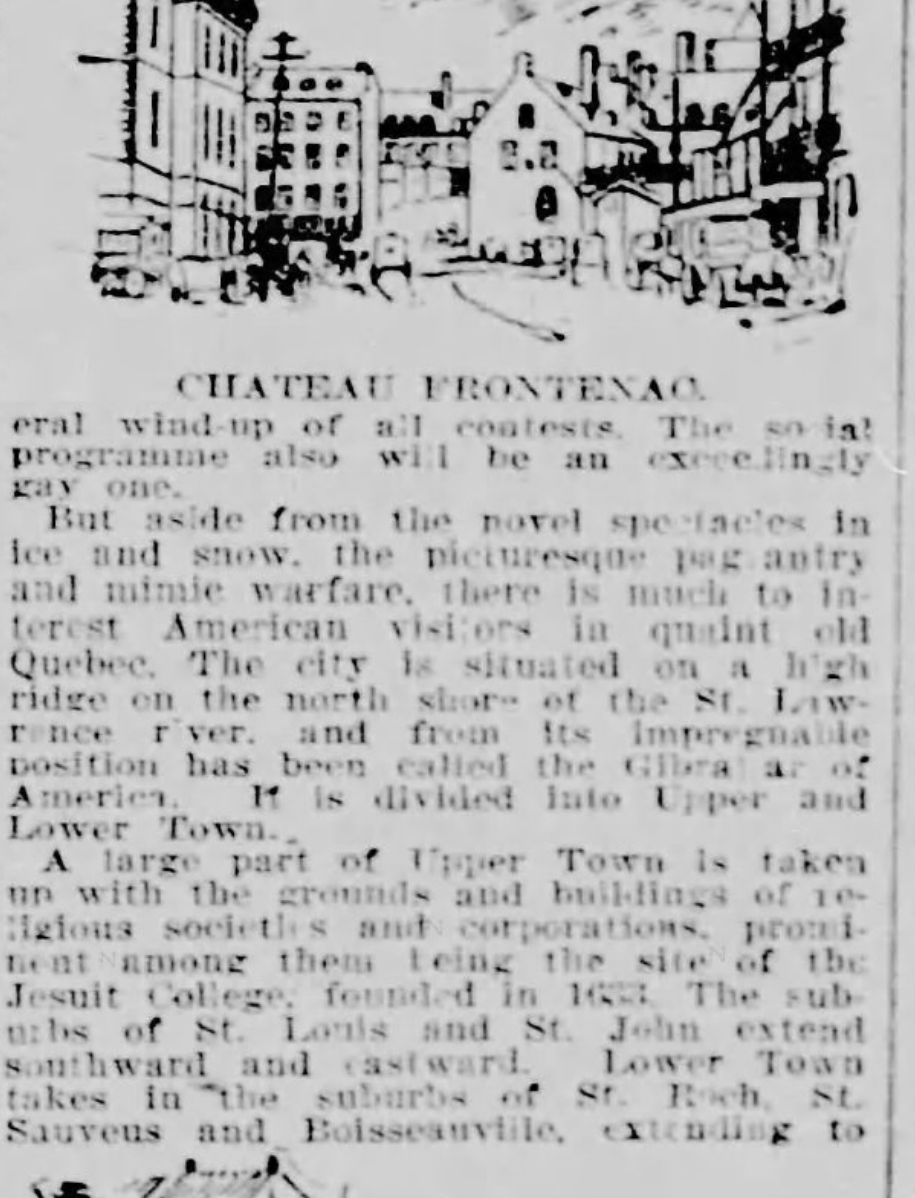
THE CITADEL.



CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

But aside from the novel spectacles in ice and snow, the picturesque pageantry and mimic warfare, there is much to interest American visitors in quaint old Quebec. The city is situated on a high ridge on the north shore of the St. Lawrence river, and from its impregnable position has been called the Gibraltar of America. It is divided into Upper and Lower Town.

A large part of Upper Town is taken up with the grounds and buildings of religious societies and corporations, prominent among them being the site of the Jesuit College, founded in 1633. The suburbs of St. Louis and St. John extend southward and eastward. Lower Town takes in the suburbs of St. Roch, St. Sauveus and Boisseauville, extending to the junction of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers. In this lower town, near the wharves, is the market place, in which can best be seen every type of the Canadian, from the country folk to residents of the city. Women are in the majority, and the French and English languages are mingled in the babel of tongues. The most original characters are the peasants, who are genuine ones in gray homespuns—the men wearing long-legged moccasins and felt hats, while their wives look easy and comfortable in straight skirts, loose sacks and broad hats, all homemade.



LEADING TO ABRAHAM HEIGHTS.

One of the striking contrasts between ancient and modern Quebec that impress the visitor is the view of Chateau Frontenac from Lower Town. This magnificent building is one of the newest structures in Quebec, and is surrounded by houses moss covered and gray with age.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The last week showed very little change in monetary affairs. Saturday's report showed an increase of $7,635,600 in the cash held by the clearing-house banks in New York, which gives them a total surplus over their legal reserves of $109,043,000. That is to say, idle money is still piling up, and it is not strange that some of the banks are reducing or cutting off interest on deposits from interior points. These deposits in times of busy trade are lucrative, but in dull times they are merely an expense. The bank pays interest for money stored in its vaults, for which it can find no profitable market.

Money, both on call and on time, was still easier in New York. Call loans were made as low as 1-2 per cent. per year. Time money was inactive and abnormally abundant during the week, the lender invariably sought the borrower, but with indifferent success in nearly all cases. The amount of money seeking investment in this line is far in excess of any present requirements. Rates are 2 per cent. for 30 to 60 days, 2 1-2 per cent. for 90 days to 4 months, and 3 per cent. for 5 to 6 months. The mercantile paper market is but a repetition of the time money market—a plethora of money and a scarcity of material of the right sort.

The stock market remains quiescent. The undertone is favorable to higher prices in the future, as the reports of railway earnings show less decrease as compared with a year ago than was exhibited in recent reports. That is to say, the average decrease of earnings for the third week in January was only 8 1-4 per cent., against nearly 10 1-2 in the second week of January, 14 1-4 in the first week, and 16 7-8 in the last week of December. Activity was confined to a few stocks, the tone of the market was moderately strong, and quotations were, with some exceptions, fairly well sustained.

Silver bullion in London sold fractionally off again, and advices from the Bombay and Calcutta markets are most disquieting. The uneasiness in India arises from the growing distrust lest the government shall abandon its silver policy, and re-open the Indian mints. There is apparently no good reason for crediting this report, but it controls the present market, and combined with the counter-rumor of an Indian import duty on silver, has thrown oriental trade and banking into utter doubt and confusion. Bar silver closed in New York at 67 1-2 cents an ounce.

OUR GRAIN EXPORTS.

Steamers Are Idle, and the Railroads Feel the Glut.

New York, Jan. 24.—The outlook for the export of grain from this and other ports of the United States during the next month or two is not promising either to the railroads or to the steamship companies.

The demand for wheat in Europe is just now being largely supplied from the Argentine Republic, Russia and India at rates from three to ten cents a bushel lower than the price quoted from the United States, and as a result the grain movement from this country has been growing constantly duller for the past two months.

The "tramp" steamers, which in the busy seasons sometimes carry more than one-half of the grain, are doing next to nothing at present. Messrs. Barber & Co. and Funch, Edye & Co., two of the leading agencies of this city, find ship owners disinclined to compete for a few dollars profit and dozens of vessels are tied up, waiting for better rates.

The regular "liners" can afford to take the grain at lower rates because they can use some of it for ballast. Hence, when rates are down to rock bottom, as at present, they are practically the only ones that do any business to speak of.

It was rumored yesterday that all of the grain elevators in this vicinity, as well as in most of the Eastern ports, were "blocked" with grain and were likely to be for some time to come, owing to the condition of the foreign market, as described above. If this were strictly true the situation would be a serious one, as far as the railroads are concerned.

Of course, if the movement through the elevators ceased, the railroads would have to stop carrying grain to the seaboard until the surplus on hand is disposed of. The elevators are not literally full, but they come pretty near it.

During the week ending January 20, only 19,175 bushels of wheat were brought to New York, which indicates that the railroad companies have given orders to hold up until the present big supply is worked off, or at least until there is evidence of a better demand in Europe for the product of the United States. When this will be is problematic, for, according to Statistician Brown, of the Produce Exchange, the River Platte district intends 55,000,000 bushels from this last year's crop for the European market, and up to December 31 only 38,000,000 bushels had been shipped. India had 20,000,000 bushels to spare, and these countries, both of which have a decided advantage over the United States on account of the big premium on gold in the former, have quoted rates that it is profitless for the American shippers to compete with. It is really the difference of exchange that renders an advantage of three or ten cents a bushel possible in favor of other grain producing countries.

The following table shows how the export grain trade for the entire United States has fluctuated during the last six months of 1893. The figures for November and December illustrate the points stated above, December being estimated, and it is believed that the current month will show a much greater decrease:

Months.	1892-'93.	1893-'94.
July	13,720,155	19,201,654
August	19,533,230	23,004,751
September	18,146,491	18,915,784
October	20,687,559	13,556,486
November	17,847,112	11,801,737
December	17,423,591	11,500,000

In contrast to the small wheat and flour movement from the interior, there has been a heavy shipment of corn during the past week, amounting to 1,211,550 bushels. It should be further mentioned that the miscellaneous export freight business is fairly good. The dullness applies especially to wheat and flour.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE.
Toledo, Jan. 30, 1894.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Jan. 30.	Jan. 23.
U. S. 4s coupons	113¾	113¾@114
U. S. 4s registered	113¾	113¾@114
U. S. 2s registered	95	(bid) 95
Pacific 6s of 1895	102	102

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday, wheat is up 1-2c on cash and 3-8c on May. At the opening there was a little ease on disappointing cables and light outside orders, but afterward there was a disposition to purchase more freely and the market firmed. Just at the close there was a little ease. In the aggregate a fair trade was done.

No. 2 soft red wheat 60 1-2c, and finally 59 3-4c; No. 3 soft red, none sold.

May wheat, 64 1-8c, 64 3-8c, and at the close, 63 3-4c; July wheat 66c, and finally 65 1-2c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Jan.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	59½n
Chicago	59¼a	59¼a	59¼n	59¼n
St. Louis	56½b	59a	56½b	57a
May—				
Toledo	64⅛	64⅜	63⅝	63¾
Chicago	64⅛	64⅜	63⅞	63⅞a
New York	69¼	69⅜	69¼	69¼
St. Louis	61	61	60⅝	60⅝

Corn Dull—Steady.

There were good receipts of corn, but business was light, at about yesterday's prices. No. 2 corn, 35 1-2c; No. 3, 35c; No. 4, 33 1-2c; No. 2, May, 38 1-2c.

Oats—No. 2, 29c.

Rye—No. 2, 50c.

Clover Seed—Fair Trade, Firm.

There was a fair trade in clover seed, and prices were firm at the close. As compared with yesterday the market is up about 5c. Receipts 432 bags; shipments, 542. Prime, cash, January and February, $6.17 1-2, and finally $6.22 1-2; March, $6.25; alsike, $7.75, then $7.50; No. 2 seed, $6.02 1-2.

J. J. Coon reports street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 57c; corn, 33c; rye, 48c; oats, 31c.

Close Elsewhere—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday, wheat is about ¼c lower. At the opening there was weakness, on dull Liverpool cables, which were ¼d lower, and Paris cables, which were down 10 centimes on wheat, and 10 to 30 centimes on flour. Afterward there was some fair buying, but toward the close there was ease, on showing of light exports. Berlin came ½ mark lower. The situation during the day presented no marked feature to warrant free trading for an advance. The export clearances were but 79,751 bushels of wheat, and 12,386 barrels of flour; or, wheat and flour as wheat, 134,888 bushels. Receipts in the Northwest, 108,452 bushels, with 191 cars on track. There must be better export orders before the markets will strengthen up and hold.

A dispatch from Paris says: "In view of the large daily importations of grain, the Deputies representing the agricultural party have adopted a resolution praying the government to levy a sur tax of 5 francs forthwith, pending its final decision as to the tax on grain."

Corn—Fair Business, Easier.

As compared with yesterday the markets are 1-8c to 1-4c lower. The markets were comparatively steady throughout the day. There was a fair business done for May delivery. The cables on corn were unchanged to 1-4d higher. At Chicago January corn sold for 35 1-8c; February, 35 1-8c to 35 1-8@35 1-4c; May, 38 3-8c, 38 1-8c, then 38 1-8@38 1-4c. At New York February corn brought 43 3-8c; March, 44 3-8c asked; May, 45c asked, 45 1-8c, then 44 7-8c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade was light this morning on the general market, and prices ruled almost as on yesterday. Eggs are in good supply.

Butter—Creamery, 24@26c; dairy, 18@20c; fair quality, 14@16c.

Eggs—Fresh, 14@15c.

Vegetables—Beets, bu., 30c; turnips, 35c; parsnips, 35c; currants, 30c; onions, 50c; potatoes, 55c; sweet potatoes, bbl., $3.75; beans, bu., $1.60; cabbages, bbl., $1.50; carrots, bu., 40c.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 7½@8c; turkeys, dressed, 8½c.

Dressed Meats—Beef, lb., 5@6½c; calves, lb., 8c; mutton, lb., 5@6c; hogs, per 100 lbs., $6.00@6.50.

Hides—Cured, heavy steers, lb. 4c; light hides, 3½c; green heavy steers, 3½c; light hides, 3½c. Skins—Lambs, 30c; shearlings, 15c; tallow, 4@5c per lb; beeswax, 20@23c.

Furs—Red fox, 50c to $1.25; gray fox, 50@75c, mink, 25c to $1.25; muskrat, 8@10c; skunk, 15c to $1.25; raccoon, 10@90c.

Wool—Unwashed, 10@14c; tubwashed, lb. 20@21c; sheep pelts, 10@15c; shaved, 20@30c for lamb pelts.

Fruits—Oranges, box, $2@2.25; lemons, box, $4@5; cranberries, bbl., $5; pineapples, doz., $1.50@2; apples, bu., $1.

Salt Meats—Pork, heavy mess, $14; short mess, $15; short clear, $16; breakfast bacon, lb. 12½c; shoulders, lb, 9c; bologna, 5c per lb.

Lard—eKttle rendered, tierces, bbls, and 50-pound tins, 10c.

Hams—Sugar-cured, per lb. 15c; breakfast bacon, 14@16c; shoulders, 10c.

Hay—Mixed, per ton, $10; timothy hay, $11.50; straw, ton, $6.

Grain and Produce.

Milwaukee, Jan. 30.—Barley steady; No. 2, 51c; sample, 45@52c. Rye quiet; No. 1, 46½c.

Liverpool, Jan. 30.—Close—Wheat—Demand poor. Corn—Spot and futures, demand moderate; new mixed dull; February steady at 3s 11d; March steady at 3s 10¾d. Lard—Spot, demand poor; futures, no demand. Pork—Demand poor.

Chicago, Jan. 30.—Close—Wheat steady; cash, 59¼c; May, 63⅞c; July, 65c. Corn firm; cash, 35¼c; May, 38¼@38⅛c; July, 38⅝@39c. Oats easier; cash, 27¾c; May, 29¾@29⅞c; July, 28⅝c. Pork easy; Jan., $12.80; May, $12.85. Lard easy; Jan., $7.57½; May, $7.42½. Ribs easy; Jan., $6.42½; May, $6.52½. Rye steady at 44½c; barley nominal; flax seed firm at $1.38½; timothy seed firm at $4.15 to $4.20 per cwt.

New York, Jan. 30.—Wheat—Receipts, none; sales, 460,000 bu; options, No. 2 red opened weaker on foreign selling and disappointing cables, later turning stronger on shorts covering; February, 68 1-16@68¼c; May, 69 3-16@69⅜c. Rye, nominal. Corn—Receipts, 7,800 bu; sales, 100,000 bu; options, No. 2 opened easier with wheat and steadied up later; February, 43⅜@43½c; March, 44¼c; May, 44 15-16c. Oats—Receipts, 11,600 bu; sales, 5,000 bu., (white oats); options, No. 2 quiet all the morning; track white state, 34@35c; track white western, 34@35c. Beef, quiet; family, $14@15; extra mess, $8.50@9. Pork, dull; new mess, $14.50@14.75; family, $15.50@16; short clear, $15.50@17. Lard easy; prime western steam, $8.05, nominal. Butter—Receipts, 6,465 packages; market firm; state dairy, 17@22c; state creamery, 18@22c; western dairy, 13½@17c; western creamery, 18@26½c; Elgins, 28½c. Cheese—Receipts, 1,189 packages; market steady; state large, 9@11¾c; small, 10½@12¾c; part skims, 4@10c; full skims, 2@3c. Eggs, unsettled, lower; western, 16½c; southern, 15½@16½c. Sugar, raw firm; raw refining centrifugals, 96 test, 3c; refined, quiet; crushed, 4 13-16c; powdered, 4 5-16c; granulated, 4 1-16c. Petroleum, quiet; all ports, $5.10@5.15. Coffee, quiet; No. 7, 17¾c. Spirits of turpentine, steady at 30½@31c. Molasses, steady. Rice, steady. Freights, dull. Resin, steady. Tallow, dull. Hay, easy.

Live Stock.

Cleveland, Jan. 30.—(Special.)—Receipts of cattle, 4 cars; market steady on good butcher steers, 1,100 to 1,200-lb. weights selling at $3.90 to $4.10. Market for veal calves 25c lower; best, $6 to $6.80. Receipts of hogs, 10 cars; market slow and a shade easier; demand fair; bulk, $5.45 to $5.80; tops, $5.55. Receipts of sheep, 4 cars; market quiet and higher on choice sheep and lambs; steady on common.

Chicago, Jan. 30.—The Evening Journal reports: Receipts of cattle, 4,000 head; market slow, weak and unsettled; too many cattle in sight at interior points; steers, $4.70 to $4.95 for fair to good; no extra here; others, $3.50 to $4.30. Receipts of hogs, 26,000; market active and 10c lower; packers, $5.20 to $5.30; prime heavy, $5.35 to $5.40; light, $5.25 to $5.35. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 12,000 head; market steady; top sheep, $3.25 to $3.75; top lambs, $4.25 to $4.75.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

New York, Jan. 30.—Money on call is easy at 1 per cent; prime mercantile paper, 3½ to 5½ per cent; sterling exchange is firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.86¾ to $4.87 for demand, and at $4.84¾ to $4.85 for 60 days; posted rates, $4.86 to $4.87; commercial bills, $4.83¾ to $4.84. Silver certificates, 67⅞, last bid; no sales; bar silver, 66⅝c per ounce; Mexican dollars, 53⅜c.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
A. C. O.	28	28	27⅞	27⅝
Atch	11⅝	....	....	12⅛
Sugar	76	77¼	75⅝	76⅞
C. S.	50½	....	....	50⅝
Gas	62	....	....	64¼
B. Q.	76⅝	....	....	77¼
C. C. C.	36	....	....	37¼
H. V.	19	....	....	19
L. S.	127	....	....	127⅜
L. & N.	46	46⅝	45⅜	46⅝
Lead	26¼	....	....	27⅛
M. P.	23⅞	24¼	23⅞	24
N. E.	11¼	12¼	11¼	12¼
N. A.	4	....	....	4
N. Y. C.	101¼	101½	101	101⅜
N. P.	4¼	....	....	4¼
N. P. P.	16⅞	....	....	17
N. W.	103½	....	....	103¼
O. M.	37¼	37½	37	37¼
P. M.	18½	19	18¼	18⅞
R. G.	19⅞	20¼	19⅞	20
R. I.	67¼	67½	67¼	67⅜
St. P.	58⅝	59¼	58½	59⅜
U. P.	20	....	....	20⅛
W. P.	14	....	....	14⅛
W. U.	84⅞	84⅞	83⅞	84⅞
G. E.	34	35¼	34	34⅛
D. C. F.	26⅝	26⅝	26¼	26⅝
Man.	121	....	....	121
D. & H.	132½	....	....	132½

Trade.

There was a little better feeling in business circles during the past week. Yet business was slow. The volume of trade does not give evidence of rapid increase of trade.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Jan. 29.—The market was strong in the beginning of the week, but afterward eased off. New crop has but little showy tobacco. Dark tobacco coming in freely. Good bright leaf very strong. Quotations officially are:

1892 CROP.

Red Burley.

Trash (green or mixed)	$ 5 00@ 6 50
Trash (sound)	6 50@ 7 00
Common lugs	7 00@ 8 00
Medium lugs	8 00@ 9 00
Good lugs	9 00@10 00
Common leaf (short)	10 00@11 00
Common leaf	11 00@12 50
Medium leaf	12 50@15 00
Good leaf	15 00@18 00
Fine leaf and selections	18 00@20 00

Colory Burley.

Trash (green or mixed)	$ 7 00@ 7 50
Trash (sound)	7 50@ 8 50
Common lugs	8 50@10 00
Medium lugs	10 00@11 50
Good lugs	11 50@13 50
Common leaf (short)	11 00@12 00
Common leaf	12 00@13 50
Medium leaf	13 50@16 00
Good leaf	16 00@19 00
Fine and selections	19 00@25 00

Dark.

Trash (green or mixed)	$ 3 50@ 4 25
Trash (sound)	4 25@ 4 50
Common lugs	4 50@ 5 00
Medium lugs	4 75@ 5 25
Good lugs	5 25@ 5 75
Common leaf (short)	5 00@ 5 50
Common leaf	5 50@ 6 00
Medium leaf	6 00@ 7 00
Good leaf	7 00@ 8 00
Fine and selections	8 00@10 00

Green River.

Trash (green or mixed)	$ 4 25@ 4 50
Trash (sound)	4 50@ 5 00
Common lugs	5 00@ 6 00
Medium lugs	5 50@ 6 50
Good lugs	6 50@ 7 00
Common leaf (short)	7 00@ 7 50
Common leaf	7 00@ 8 00
Medium leaf	8 00@ 9 00

1893 CROP.

Red Burley.

Trash (green or mixed)	$ 3 25@ 3 75
Trash (sound)	3 75@ 4 50
Common lugs	4 50@ 5 50
Medium lugs	5 50@ 7 00
Good lugs	7 00@ 9 00
Common leaf (short)	6 00@ 7 50
Common leaf	7 50@ 8 50
Medium leaf	8 50@11 00
Good leaf	11 00@15 00
Fine and selections	15 00@18 00

Dark.

Common lugs	$ 2 50@ 3 25
Medium lugs	3 25@ 4 25
Good lugs	4 25@ 4 75
Common leaf (short)	4 50@ 5 25
Common leaf	5 00@ 5 75
Medium leaf	5 50@ 6 50
Good leaf	6 50@ 7 50

Wool.

Bradstreet's says: The market shows no improvement, although concessions in price on territory wools sales show a rather increased volume. Since January 1, as compared with last year, Boston's wool sales have fallen off in excess of 10,000,000 pounds. Prices maintain a fairly steady tone and move slow, the demand being only hand-to-mouth. Australian wools are held steady, but sales are very small. Carpet wools are steady but dull.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, Jan. 30.—Cotton opened steady; Feb., 7.82; March, 7.89; April, 7.97; May, 8.05; June, 8.12; July, 8.17; Aug., 8.21; Sept., 8.12.

New York, Jan. 30.—Spot cotton market quiet; middling upland, 8⅛c; middling gulf, 8⅜c.